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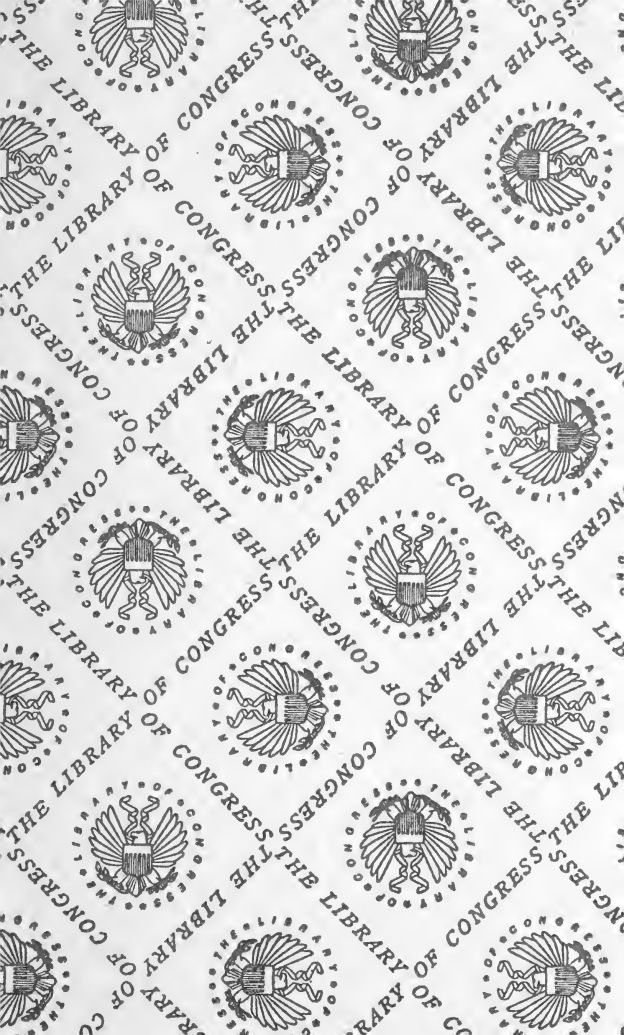
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CRUMBS SWEEPED UP



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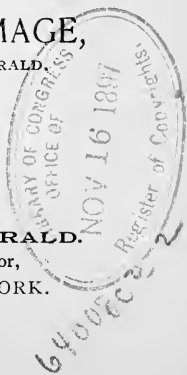
T. DE WITT TALMAGE,

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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A PREFACE

Is for explanation or apology. Many of these articles have appeared in the periodicals, but some of the chapters for the first time now go into print.

We think it unwise to apologize for what we have on our dining-table. If it be good, all excuse is hypocrisy; if it be poor, let us postpone the news of our failure as long as possible. We shall be glad if the book makes any one happy. Thinking it bad manners to keep friends standing long at the front door, we invite the reader to come in and help himself. However plain the furniture may be, we bid him *Welcome!*

T. DEW. T.

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CRUMBS SWEEPED UP.

OUR SPECTACLES.

A man never looks more dignified than when he takes a spectacle-case from his pocket, opens it, unfolds a lens, sets it astride his nose, and looks you in the eye. I have seen audiences overawed by such a demonstration, feeling that a man who could handle glasses in that way must be equal to anything. We have known a lady of plain face, who, by placing an adornment of this kind on the bridge of her nose, could give an irresistible look, and by one glance around the room would transfix and eat up the hearts of a dozen old bachelors.

There are men, who, though they never read a word of Latin or Greek, have, by such facial appendage, been made to look so classical, that the moment they gaze on you, you quiver as if you had been struck by Sophocles or Jupiter. We strongly suspect that a pair of glasses on a minister's nose would be worth to him about three hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents additional salary. Indeed, we have known men who had kept their

parishes quiet by this spectacular power. If Deacon Jones criticized, or Mrs. Go-about gossiped, the dominee would get them in range, shove his glasses from the tip of his nose close up to his eyebrows, and concentrate all the majesty of his nature into a look that consumed all opposition easier than the burning-glass of Archimedes devoured the Roman ships.

But nearly all, young and old, near-sighted and far-sighted, look through spectacles. By reason of our prejudices, or education, or temperament, things are apt to come to us magnified, or lessened, or distorted. We all see things differently—not so much because our eyes are different, as because the medium through which we look is different.

Some of us wear blue spectacles, and consequently everything is blue. Taking our position at Trinity Church, and looking down Wall Street, everything is gloomy and depressing in financials, and looking up Broadway, everything is horrible in the fashions of the day. All is wrong in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. An undigested slice of corned-beef has covered up all the bright prospects of the world. A drop of vinegar has extinguished a star. We understand all the variations of a growl. What makes the sunshine so dull, the foliage so gloomy,

men so heavy, and the world so dark? *Blue spectacles*, my dear,

BLUE SPECTACLES!

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs on Chatham Street for twelve cents, and diamonds at the dollar-store. He supposes that when a play is advertised "for one night only," he will have but one opportunity of seeing it. He takes a green-back with an X on it as sure sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing there are counterfeits. He takes five shares of silver-mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite; and that when people go to see the lions, the lions sometimes come out to see them. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and buckwheat-fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pippins are a legal-tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city

life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a gruff "Good-night!"

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? *Green goggles*, my dear,

GREEN GOGGLES!

Your neighbor's first great idea in life is a dollar; the second idea is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship is with him a mere question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands, he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is down on Fourth of Julys and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's Prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece. He has calculated how much the interest would have been on the widow's "two mites" if she had only kept them till now. He thinks that the celestial city with pavements of gold is a great waste of bullion. No steel or bone eye-glass would fit the bridge of his nose.

Through what does he look? *Gold spectacles*, my dear,

GOLD SPECTACLES!

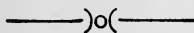
I know a man who sees everything as it is: black is black, white is white, and speckled is speckled. He looks straight through a man, taking him at any point—heart, lungs, liver, ribs, backbone being no obstruction. People pass before him for what they are worth. The color of the skin is nothing, the epaulettes nothing, the spurs are nothing. He thinks no more of a dog because it once ran under the carriage of the Lord Mayor; and when a prince has an attack of nose-bleeding, the blood seems no more royal than that of other people. He takes out of one of his vest-pockets, scales, in which he weighs a man in an instant. He takes out of the other vest-pocket a chemical apparatus, by which he tells how much of the man is solid, and how much gas. He never saw an angel or a spook. He never had a presentiment. Rather than trouble the spirits of the future world to come this way, he concludes to wait till he can go to them. He consults no wizard to find out the future; but by honest industry and Christian principle, tells his own fortune. The number of cats that wake him up at unseasonable hours is four, while to others it would have been

fifty. In the music of his life there are but few staccato passages. He uses no microscope to enlarge the little, or telescope to bring hither the distant, but simply a plain pair of spectacles, honest spectacles,

TRUTH-SPEAKING SPECTACLES!

But sometimes these optical instruments get old and dim. Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You

could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now *through a glass darkly!* Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!



CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

The scarlet rose of battle is in full bloom. The white water-lily of fear trembles on the river of tears. The cannon hath retched fire and its lips have foamed blood. The pale horse of death stands drinking out of the Rhine, its four hoofs on the breast-bone of men who sleep their last sleep. The red clusters of human hearts are crushed in the wine-press just as the vineyards of Moselle and Hockheimer are ripening. Chassepot and mitrailleuse have answered the needle-gun; and there is all along the lines the silence of those who will never speak again.

But Paris has for an interval, at least, recovered from her recent depression. Yesterday I stood at the foot of the Egyptian red-granite obelisk, dug out three thousand four hundred years ago, and from the top of which, at an elevation of seventy-two feet, the ages of the past look down upon the splendors of the present. On either side the obelisk is a fountain with six jets, each tossing into the bronze basin above; a seventh fountain, at still greater elevation, overflowing and coming down to meet them. Ribbons of rainbow flung on the air: golden rays of sunlight interwoven with silver skeins of water, while the wind drives the loom. Tritons, nereids, genii, dolphins, and winged children dis-

porting themselves, and floods clapping their hands.

From the foot of the obelisk, looking off to the south, is the Palace of the Legislature—its last touch of repairs having cost four million dollars—its gilded gates, and Corinthian columns, and statues of Justice, and Commerce, and Art, and Navigation—a building grand with Vernet's fresco, and Cortot's sculpture, and Delacroix's allegories of art, and the memory of Lamar-tine's eloquence; within it the hard face of stone soft with gobelin tapestry, and arabesque, and the walls curtained with velvet of crimson and gleaming gold.

From the foot of the obelisk, glancing to the north, the church of the Madeleine comes into sight, its glories lifted up on the shoulders of fifty-two Corinthian columns, swinging against the dazed vision its huge brazen doors, its walls breaking into innumerable fragments of beauty, each piece a sculptured wonder: a king, an apostle, an archangel, or a Christ. The three cupolas against the sky great doxologies in stone. The whole building white, beautiful, stupendous—the frozen prayer of a nation.

From the foot of the obelisk, looking east through a long aisle of elms, chestnuts, and palms, is the Palace of the Tuileries, confronting you with one thousand feet of

façade, and tossed up at either side into imposing pavilions, and sweeping back into the most brilliant picture-galleries of all the world, where the French masters look upon the Flemish, and the black marble of the Pyrenees frowns upon the drifted snow of Italian statuary: a palace poisoning its pinnacles in the sun, and spreading out balustrades of braided granite. Its inside walls adorned with blaze of red velvet cooling down into damask overshot with green silk. Palace of wild and terrific memories, orgies of drunken kings, and display of coronation festivity. Frightful Catherine de Médicis looked out of those windows. There, Marie Antoinette gazed up toward heaven through the dark lattice of her own broken heart. Into those doors rushed the Revolutionary mobs. On that roof the Angel of Death alighted and flapped its black wings on its way to smite in a day one hundred thousand souls. Majestic, terrible, beautiful, horrible, sublime Palace of the Tuileries. The brightness of a hundred *fête* days sparkle in its fountains! The gore of ten thousand butcheries redden the upholstery!

Standing at the foot of the obelisk, we have looked toward the north, and the south, and the east. There is but one way more to look. Stretching away to the west, beyond the sculptured horses that seem all

a-quiver with life from nostril to fetlock, and rearing till you fear the groom will no longer be able to keep them from dashing off the pedestal, is the Champs Élysées, the great artery through which rolls the life of Parisian hilarity. It is, perhaps, the widest street in the world. You see two long lines of carriages, one flowing this way, the other that, filled with the merriment of the gayest city under the sun. There they go! viscounts and porters, cab-drivers of glazed hat taking passengers at two francs an hour, and coachman with rosetted hat, and lavender breeches, his coat-tails flung over the back of the high seat—a very constellation of brass buttons. Tramp, and rumble, and clatter! Two wheels, four wheels, one sorrel, two sorrels! Fast horse's mouth by twisted bit drawn tight into the chest, and slow horse's head hung out at long distance from the body, his feet too lazy to keep up. Crack! crack! go a hundred whips in the strong grasp of the charioteers, warning foot-passengers to clear the way. Click! click! go the swords of the mounted horse-guards as they dash past, sashed, feathered, and epauletted.

On the broad pavements of this avenue all nations meet and mingle. This is a Chinese with hair in genuine pig-tail twist, and this a Turk with trowsers enough for seven. Here, an Englishman built up solid

from the foundation, buttressed with strength; the apotheosization of roast-beef and plum-pudding; you can tell by his looks that he never ate anything that disagreed with him. Here, an American so thin he fails to cast a shadow. There, a group of children playing blind-man's buff, and, yonder, men at foot-ball, with circle of a hundred people surrounding them. Old harpers playing their harps. Boys fiddling. Women with fountains of soda-water strapped to their back, and six cups dangling at their side, and tinkling a tiny bell to let the people know where they may get refreshment. Here, a circle of fifteen hobby-horses poised on one pivot, where girls in white dresses, and boys in coat of many colors swing round the circle. Peddler with a score of balloons to a string sending them up into the air, and willing for four sous to make any boy happy. Parrots holding up their ugliness by one claw, and swearing at passers-by in bad French. Canaries serenading the sunlight. Bagpipers with instruments in full screech. "Punch and Judy," the unending joke of European cities, which is simply two doll-babies beating each other.

Passing on, you come upon another circle of fountains, six in number—small but beautiful, infantile fountains, hardly born before they die, rocked in cradle of crystal,

then buried in sarcophagus of pearl. The water rises only a short distance and bends over, like the heads of ripe grain, as though the water-gods had been reaping their harvest, and here had stacked their sheaves. And now we find toy-carriages drawn by four goats with bells, and children riding, a boy of four years drawing the rein, mountebanks tumbling on the grass, jugglers with rings that turn into serpents, and bottles that spit white rabbits, and tricks that make the auditor's hat, passed up, breed rats.

On your way through the street, you wander into grottos, where, over colored rocks, the water falls, now becoming blue as the sea, now green as a pond, and now, without miracle, it is turned into wine. There are maiden-hair trees, and Irish yews, and bamboo, and magnolias, and banks of azaleas, and hollies, and you go through a Red Sea of geraniums and dahlias dry-shod. You leave on either hand concert-castles, and parti-colored booths, and kiosks inviting to repose, till you come to the foot of the Arc de Triomphe, from the foot of which radiate eleven great avenues, any one of which might well be a national pride, and all of them a-rumble with pomp and wealth, and the shock of quick and resonant laughter.

On opposite sides of the archway are two

angels, leaning toward each other till their trumpets wellnigh touch, blowing the news of a hundred victories. Surely never before or since was hard stone ever twisted into such wreaths, or smoothed into such surfaces. Up and down frieze and spandrel are alto-rilievo with flags of granite that seem to quiver in the wind, and helmets that sit soft as velvet on warrior's brow; and there are lips of stone that look as if they might speak, and spears that look as if they might pierce, and wounds that look as if they might bleed, and eagles that look as if they might fly. Here stands an angel of war mighty enough to have been just hurled out of heaven. On one side of the Arch, Peace is celebrated by the sculptor with sheaves of plenty, and chaplets of honor, and palms of triumph. At a great height, Austerlitz is again enacted, and horse and horsemen and artillery and gunners stand out as though some horror of battle had chilled them all into stone.

By the time that you have mounted the steps, and stand at the top of the Arch, the evening lamps begin a running fire on all the streets. The trees swing lanterns, and the eleven avenues concentrating at the foot of the Arch pour their brightness to your feet, a very chorus of fire. Your eye treads all the way back to the Tuileries on bubbles of flame, and stopping half-way the

distance to read, in weird and bewitching contrivance of gas-light, an inscription with a harp of fire at the top and an arrow of fire at the bottom, the charmed words of every Frenchman, CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES!

———)o(———

CUT BEHIND.

Scene:—A crisp morning. Carriage with spinning wheels, whose spokes glisten like splinters of the sun. Roan horse, flecked with foam, bending into the bit, his polished feet drumming the pavement in challenge of any horse that thinks he can go as fast. Two boys running to get on the back of the carriage. One of them, with quick spring, succeeds. The other leaps, but fails, and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "CUT BEHIND!"

Human nature the same in boy as man. All running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "CUT BEHIND!"

A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is on.

Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out: "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country 'CUT BEHIND!'"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run. They jostle. They tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug! Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize, and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries: "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a ragpicker! His mother was a washerwoman! I knew him when he blackened his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot! *Cut behind! Cut behind!*"

It is strange that there should be any rivalries among ministers of religion, when there is so much room for all to work. But in some things they are much like other people. Like all other classes of men, they have one liver apiece, and here and there one of them a spleen. In all cases the epigastric region is higher up than the

hypogastric, save in the act of turning somersault. Like others, they eat three times a day when they can get anything to eat. Besides this, it sometimes happens that we find them racing for some professional chair or pulpit. They run well—neck and neck—while churches look on and wonder whether it will be “Dexter” or the “American Girl.” Rowels plunge deep, and fierce is the cry, “Go ’long! Go ’long!” The privilege of preaching the gospel to the poor on five thousand dollars a year is enough to make a tight race anywhere. But only one mounts the coveted place; and forthwith the cry goes up in consociations and synods: “Unfit for the place! Can’t preach! Unsound in the faith! Now is your chance, O conferences and presbyteries, to CUT BEHIND!”

A fair woman passes. We all admire beauty. He that says he don’t, *lies*. A canting man, who told me he had no admiration for anything earthly, used, instead of listening to the sermon, to keep squinting over toward the pew where sat Squire Brown’s daughter. Whether God plants a rose in parterre or human cheek, we must admire it, whether we will or not. While we are deciding whether we had better take that dahlia, the dahlia takes us. A star does not ask the astronomer to admire it; but just winks at him, and he surrenders,

with all his telescopes. This fair woman in society has many satellites. The boys all run for this prize. One of them, not having read enough novels to learn that ugliness is more desirable than beauty, wins her. The cry is up: "She paints! Looks well; but she knows it. Good shape; but I wonder what is the price of cotton! Won't she make him stand around! Practicality worth more than black eyes! Fool to marry a virago!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why?" said the snowbird. "Because," said the snowflake, "you are going *up*, and I am going *down*!"

We have to state that the man in the carriage on the crisp morning, though he had a long lash-whip, with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not *cut behind*. He was an old man; in the corner of his mouth a smile, which was always as ready to play as a kitten that watches for some one with a string to offer the slightest inducement. He heard the shout in the rear, and said, "Good morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold, and drive. Was a boy myself once, and I know what tickles youngsters."

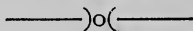
Thank God there are so many in the world that never "cut behind," but are

ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. Here is a young man, clerk in a store. He has small wages, and a mother to take care of. For ten years he struggles to get into a higher place. The first of January comes, and the head of the commercial house looks round and says, "Trying to get up, are you?" And by the time three more years have passed the boy sits right beside the old man, who hands over the reins, and says, "Drive!" for the old merchant knew what would tickle the youngster. Jonathan Goodhue was a boy behind the counter; but his employer gave him a ride, and London, Canton, and Calcutta heard the scratch of his pen. Lenox, Grinnell, and the Aspinwalls carried many young men a mile on the high road of prosperity.

There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in and a horse not too skittish! As he goes down the hill of life, may the breeching-strap be strong enough to hold back the load!

When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that cool night it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which

he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.



THE KILKENNY CATS.

Among the beautiful hills of an inland county of Ireland, occurred a tragedy with which we are all familiar. It seems that one day, urged on by a malevolent and violent spirit, two cats ate each other up, leaving nothing but the tips of their tails. There never has been a more exhaustive treatment of any subject.

We were once disposed to take the whole account as apocryphal. We asked ourselves how it was possible. There are anatomical and mathematical laws denying it. Admit a moment, for the sake of argument, that they succeeded in masticating each other's heads, all progress must have ceased at that point, for the teeth of both parties having been destroyed, how could they have pursued their physiological investigations any further? Besides this, digestion could not have been going on in both their stomachs at the same time, for at the hour when the salivary fluid was passing from the parotid and submaxillary glands of cat number one upon cat number two, the pancreatic secretions in the

latter would have been so neutralized that they could not have acted upon the organism of the former. (See Bardach on "Physiology;" Treviranus on "Uniformity of Phenomena;" Van Helmont on the "Cardiac Orifice;" Sylvius on "Chyle;" Martin Farquhar Tupper on "Solitude;" and Blumenbach on "Nisus Formativus.")

Furthermore: The conclusion of the Kilkenny story in regard to the uninjured extremities of the two cats would seem to prove the fallacy of the whole narrative, because the ferocity of felines which stopped not for ribs, back-bone, sirloin, and haunches, would have gone on till none would have been left to tell the tale.

Nevertheless, I must accept the historical accuracy of the statement. It is confirmed by the Fathers and contemporary witnesses, and by our own observation. In our boyhood, the housekeeper complained about a cat that was perpetually ravaging the milk-pans; and so we descended into the cellar with a bean-pole, expecting at one blow to wreak capital punishment upon the depredator. It was one of the evillest hours of our lives. Sitting in our study this morning, at peace with all the world, we shudder at the reminiscence. At our first stroke, the cat of ordinary dimensions swelled up into a monster, that with glaring eyes darted after us. We felt that our

future usefulness, and the interests of the Reformed Dutch Church, with which we were then connected, depended upon the strength of our bean-pole, and with one terrific stroke we sent her back to the wall of the cellar. Each stroke of our weapon increased the circumference of her eyes, the height of her bristles, the length of her tail, and the agony of the encounter. Our bean-pole broke! but this only roused us to more determination. What a story it would be to tell, that a youth, fresh from scanning Virgil, and from parsing of Milton's Battle of Archangels, had been killed by a cat! That should never be! She came up with redoubled fury, the dirt flying from her paws, and her intensity of feeling on the subject emphasized by a supernatural spit. We called out for reinforcements. The housekeeper came with broomstick to the charge. We gave her the field. We did not want to monopolize all the glory of the affray. We stood on the steps with every possible word of encouragement. We told her that the eyes of the world were upon her. We cried: "Give it to her!" All our sympathies were with the broomstick; and it is sufficient to remark that we won the day.

I have been ready ever since to believe the story of the Kilkenny cats. If any other

cat, and in the same frame of mind, had met the one that we fought, they would not have stopped, they could not have been appeased, they would have clinched, gnawed, chewed up, ground to pieces, and devoured each other, and the melancholy event with which we opened this chapter would have been equalled, if not surpassed.

But why go so far to look for Kilkenny cats, when we could, in three minutes, point you out a dozen?

Two men go to law about some insignificant thing. They retain counsel, enter complaints, subpoena witnesses, empanel juries, hear verdicts, make appeals, multiply costs. Adjournment after adjournment, vexation after vexation, business neglected, patience exhausted, years wasted, and on both sides the last dollar spent, the cats have interlocked their paws, clashed each other's teeth, opened each other's jaws, and gulped down each other's all! Extermination more complete than that of Kilkenny.

Two women slander each other. "You are a miserable creature!" says one. "You're another!" is the reply. Each one hauls out to public gaze all the frailties of her antagonist. They malign each other's hats as shocking, each other's hair as false, each other's teeth as bad specimens of dentistry. While Betsy is going up Fourth

Street to denounce Hannah, Hannah is going down Fifth Street slashing Betsy. Oh! they do hate each other with a relish! If they should happen to come into physical encounter, the whole field of conflict would be strewn with chignons, frizettes, switches, pads, bustles, chests that had ceased to heave, false calves, Marie Antoinette slippers, and French heels. These two cats meet on cross-streets, and their eyes flare, and there is a sudden dash, and the fur flies, and down the hill of respectability they roll together, over and over and over, covered with dirt and slush—now one on the top, now the other, now neither, for they have both vanished. *Exeunt* cats of Kilkenny!

A church is divided into two parties. What one likes the other abhors. They feel it their duty to stick to it. In the devotional meeting they *pray at* each other's inconsistencies, hoping that the prayer will go to heaven, but by the way of Deacon Rafferty's pew, just stopping a moment to give him a shaking. If one wants the church built on the hill, the other wants it down by the saw-mill. If one wants the minister to avoid politics, the other would like to have him get up on the side of the pulpit and give three cheers for John Brown's knapsack, which is said to be still "strapped upon his back!" When Elder

Bangs sits still in prayer, Elder Crank stands up to show his contempt for such behavior. If one puts ten cents on the plate, the other throws a dollar on the top of it, to show his abhorrence of such parsimony. The whole church catches the quarrelsome spirit, and begins to go down. One-half of the choir eats up the other half. The pew devours the pulpit, and the pulpit swallows the pew. The session takes down the trustees, and the trustees masticate the session. The Sunday school and sewing-society show their teeth, and run out their claws, and get their backs up, and spit fire. And church councils assemble to stop the quarrel, and cry "Scat! scat!" to the infamous howlers. But the claws go on with their work, till *there* stands the old church by the wayside, windowless and forsaken! Nothing more nor less than a monument to the memory of the dead ecclesiastical cats of Kilkenny!

But why should I libel the cats by placing them in such disagreeable company? Old Tabby, the Maltese, with a blue ribbon about his neck, and a white spot on his face, ever since the day his mother took him tenderly by the nape of the neck and lifted him out of the ash-barrel, the place of his nativity, has been a pet of your family. He never had anything but a velvet paw for the children that mauled him, lifting

him by the ears, or pulling him by the tail backward up and down the nursery. He ate out of the same saucer with the children, not waiting for a spoon. And when a pair of little feet stopped short in the journey of life, and the white lids covered the eyes like untimely snow on violets, and you went in one rainy day to look at the little bed on which the flaxen curls once lay, you found old Tabby curled up on the pillow; and he looked up as if he knew what was the matter.

Old Tabby is almost blind now. Miss May canter across the floor without disturbing his slumber. Many of the hands that stroked him are still now, and he knows it. After a while his own time will come, and, with all four paws stretched out stiff and cold, you will find him some morning dead on the door-mat. Then the children will come and wrap him up, and carry him out, and dig a hole, and bury him with a Sunday-school hymn, putting up a board at his head, with his epitaph written in lead-pencil:

Here lies old Tabby!

Requies—cat in pace!

Died in the tenth year of his age, and
mourned by the whole family.

This head-board is erected by his surviving
friends Madge and Charlie!

MINISTERS' SUNSHINE.

So much has been written of the hardships of clergymen, small salaries, unreasonable churches, mean committees, and impudent parishioners, that parents seeking for their children's happiness are not wont to desire them to enter the sacred calling. Indeed, the story of empty bread-trays and cheerless parsonages has not half been told. But there is another side to the picture. Ministers' wives are not all vixens, nor their children scapegraces. Pastors do not always step on thorns and preach to empty benches. The parish sewing-society does not always roast their pastor over the slow fires of tittle-tattle. There is no inevitable connection between the gospel and bronchitis. As far as we have observed, the brightest sunshine is ministers' sunshine. They have access to refined circles, means to give a good education to their children, friends to stand by them in every perplexity, and through the branches that drop occasional shadows on their way sifts the golden light of great enjoyment.

It was about six o'clock of a June afternoon, the sun striking aslant upon the river, when the young minister and his bride were riding toward their new home. The air was bewitched with fragrance of

field and garden, and a-hum with bees out honey-making. The lengthening shadows did not fall on the road the twain passed; at least, they saw none. The leaves shook out a welcome, and as the carriage rumbled across the bridge in front of the house at which they were for a few days to tarry, it seemed as if hoof and wheel understood the transport of the hour. The weeks of bridal congratulation had ended, and here they were at the door of the good deacon who would entertain them. The village was all astir that evening. As far as politeness would allow, there was peering from the doors, and looking through the blinds, for everybody would see the new minister's wife; and children, swinging on the gate, rushed in the back way to cry out, "They are coming!"

The minister and his bride alighted amid hearty welcomes, for the flock had been for a long while without a shepherd, and all imagined something of the embarrassment of a young man with the ink hardly dry on his parchment of licensure, and a girl just entering into the responsibility of a clergyman's wife.

After tea, some of the parishioners came in. Old Mr. Bromlette stepped up to offer a greeting. He owned a large estate, had been born in high life, was a genuine aristocrat, and had in his possession silver

plate which his father used in entertaining General Washington. He had no pretension or pomp of manner, but showed by his walk and his conversation that he had always moved in polite circles. He was a fat man, and wiped the perspiration from his brow—sweat started not more by his walk than the excitement of the occasion—and said, “Hot night, dominie!” He began the conversation by asking the minister who his father was, and who his grandfather; and when he found that there was in the ancestral line of the minister a dignitary, seemed delighted, and said, “I knew him well. Danced forty years ago with his daughter at Saratoga.” He added, “I think we will be able to make you comfortable here. We have in our village some families of highly respectable descent. Here is our friend over the way; his grandfather was wounded at Monmouth. He would have called in to-night, but he is in the city at a banquet given in honor of one of the English lords. Let me see; what’s his name?” At this point the door opened, and the servant looked in and said, “Mr. Bromlette, your carriage is waiting.” “Good-night, dominie!” said the old gentleman; “I hope to see you at my house to-morrow. The Governor will dine with us, and about two o’clock my carriage will call for you. You look tired. Better retire

early. Good-night, ladies and gentlemen!"

MacMillan the Scotchman now entered into conversation. He was brawny and blunt. Looked dead in earnest. Seldom saw anything to laugh at. He was of the cast-iron make, and if he had cared much about family blood, could no doubt have traced it back to Drumclog or Bothwell Bridge. He said, "I come in to-night to welcome you as a minister of the New Covenant. Do not know much about you. Wh catechism did you stooody?" "Westminster!" replied the clergyman. "Praise God for that!" said the Scotchman. "I think you must belong to the good old orthodox, out-and-out Calvinistic school. I must be going home, for it is nine o'clock, and I never allow the children to go to bed until I have sung with them a Psalm of David. Do not like to suggest, but if parfactly convainiant, give us next Sabbath a solid sermon about the eternal decrees. Suppose you have read 'McCosh on the Divine Government.' Do not think anything surpasses that, unless it be 'Edwards on the Will.' Good-night!" he said, as he picked up his hat, which he persisted in setting on the floor beside him. "Hope we will meet often in this world, and in the next; we most certainly will if we have been elected. Good-night! I will stand by you as long as I find you contending earn-

estly for the faith once delivered to the saints." And without bowing to the rest he started through the hall, and began to rattle the front door, and shouted, "Here, somebody! open this door! Hope we shall not have as much trouble in getting open the door of heaven!"

Mrs. Durbin was present that evening. She was always present when pleasant words were to be uttered, or kind deeds done. She was any minister's blessing. If the pastor had a cough, she would come right into his house, only half knocking, and in the kitchen, over the hot stove, she would stand mixing all sorts of pleasant things to take. From her table often came in a plate of biscuit, or a bowl of berries already sugared. If the pulpit must be upholstered, she was head of the committee. If money was to be raised for a musical instrument, she begged it, no man saying nay, even if he could ill afford to contribute. Everybody liked her. Everybody blessed her. She stepped quick; had a laugh that was catching; knew all the sick; had her pocket full of nuts and picture-books. When she went through the poorer parts of the village, the little ragamuffins, white and black, would come out and say, "Here comes Mrs. Durbin!"

But do not fall in love with Mrs. Durbin, for she was married. Her husband was a

man of the world, took things easy, let his wife go to church as much as she desired, if she would not bother him with her religion, gave her as much money as she wanted, but teased her unmercifully about the poor urchins who followed her in the street, and used to say, "My dear! have you found out any new Lazarus? I am afraid you will get the small-pox if you don't stop carrying victuals into those nigger shanties!"

Mrs. Durbin talked rapidly that night, but mostly to the pastor's wife. Was overheard to be laying plans for a ride to the Falls. Hoped that the minister would not work too hard at the start. Told him that after he got rested he might go and visit a family near by who were greatly distressed, and wanted a minister to pray with them. As she rose to go, she said, "If you need anything at all, be at perfect liberty to send." Her husband arose at the same time. He had not said a word, and felt a little awkward in the presence of so many church-people. But he came up and took the minister's hand, and said, "Call and see us! I am not a church-man, as you will soon find out. I hardly ever go to church, except on Thanksgiving Days, or now and then when the notion takes me. Still, I have a good horse. Anybody can drive him, and he is any time at your disposal.

All you have to do is just to get in and take up the ribbons. My wife takes care of the religion, and I mind the horses. She has what our college-bred Joe calls the '*Suaviter in modo*,' and I have the '*Fortiter in re*.' Good-by! Take care of yourself!"

Elder Lucas was there; a man of fifty. His great characteristic was, that he never said anything, but always acted. Never exhorted or prayed in public: only listened. One time at the church-meeting called for the purpose of increasing the minister's salary, where Robert Cruikshank spoke four times in favor of the project, and afterward subscribed one dollar, Lucas was still, but subscribed fifty dollars. On the evening of which we chiefly write, he sat silently looking at his new pastor. Those who thought he felt nothing were greatly mistaken. He was all kindness and love. Much of the time there were emotional tears in his eyes, but few saw them, for he had a sly habit of looking the other way till they dried up, or if they continued to run he would rub his handkerchief across his nose, allowing it accidentally to slip up to the corner of his eyes, and so nothing of emotion was suspected. He never offered to do anything, but always did it. He never promised to send a carriage to take his minister a riding, but often sent it. Never gave notice two weeks before of an

intended barrel of flour, but it was, without any warning, rolled into the back entry. He did not some day in front of the church, in the presence of half the congregation, tell the minister that he meant to give him a suit of clothes, but slyly found out who was the clergyman's tailor, and then by a former measurement had the garments made and sent up on Saturday night with his compliments, for two weeks keeping out of the way for fear the minister would thank him.

When Elder Lucas left that evening, he came up, and without saying a word, gave the minister a quick shake of the hand, and over forehead, cheek, and hands of the bashful man passed a succession of blushes.

But the life of the little company that night was Harry Bronson. Probably in no other man was there ever compressed more vivacity of nature. He was a wonderful compound of mirthfulness and piety. Old men always took his hand with affection, and children ran wild when they saw him. On Sunday he prayed like a minister, but on Monday, among the boys, he could jump the highest, run the swiftest, shout the loudest, bat the truest, and turn somersault the easiest. Indeed, there were in the church two or three awful-visaged people who thought that Harry Bronson ought to be disciplined, and that sanctification

was never accompanied by kicking up of the heels. They remonstrated with him, but before he got out of sight, and while they were yet praying for the good effect of their admonition, he put his hand on the top of the fence, and, without touching, leaped over, not because there was any need of crossing the fence, for, showing that he was actuated by nothing but worldliness and frivolity, he put his hand on the top of the rail and leaped back again. If there was anything funny, he was sure to see it, and had a way of striking attitudes, and imitating peculiar intonations, and walked sometimes on his toes, and sometimes on his heels, till one evening at church, one of the brethren with a religion made up of equal portions of sour-kROUT, mustard, and red pepper, prayed right at him, saying, "If there is any brother present who does not walk as he should, we pray thee that thou wouldst do with him as thou didst with Sennacherib of old, and put a hook in his nose and turn him back!" To which prayer Harry Bronson responded, "Amen!" never supposing that the hook was meant for his own nose. The reprimanding brother finding his prayer ineffectual, and that the Lord was unwilling to take Harry in His hands, resolved to attend to the case himself, and the second time proposed to undertake the work of

admonition, not in beseeching terms as before, but with a fiery indignation that would either be, as he expressed it, a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. But entering Harry Bronson's house that evening, he found him on his hands and knees playing "Bear" with his children, and cutting such a ludicrous figure, that the lachrymose elder for once lost his gravity, and joined in the merriment with such a full gush of laughter that he did not feel it would be consistent to undertake his mission, since the facetious Harry might turn on him and say, "Physician! heal thyself!"

That night at the minister's welcome Harry was in full glee. The first grasp he gave on entering the room, and the words of greeting that he offered, and the whole-souled, intense manner with which he confronted the young clergyman, showed him to be one of those earnest, active, intelligent, loving and lovable Christian men, who is a treasure to any pastor.

He had a story for every turn of the evening's entertainment, and took all the spare room in the parlor to tell it. The gravest men in the party would take a joke from him. When MacMillan asked the minister about his choice of catechism, Harry ventured the opinion that he thought "Brown's Shorter" good enough

for anybody. "Ah!" said MacMillan, "Harry, you rogue, stop that joking!" When Mr. Bromlette offered his carriage, Bronson offered to loan a wheel-barrow. He asked Mrs. Durbin if she wanted any more combs or castile soap for her mission on Dirt Alley. He almost drew into conversation the silent Mr. Lucas, asking a strange question, and because Lucas, through embarrassment, made no response, saying, "Silence gives consent!" Was full of narratives about weddings, and general trainings, and parish-meetings. Stayed till all the rest were gone, for he never was talked out.

"Well, well!" said two of the party that night as they shut the front door; "we will have to tell Harry Bronson to serve God in his own way." I guess there may sometimes be as much religion in laughing as in crying. We cannot make such a man as that keep step to a "Dead March." I think the dew of grace may fall just as certainly on a grotesque cactus as a precise primrose. Indeed, the jubilant palm-tree bears fruit, while the weeping-willow throws its worthless catkins into the brook.

The first Sunday came. The congregation gathered early. The brown-stone church was a beautiful structure, within and without. An adjacent quarry had furnished the material, and the architect and

builder, who were men of taste, had not been interfered with. A few creeping vines had been planted at the front and side, and a white rose-bush stood at the door, flinging its fragrance across the yard. Many had gone in and taken their seats, but others had stayed at the door to watch the coming of the new minister and his bride. She is gone now, and it is no flattery to write that she was fair to look upon, delicate in structure of body, eye large and blue, hair in which was folded the shadows of midnight, erect carriage, but quite small. She was such a one as you could pick up and carry over a stream with one arm. She had a sweet voice, and had stood several years in the choir of the city churches, and had withal a magic of presence that had turned all whom she ever met into warm personal admirers. Her hand trembled on her husband's arm as that day they went up the steps of the meeting-house, gazed at intently by young and old. The pastor looked paler even than was his wont. His voice quavered in reading the hymn, and he looked confused in making the publications. That day, a mother had brought her child for baptism, and for the first time he officiated in that ceremony. Had hard work to remember the words, and knew not what to do next. When he came to preach, in his excitement he could not find

his sermon. It had fallen back of the sofa. Looked up and down, and forward and backward. Fished it out at last, just in time to come up, flushed and hot, to read the text. Made a very feeble attempt at preaching. But all were ready to hear his words. The young sympathized with him, for he was young. And the old looked on him with a sort of paternal indulgence. At the few words in which he commended himself and his to their sympathy and care, they broke forth into weeping. And at the foot of the pulpit, at the close of service, the people gathered, poor and rich, to offer their right hand.

MacMillan the Scotchman said, "Young man! that's the right doctrine; the same that Dr. Duncan taught me forty years ago at the kirk in the glen!" Mr. Bromlette came up, and introduced to the young minister a young man who was a baronet, and a lady who was by marriage somehow related to the Astors. Harry Bronson took his pastor by the hand, and said, "That sermon went right to the spot. Glad you found it. Was afraid you would never fish it out from behind that sofa. When I saw you on all-fours, looking up, thought I should burst." Lucas, with his eyes red as a half-hour of crying could make them, took the minister's hand, but said nothing, only looked more thanks and kindness than

words could have expressed. Mr. Durbin said, "How are you? Broke in on my rule to-day and came to church. Little curious, you see. Did not believe it quite all, but that will do. Glad you gave it to those Christians. Saw them wince under it!" Mrs. Durbin was meanwhile employed in introducing the bride to the people at the door, who were a little backward. Begged them to come up. Drew up an array of four or five children that she had clothed and brought out of the shanties to attend church. Said, "This is Bridget Maloy, and that Ellen Haggerty. Good girls they are, too, and like to come to church!"

For a long while the hand-shakings continued, and some who could not get confidence even to wait at the door, stretched their hands out from the covered wagon, and gave a pleasant "How do you do?" or "God bless you," till the minister and his wife agreed that their happiness was full, and went home, saying, "This, indeed, is MINISTERS' SUNSHINE!"

The parsonage was only a little distance off, but the pastor had nothing with which to furnish it. The grass was long, and needed to be cut, and the weeds were covering the garden. On Monday morning the pastor and his wife were saying what a pity it was that they were not able to take immediate possession. They could be so

happy in such a cosy place. Never mind. They would out of the first year's salary save enough to warrant going to house-keeping.

That afternoon the sewing-society met. That society never disgraced itself with gossip. They were good women, and met together, sometimes to sew for the destitute of the village, and sometimes to send garments to the suffering home missionaries. For two hours their needles would fly, and then off for home, better for their philanthropic labors. But that afternoon the ladies stood round the room in knots, a-whispering. Could it be that the society was losing its good name, and was becoming a school of scandal? That could not be, for Mrs. Durbin seemed the most active in the company, and Mrs. Durbin was always right.

Next morning, while the minister and his wife were talking over this secrecy of conversation at the sewing-circle, Harry Bronson came in and asked the young pastor if he was not weary with last Sunday's work. He answered, "No!" "Well," suggested Harry, "I think you had better take a few days' rest anyhow. Go off and see your friends. My carriage will, in about an hour, go to the cars and I will meet you on Saturday night. Think it will do you both good."

"Well, well!" said the minister, while aside consulting with his wife, "what does this mean? Are they tired of us so soon? Is this any result of yesterday's whispering? But they make the suggestion, and I shall take it." So that Tuesday evening found them walking the streets of the neighboring city, wondering what all this meant. Saturday came, and on the arrival of the afternoon train Harry Bronson was ready to meet the young parson and his wife. They rode up to the place of their previous entertainment. After tea, Bronson said, "We have been making a little alteration at the parsonage since you were gone." "Have you?" exclaimed the minister. "Come! my dear! let us go up and see!" As they passed up the steps of the old parsonage, the roses and the lilacs on either side swung in the evening air. The river in front glowed under the long row of willows, and parties of villagers in white passed by in the rocking-boat, singing "Life on the ocean wave." It was just before sunset, and what with the perfume, and the roseate clouds, and the rustling of the maples, and the romance of a thousand dawning expectations—it was an evening never to be forgotten. Its flowers will never close. Its clouds will never melt. Its waters will never lose their sheen. Its aroma will never float away.

The key was thrust into the door and it swung open. "What does this mean?" they both cried out at the same time. "Who put down this carpet, and set here these chairs, and hung this hall-lamp?" They stood as if transfixed. It was no shabby carpet, but one that showed that many dollars had been expended, and much taste employed, and much effort exerted. They opened the parlor-door, and there they all stood—sofa, and whatnot, and chair, and stand, and mantel-ornament, and picture. They went up stairs, and every room was furnished; beds with beautiful white counterpanes, and vases filled with flowers, and walls hung with engravings. Everything complete.

These surprised people came down stairs to the pantry. Found boxes of sugar, bags of salt, cans of preserves, packages of spices, bins of flour, loaves of bread. Went to the basement, and found pails, baskets, dippers, cups, saucers, plates, forks, knives, spoons, strainers, bowls, pitchers, tubs, and a huge stove filled with fuel, and a lucifer-match lying on the lid; so that all the young married pair would have to do in going to housekeeping, would be to strike the match and apply it to the shavings. In the study, adorned with lounge and flowers, and on table, covered with bright green baize, lay an envelope enclosing a

card, on which was written, "Please accept from a few friends."

Had Aladdin been around with his lamp? Was this a vision such as comes to one about half awake on a sunshiny morning? They sat down, weak and tearful from surprise, thanked God, blessed Mrs. Durbin, knew that Mr. Bromlette's purse had been busy, felt that silent Mr. Lucas had at last spoken, realized that Harry Bronson had been perpetrating a practical joke, were certain that MacMillan had at last been brought to believe a little in "works," and exclaimed, "Verily, this is Ministers' Sunshine!" and as the slanting rays of the setting day struck the porcelain pitcher, and printed another figure on the carpet, and threw its gold on the cushion of the easy-chair, it seemed as if everything within, and everything around, and everything above responded, "Ministers' Sunshine!"

The fact was, that during the absence of the new pastor that week, the whole village had been topsy-turvy with excitement. People standing together in knots, others running in and out of doors; the hunting up of measuring-rods; the running around of committees with everything to do, and so little time in which to do it. Somebody had proposed a very cheap furnishing of the house, but Mr. Bromlette said, "This

will never do. How can we prosper, if living in fine houses ourselves, we let our minister go half cared for? The sheep shall not be better off than the shepherd!" and down went his name on the subscription with a liberal sum.

MacMillan said, "I am in favor of taking care of the Lord's anointed. And this young minister of the everlasting gospel hinted that he believed in the perseverance of the saints and other cardinal doctrines, and you may put me down for so much, and that is twice what I can afford to give, but we must have faith, and make sacrifices for the kingdom of God's sake."

While others had this suggestion about the window shades, and that one a preference about the figure of the carpets, and another one said he would have nothing to do with it unless it were thus and so, quiet Mr. Lucas said nothing, and some of the people feared he would not help in the enterprise. But when the subscription-paper was handed him, he looked it over, and thought for a minute or two, and then set down a sum that was about twice as much as any of the other contributions. Worldly Mr. Durbin said at the start, "I will give nothing. There is no use of making such a fuss over a minister. You will spoil him at the start. Let him fight his own way up, as the rest of us have had to do. Delia! (that

was his wife's name), nobody furnished our house when we started." But Mrs. Durbin, as was expected, stood in the front of the enterprise. If there was a stingy fellow to be approached, she was sent to get the money out of him, and always succeeded. She had been so used to begging for the poor of the back street, that when any of the farmers found her coming up the lane, they would shout, "Well, Mrs. Durbin, how much will satisfy you to-day?" She was on the committee that selected the carpets. While others were waiting for the men to come and hang up the window-shades, she mounted a table and hung four of them. Some of the hardest workers in the undertaking were ready to do anything but tack down carpets. "Well," she said, "that is just what I am willing to do;" and so down she went pulling until red in the face to make the breadths match, and pounding her finger till the blood started under the nail, in trying to make a crooked tack do its duty. One evening her husband drove up in front of the parsonage with a handsome book-case. Said he had come across it, and had bought it to please his wife, not because he approved of all this fuss over a minister, who might turn out well, and might not. The next morning there came three tons of coal that he had ordered to be put in the cellar of the par-

sonage. And though Durbin never acknowledged to his wife any satisfaction in the movement, he every night asked all about how affairs were getting on, and it was found at last that he had been among the most liberal.

Harry Bronson had been all around during the week. He had a cheerful word for every perplexity. Put his hand deep down in his own pocket. Cracked jokes over the cracked crockery. Sent up some pictures, such as "The Sleigh-riding Party," "Ball Playing," and "Boys Coasting." Knocked off Lucas's hat, and pretended to know nothing about it. Slipped on purpose, and tumbled into the lap of the committee. Went up stairs three steps at a time, and came down astride the banisters. At his antics some smiled, some smirked, some tittered, some chuckled, some laughed through the nose, some shouted outright, and all that week Harry Bronson kept the parsonage roaring with laughter. Yet once in a while you would find him seated in the corner, talking with some old mother in Israel, who was telling him all her griefs, and *he* offering the consolations of religion. "Just look at Bronson!" said some one. "What a strange conglomeration! There he is crying with that old lady in a corner. You would not think he had ever smiled. This truly is weeping with those who weep,

and laughing with those who laugh. Bronson seems to carry in his heart all the joys and griefs of this village."

It was five o'clock of Saturday afternoon, one hour before the minister was expected, that the work was completed, entry swept out, the pieces of string picked up, shades drawn down, and the door of the parsonage locked. As these church-workers went down the street, their backs ached, and their fingers were sore, but their hearts were light, and their countenances happy, and every step of the way from the parsonage door to their own gate they saw scattered on the graveled sidewalk, and yard-grass, and door-step, broad flecks of Ministers' Sunshine!

But two or three days had passed, and the young married couple took possession of their new house. It was afternoon, and the tea-table was to be spread for the first time. It seemed as if every garden in the village had sent its greeting to that tea-table. Bouquets from one, and strawberries from another, and radishes, and bread, and cake, and grass-butter with figure of wheat-sheaf printed on it. The silver all new, that which the committee had left added to the bridal presents. Only two sat at the table, yet the room seemed crowded with emotions, such as attend only upon the first meal of a newly married

couple, when beginning to keep house. The past sent up to that table a thousand tender memories, and the future hovered with wings of amber and gold. That bread-breaking partook somewhat of the solemnity of a sacrament. There was little talk and much silence. They lingered long at the table, spoke of the crowning of so many anticipations, and laid out plans for the great future. The sun had not yet set. The caster glistened in it. The glasses glowed in the red light. It gave a roseate tinge to the knives, and trembled across the cake-basket, as the leaves at the window fluttered in the evening air; and the twain continued to sit there, until the sun had dropped to the very verge of the horizon, and with nothing to intercept its blaze, it poured in the open windows, till from ceiling to floor and from wall to wall the room was flooded with Ministers' Sunshine.

A year passed on, and the first cloud hovered over the parsonage. It was a very dark cloud. It filled the air, and with its long black folds seemed to sweep the eaves of the parsonage. Yet it parted, and through it fell as bright a light as ever gilded a hearthstone. The next day all sorts of packages arrived; little socks, with a verse of poetry stuck in each one of them—socks about large enough for a small kitten; and a comb with which you might

imagine Tom Thumb's wife would comb his hair for him. Mrs. Durbin was there—indeed had been there for the last twenty-four hours. Mr. Bromlette sent up his coachman to make inquiries. MacMillan called to express his hope that it was a child of the "Covenant." Lucas came up the door-step to offer his congratulation, but had not courage to rattle the knocker, and so went away, but stopped at the store to order up a box of farina. Harry Bronson smiled all the way to the parsonage, and smiled all the way back. Meanwhile the light within the house every moment grew brighter. The parson hardly dared to touch the little delicate thing for fear he would break it; and walked around with it upon a pillow, wondering what it would do next, starting at every sneeze or cry, for fear he had done some irreparable damage; wondering if its foot was set on right, and if with that peculiar formation of the head it would ever know anything, and if infantile eyes always looked like those. The wonder grew, till one day Durbin, out of regard for his wife, was invited to see the little stranger, when he declared he had during his life seen fifty just like it, and said, "Do you think that worth raising, eh?"

All came to see it, and just wanted to feel the weight of it. The little girls of the

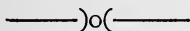
neighborhood must take off its socks to examine the dimples on its fat feet. And, although not old enough to appreciate it, there came directed to the baby, rings and rattles, and pins, and bracelets, and gold pieces with a string through, to hang about the neck, and spoons for pap, and things the use of which the parson could not imagine. The ladies said it looked like its father, and the gentlemen exclaimed, "How much it resembles its mother!" All sorts of names were proposed, some from novels, and some from Scripture. Mac-Millan thought it ought to be called Deborah or Patience. Mr. Bromlette wished it called Eugenia Van Courtlandt. Mrs. Durbin thought it would be nice to name it Grace. Harry Bronson thought it might be styled Humpy Dumpy. A young gentleman suggested Felicia, and a young lady thought it might be Angelina. When Lucas was asked what he had to propose, he blushed, and after a somewhat protracted silence, answered, "Call it what you like. Please yourselves and you please me." All of the names were tried in turn, but none of them were good enough. So a temporary name must be selected, one that might do till the day of the christening. The first day the pet was carried out was a very bright day, the sun was high up, and as the neighbors rushed out to the nurse,

and lifted the veil that kept off the glare of light, they all thought it well to call it the Ministers' Sunshine.

And so the days and the months and the years flew by. If a cloud came up, as on the day mentioned, there was a Hand behind it to lift the heavy folds. If there were a storm, it only made the shrubs sweeter, and the fields greener. If a winter night was filled with rain and tempest, the next morning all the trees stood up in burnished mail of ice, casting their crowns at the feet of the sun, and surrendering their gleaming swords to the conqueror. If the trees lost their blossoms, it was to put on the mellowness of fruit; and when the fruit was scattered, autumnal glories set up in the tops their flaming torches. And when the leaves fell it was only through death to come singing in the next spring-time, when the mellow horn of the south-wind sounded the resurrection. If in the chill April a snow-bank lingered in the yard, they were apt to find a crocus at the foot of it. If an early frost touched the corn, that same frost unlocked the burr of the chestnut, and poured richer blood into the veins of the Catawba. When the moon set, the stars came out to worship, and counted their golden beads in the Cathedral of the Infinite.

On the petunias that all over the knoll

shed their blood for the glory of the garden; on the honeysuckle where birds rested, and from which fountains of odor tossed their spray; on the river, where by day the barge floated, and by night the moon-tipped oars came up tangled with the tinkling jewels of the deep; at eventide in the garden, where God walked in the cool of the day; by the minister's hearth, where the child watched the fall of the embers, and congenial spirits talked, and ministering angels hovered, and in the sounds of the night-fall there floated the voices of bright immortals, bidding the two, "Come up higher!"—there was calm, clear, MINISTERS' SUNSHINE!



OUR FIRST BOOTS.

We have seen many days of joy, but we remember no such exhilarations as that felt by us on the day when we mounted our first pair of boots. To appreciate such an era in life, we must needs have been brought up in the country. Boys in town come to this crisis before they can appreciate the height and depth of such an acquisition. The boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots, one is trampled upon by

comrades, and stuck with pins, and we walk with an air of apology for the fact that we were born at all. Robust school-fellows strike us across the cheek, and when we turn toward them, they cry, "Who are you looking at?" or what is worse than any possible insult, we have somebody chuck us under the chin, and call us "Bub." Before the crisis of boots, the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in the boy's history—no handkerchief. This is the very unpopular period of snuffles.

But at last the age of boots dawns upon a boy. Henceforth, instead of always having to get out of the way, he will make others get out of *his* way. He will sometimes get the Scripture lesson confused, and when smitten on the right cheek, will turn and give it to his opponent on the left cheek also. Indeed, we do not think there is any regulation, human or divine, demanding that a boy submit to the school-bully. I think we should teach our boy to avoid all quarrel and strife; but, nevertheless, to take care of himself. We remember with deep satisfaction how that, after Jim Johnson had knocked our hat in the mud, and spit in our face, and torn our new coat, we felt called upon to vindicate the majesty of our new boots. That, however, was before we

had any idea of ever becoming a minister. But when the time spoken of in a boy's life comes, look out how you call him "Bub." He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out at the top of his side-pocket as if it were accidentally arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectoration, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say, "Clear the track for my boots!"

We have seen imposing men, but none have so thoroughly impressed us as the shoemaker, who, with waxy hand, delivered into our possession our first pedal adornments. As he put the awl through the leather, and then inserted the two bristles into the hole, and drew them through it, and then, bending over the lapstone, grasped the threads with hard grip, and brought them up with a jerk that made the shop shake, we said to ourself, "Here is gracefulness for you, and power!"

It was Sabbath-day when we broke them in. Oh! the rapture of that moment when we lay hold of the straps at one end, and, with our big brother pushing at the other, the boot went on! We fear that we got but little advantage that day from the services. All the pulpit admonition about worldliness and pride struck the toe of our boots, and fell back. We trampled under our feet all good counsels. We have to

repent that, while some trust in horses and some in chariots, *we* put too much stress upon leather. Though our purchase was so tight in the instep that, as soon as we got to the woods we went limping on our way—what boots it? We felt that in such a cause it was noble to suffer.

For some reason, boots are not what they used to be. You pay a big price, and you might walk all day without hearing once from them; but the original pair of which I tell spake out for themselves. No one doubted whether you had been to church after you had once walked up the aisle in company with such leather. It was the pure eloquence of calfskin.

We have seen hunting-boots, and fishing-boots, and jack-boots, American boots, and French boots; but we despair of finding anything to equal *our* first pair, which had the brightest gloss, the finest heels, and the merriest squeak. Alas! they are gone! And so is the artist who fashioned them. He has laid down his awl. Moons shall wax for him no more. He has done forever with pegs. But we shall always remember how he looked one Saturday afternoon, when, the sunflowers in the yard, and the cat on the window-sill, he set upon his counter our first pair of boots. For his sake, may there be peace to all departed shoemakers! May they go straight

to St. Crispin, that Roman artist in leather, remarkable for the fact that when he declared that a pair of shoes would be done by Saturday night, he always kept his promise.



THE SMILE OF THE SEA.

We had built up all the stories of seafaring men into one tremendous imagining of the ocean. We went on board, ready for typhoons and euroclydons. We thought the sea a monster, with ships in its maw, and hurricanes in its mane. In our ten days' voyage, we have seen it in various moods, but have been impressed with nothing so much as the smile of the sea. While we have not found the poetic "cradle of the deep," we have concluded that the sea is only a vigorous old nurse that jolts the child up and down on a hard knee, without much reference to how much it can endure.

We cannot forget the brightness of the morning in which we came down the bay, followed to Sandy Hook by five hundred friends, lashing us out to sea with waving pocket-handkerchiefs, and pelting us with

their huzzas. The sun set, and the moon took the veil of a nun and went into the dark turrets of midnight cloud, and the stars dropped their flakes of light into the water, and melted into the blackness; but the sunlight of the cheery faces at the starting has shone on three thousand miles of water. So many friendly hands helped steady the ship, and the breath of so many voices filled the sails, which, by the help of the great screw, are bearing us onward.

Though a gentleman has pronounced the sea one vast dose of ipecac, and though it may betray us in the future, we set down the sea as one of our best friends. We never were treated so well in all our life. We have had, since we started, some wild tossing, but the waves are swarthy giants, and you must expect that their play will not be that of kittens, but of a lioness with her cubs, of a leviathan with its young. When Titans play ball, they throw rocks. The heavy surge which rolls the ship while I write is probably only the effort of the sea to stop laughing. It has been in a grand gale, and its sides are heaving yet with the uproarious mirthfulness.

There are physical constitutions that will not harmonize with the water; but one-half the things that writers record against the sea is the result of their own intemperance. The sea-air rouses a wolf of an appetite,

and nine-tenths of the passengers turn into meat-stuffers. From morn till night, down go the avalanches of provender. Invalids, on their way to Europe for the cure of dyspepsia, are seen gorging themselves at nine o'clock, at twelve, at four, at seven, and at ten. I hear men who, at eleven o'clock last night, took pigeons, and chickens, and claret, and Hock, and Burgundy, and Old Tom, and Cheshire cheese, and sardines, and anchovies, and grouse, and gravies, complaining that they feel miserable this morning. Much of the sea-sickness is an insurrection of the stomach against too great instalments of salmon, and raisins, and roast turkey, and nuts, and damson pies, and an infinity of pastry. One-half of the same dissipation on land would necessitate the attendance of the family doctor, and two nurses on the side of the bed to keep the howling patient from leaping out of the third-story window.

Oh, the joy of the sea! The vessel bounds like a racer on the "home-stretch," bending into the bit, its sides flanked with the foam, and its white mane flying on the wild wind. We have dropped the world behind us. Going to Long Branch, or Sharon Springs, our letters come, and the papers, but it would be hard for cares to keep up with a Cunard steamer. They cannot swim.

They could not live an hour in such a surf. They have been drowned out, and are forgotten.

On the land, when morning comes, it seems to run up from the other side of the hills, and, with its face red from climbing, stands looking through the pines and cedars. On the sea, it comes down from God out of heaven on ladders of light to bathe in the water, the waves dripping from her ringlets and sash of fire, or throwing up their white caps to greet her, and the sea-gull alights on her brow at the glorious baptism. No smoke of factory on the clear air. No shuffling of weary feet on the glass of the water-pavement; but Him of Gennesaret setting His foot in the snow of the surf, and stroking the neck of the waves as they lick His feet and play about Him.

He who goes to sea with keen appreciation of the ludicrous will not be able to keep his gravity. We are not conscious of having, in any three months of our lives, so tested the strength of our buttons as on this ten days' trip. We confess our incapacity to see without demonstration of merriment the unheard-of postures taken by passengers on a rocking ship. Think of bashful ladies being violently pitched into the arms of the boatswain, and of a man

like myself escorting two elegant ladies across the slippery deck, till, with one sudden lurch, we are driven from starboard to port, with most unclerical sprawl, in one grand crash of crinoline and whiskers, chignon catching in overcoat-pocket, and our head entangled in the folds of a rigolette. Imagine the steward emptying a bowl of turtle-soup into the lap of a New York exquisite; or one not accustomed to angling, fishing for herring under an upset dinner-plate. Consider our agitation, when in the morning, after waking our companion with the snatch of some familiar tunes, we found her diving out of the berth head-foremost, to the tune of "Star Spangled Banner," and Dundee, with the variations. If, in all the ships on the deep, there are so many grotesque goings-on as in our vessel, we wonder not that this morning the sea from New York to Liverpool is shaking its sides with roistering merriment.

But the grandest smile of the sea is, after a rough day, in the phosphorescence that blazes from horizon to horizon. Some tell us it is the spawn of the jelly-fish, and some that it is a collection of marine insects; but those who say they do not know what it is probably come nearest the truth. The prow of the vessel breaks it up into two great sheaves of light, and the glory keeps

up a running fire along the beam's-end till the mind falls back benumbed, unable longer to take in the splendor. In one direction, it is like a vast mosaic, and yonder it now quivers, the "lightning of the sea." Here it is crystal inlaid with jet; or the eyes of sea-serpents flashing through the hissing waters; or a tall wave robed in white, flying, with long trail, toward the East; or the tossing up in the palm of the ocean a handful of opals, answered by the sparkle on one finger of foam; and then the long-restrained beauty breaking out into a whole sea of fire. On this suspended bridge many of the glories of the earth and heaven come out to greet each other and stand beckoning to ship, and shore, and sky, for all the rest of the glories to come and join them. Meanwhile, the vessel plunges its proboscis into the deep, and casts carelessly aside into the darkness more gems than ever came from Brazil and Golconda. Historians think it worth recording, that, at an ancient feast, a pearl was dissolved in the wine, and drank by a royal woman; but a million pearls are dissolved at this phosphorescent banquet of the deep, around whose board all nations sit drinking. The stars are to drop like blasted figs, and the sun is to be snuffed out; but when the ocean dies, its spirit will arise in white robe of mist, and lie down

before the throne of God, "*a sea of glass mingled with fire.*"

N. B.—I hereby reserve the privilege of taking back all I have said, if, on my way to America, the sea does not behave itself well.

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IN STIRRUPS.

"Puff! puff!" goes the locomotive, and the passengers for Mount Washington are set down at the "Tip-top House." So all the romance of climbing is gone. We shall yet visit the Holy Land with the "Owl Train." Who knows but the water of the Helicon may yet be made to turn a factory of shoe-pegs? Bucephalus would be a plain horse in Central Park, and Throckmorton's pointer, of history, is nothing compared with our dog, sharp at the nose, thin at the flanks, long in limb, and able to snuff up the track of the reindeer three miles away. We tell a story of olden times—that is, of three years ago, for the world no longer contents itself to turn once a day on its axis, but makes fifty revolutions a minute.

The breakfast hour of the Crawford

House, at the White Mountains, is past, and word is sounded through all the halls of the hotel that those who desire to ascend Mount Washington must appear on the piazza. Thither we come, though an August morning, in midwinter apparel. The ladies, who the evening before had lighted up the parlors with the flash of diamonds, now appear in rough apparel, much of which has been hired from the porter of the hotel, who sticks out his sign of hats, coats, and skirts to let. A lady, minus hoops, minus laces, minus jewelry, plus a shaggy jacket, plus boots, plus a blanket, equals a lady equipped for the ascent of Mount Washington.

The horses came, unled, out of their stables, each one answering to his name—"Spot," "White Stocking," and "Bouncer." They were peculiar horses, unlike those you are accustomed to mount, their sides, their knees, and their fetlocks having the mark of the mountains. They had clambered terrible heights, and been cut again and again by the rocks. Not bit-champing horses, thundernecked, but steady, serious, patient, the gloom of shadow and precipice in their eyes, a slight stoop in their gait, as though accustomed to move cautiously along places where it would be perilous to walk upright. We helped the ladies into the saddle, though we were all

the time afflicted with the uncertainty as to whom we were helping, and not knowing whether the foot we put into the stirrup belonged to a Fifth-Avenue belle or one not accustomed to such polite attentions.

Thirty-five in all, we moved up the bridlepath, through the woods, a band of musicians playing a lively air. With what exhilaration we started we will not attempt to tell, for we were already at great altitudes, and had looked on the Kearsarge, and the Chocorua, and felt the stroke of those emotions that slide from the stupendous bowlders of the Willie peaks when one first gazes upon them.

"General Scott," considered the safest horse in all the mountains, began his upward career that morning by brushing off against a tree his fair rider. He did not seem sorry a bit, but looked round to me with a wink, as much as to say, "I do not like to wear *belles* in the summertime;" and, while I stood shocked at the poverty of the pun, he seemed hardly able to keep from breaking into a horse-laugh.

Orders pass along the line: "Bear hard in the stirrup!" or, "Hold fast the pommel of the saddle!" Up a corduroy path we mounted, and wedged ourselves through narrow defiles, and height after height sank beneath; and the hoofs of the horse before us clattered close by the ears of our own

trusty beast, that bore bravely on, though the white legs that gave to him the name of White Stocking were already striped with blood struck out by the sharp edges of the first mountain.

After a while the guides commanded us to halt. We were coming to more exciting experiences. The horses' girths were taken up another hole into the buckle, and their shoes examined. Again we fall into line. The guide takes his position by a plunge of rocks, so as to steady and encourage horses and riders. The ponies halt at the verge, look down, measure the distances, and examine the places for a foothold.

"Steady!" shouts the guide. "Steady!" cry the riders, and down the rocks you go, now with a leap, now with a slide, now with a headlong stumble against which you jerk up the reins with all your might, the horse recovering himself, and stopping midway the declivity for another look before a deeper plunge, until, all panting and a-tremble with the exertion, he stops to rest a moment at the foot of the rocks, and you turn round, put your hand on your pony's back, and watch others poised for the same leap.

Two hours more, and we have left vegetation behind us. Mountain-ash, and birch, and maple, which we saw soon after starting, cannot climb such steeps as these.

Yes, we have come where spruce, and fir, and white pine begin to faint by the way, and in every direction you see the stark remains of the trees which have been bitten to death by the sharp white teeth of the frost. Yet God does not forsake even the highest peaks. The majesty of forests may be denied them, but the brow of this stupendous death hath its wreath of alpine plants, and its catafalque is strewn with bluebells and anemones.

After passing great reaches of desolation, you suddenly come upon a height garnished with a foam of white flowers dashed up from the sea of divine beauty. There, where neither hoof nor wheel can be traced, you find the track of God's foot in the turf; and on the granite, great natural laws written on "tables of stone," hurled down and broken by the wrath of the tempest. Oh! how easy to see that the Divine care is here tending the white flocks of flowers which pick out their pasturage among the clefts.

We are now in the region of driving mist, and storm, and hurricane. The wind searches to the bone, and puts a red blossom on the soberest nose. It occurred to us that this must be the nest where all winds and storms of the country are hatched out, under the brooding wing and the iron beak of this great Mount Washington blast. The rain drips from the rim of our

hats. Through the driving mist the advancing cavalcade look weird and spectral. Those coming behind and beneath you, seem like ghosts traveling up from some nether world, and those before and above, as though horsed on the wind.

Five of the party long ago turned back, overcome by cold, and fatigue, and fright, and, accompanied by one of the guides, are by this time safely housed. The rest are still advancing, and the guide with his long staff urges on the ponies. We are told that we are at the foot of the last steep. We cannot restrain our glee. We shout and laugh. The dullest man of all actually attempts a witticism. Our blood tingles! Hurrah for Mount Washington! We talk to persons that we never knew as though they were old acquaintances. We praise our horse. We feel like passing over our right hand to our left and congratulating ourselves. Deacons, ministers, and the gravest of the grave, sing snatches of "John Brown," "Yankee Doodle," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

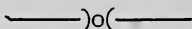
Our dignity loses its balance and falls off, and rolls down the side of the mountain, six thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet, so that the probability is that it will never again be recovered. We drive into the pen of rocks and as the party start on foot for the Tip-top House a few rods

off, we give one long, loud halloo, and the storms answer.

Having entered the house, we threw off our coats. We gathered around the red-hot stoves. Some sat down exhausted; others were hysterical from the excitement. Strong men needed to be resuscitated; but by the time the dinner-bell sounded, the whole party were sufficiently revived to surround the tables.

It is astonishing with what force the cork of a champagne bottle will fly out. Two of the company were knocked over by one of these corks, and one of the two afterward fell from his horse and went rolling down the mountain. Elegant gentleman he was before the cork struck him, and had an elegant overcoat which he put up in a bet and lost, and would have been obliged to descend the mountain in a shivering condition (but for the guide who lent him a coat), through a hailstorm in which our horses stopped, and turned their backs, and refused to go till goaded on by the guides. With this exception the dining hour was not marred. But while we were abundantly supplied, alas, for "White Stocking," "Spot," and "Bouncer!" They stood in a roofless pen. Mountain horses have a hard life. Did we not pride ourselves on our orthodoxy, we would express the hope that these suffering beasts, so much wronged

on earth, may have a future life, where, unharnessed and unwhipped, they may range in high, thick, luxuriant pasture for ever and ever.



GOOD CHEER.

Our disposition is much of our own making. We admit there is great difference in natural constitutions. Some persons are born cross. See that man with a long face that never shortens into a laugh! Tell me, did not his mother have trouble with him when he was small? Why, he never was pleased. Did he not make riots in the nursery among looking-glasses and glass pitchers? Was his nurse ever able on her knee to jolt down his petulance, or shake up his good-humor? Did he not often hold an indignation meeting flat on the floor—his hands, his head, and his feet all participating in the exercises? Could not his father tell you a story of twelve o'clock at night, with hasty toilet, walking the floor with the dear little blessing in his arms? A story that would be a caution to old bachelors.

Some are from infancy light and happy—they romp, they fly. You can hear their

swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning they wake you with their singing. Alas! if then they leave you, and you no more hear their swift feet in the hall, and their loud laughter ringing through the house, or in the woods bursting into a score of echoes; if they wake you no more in the morning with their sweet song; if the color go out of the rose and its leaves fall; if angels for once grow jealous, and want what you cannot spare; if packed away in the trunk or drawer there be silent garments that once fluttered with youthful life, and by mistake you call some other child by the name of the one departed—ah me! ah me!

But while we may all from our childhood have a certain bent given to our disposition, much depends upon ourselves whether we will be happy or miserable.

You will see in the world chiefly that for which you look. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches; and so a man going through the world will see the most of that for which he especially looks. He who is constantly watching for troubles will find

them stretching off into gloomy wildernesses, while he who is watching for blessings will find them hither and thither extending in harvests of luxuriance.

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. My friends, do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning round, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister.

Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of

strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion, being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters!" and the suspected lungs resign their office, saying, "Hereafter, blow your own bellows!" For the last twenty years he has been expecting every moment to faint. His nerves make insurrection, and rise up against his head, saying, "Come! let us seize upon this armory!" His face is perpetually drawn, as though he either had a pain or expected one.

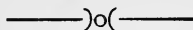
You fear to accost him with, "How are you to-day?" for that would be the signal for a shower of complaints. He is always getting a lump on his side, an enlargement of the heart, or a curve in the spine. If some of these disorders did not actually come, he would be sick of disappointment. If you should find his memorandum-book, you would discover in it recipes, in elderly female handwriting, for the cure of all styles of diseases, from softening of the brain in a man, down to the bots in a horse. His bedroom-shelf is an apothecary-infantum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of head-wash for diseased craniums, down to the smallest vial, full of the best preparations for the removing of corns from the feet.

Thousands of men are being destroyed by this constant suspicion of their health.

Others settle down into a gloomy state from forebodings of trouble to come. They do not know why it is, but they are always expecting that something will happen. They imagine about one presentiment a week. A bird flies into the window, or a salt-cellar upsets on the table, or a cricket chirps on the hearth, and they shiver all over, and expect a messenger speedily to come in hot haste to the front door, and rush in with evil tidings.

Away, away with all forebodings as to the future! Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look up toward the heavens, insufferably bright by day or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam, and dance, and song, making old Night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the woodsparrow, and the chewink starting up from among the huckleberry-bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white pebbles. Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook, and, scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast

their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hark to the fluting of the winds and the long-metre psalm of the thunder! Look at the Morning coming down the mountains, and Evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all this, and then be happy.



POWER OF A CHILD'S FACE.

Every intelligent American, in crossing the ocean, has a lively desire of confronting the works of the old masters of painting. He wants to see Poussin and Correggio as certainly as Ben Lomond and the Splugen Pass.

If he happen first to look in upon the picture gallery of Holyrood, where the faces of a hundred Scottish kings are hung, his first feeling will be one of gladness that they are all dead, for such another villainous brood of faces no man ever looked upon. Such eyes, such mouths, such noses, would confound any rogues'-gallery in any city. We believe the whole gallery a slander by a Flemish master, and that Scotland never had any such atrocious men or women to rule over her. We say nothing against

homely features in the abstract. Any man has an inalienable right to carry such a nose as he will. That is a right patent on the face of it. Lord Wellington had a hooked nose, and Thackeray a turn-up nose, and Robert Bruce a nose all over the face; but to have a nose that looks as if intended to be thrust into everybody else's business, or to be stuck up in scorn, or to blossom with dissipations, or to snuff at the cause of virtue—we protest against any man's right to carry such an infamous proboscis. We are certain that no such-looking faces as we see in Holyrood ought to have been perpetuated by a master. Let the extinct species of such megatheriums never hear the clang of the crowbar. It is not fair that the Royal College of Surgeons should keep the cancer of which Napoleon died. There should be no immortality of cancers.

But no one can forget the place, or the day, or the hour, when he first gazed on a genuine work of one of the old masters. We had seen for years pieces of canvas which pretended to have come from Italy or Germany, and to be three or four hundred years old. The chief glory of them was that they were cracked, and wrinkled, and dull, and inexplicable, and had great antiquity of varnish, immensity of daub, and infinity of botch. The great-grand-

father of the exhibitor got the heirloom from a Portuguese peddler, who was wrecked at Venice in the middle of the last century, and went ashore just as one of the descendants of the celebrated Braggadocia Thundergusto, of the fourteenth century, was hard up for money, and must have a drink or die.

But I find in my diary this record:

“June 30, 1870, at two o'clock p. m., in the National Gallery of Scotland, I first saw a ‘Titian.’

“July 9, 1870, at ten minutes of three o'clock, in the National Gallery of England, first saw a ‘Murillo.’ ”

It seemed to require a sacred subject to call out the genius of the old masters. On secular themes they often failed. They knew not, as do the moderns, how to pluck up a plant from the earth and make it live on canvas. Delmonico, for the adornment of a shoulder of bacon, with his knife cuts out of a red beet a rose more natural than the forget-me-not of old Sigismond Holbein, or the lily by Lo Spagna. Their battle-pieces are a Cincinnati slaughter-house. Their Cupid scenes are merely a nursery of babies that rush out from the bath-tub into the hall before their mother has time to

dress them. The masters failed with a fiddle, but shook the earth with a diapason. Give them a "Crucifixion" or a "Judgment," and they triumph.

Indeed when men paint or write or act from the heart, they are potent. By the time that a thought, starting from the artist's brain, can come down through the neck into the shoulder, and through the right arm to the fingers, and off the fingertips to the point of the pencil, it has lost its momentum, and languishes on the canvas; but a thought that starts from the brain, and streams to the heart, there to be taken with a strong throb, and as by the stroke of a piston, forced through the arm to the canvas, arrives unspent and redoubled. The old masters succeeded not in depicting what they thought so well as in what they felt. Thoughts are often hard, and green, and tough, till the warm sunshine of the heart ripens them.

Most of the ancient artists tried their hand at the Virgin and the Child, always evidencing their own nationality in the style of infantile beauty selected. The Dutch school gives a Dutch child, the Roman school a Roman child, the Spanish school a Spanish child. Rubens's Christ was not born at Bethlehem, but at Antwerp. And as parents are not apt to undervalue their children, it is probable that they

took the model which sat in their own nursery, gathering around it their own ideal of the infant Jesus. Francesco Tacconi represents the Holy Child as very thoughtful, a young philosopher at one year of age, with very red hair. Vivarini gives us a startled child. Duccio paints for us a child wrapped up in admiration of its mother. But Lo Spagna gives us the look of a glad child that would romp if it were not afraid of jumping out of the picture. Why not a glad child? The burdens had not yet rolled over on Him. Those were good days to Him. Joseph and Mary walked and trudged, but He always had a soft carriage to ride in—that of his mother's bosom. He had enough to wear, for He was wrapped in swaddling-clothes. He probably had enough to eat, for mothers in those days were not pinched to death with corsets, and so the child need not go outside of its mother's arms for abundant supply.

But any pleasant afternoon when the children of our city are out taking an airing, I could find a score of infant faces more like Jesus than any I have seen on ancient canvas. Perhaps, after a while, an American artist will give us the Virgin and the Child. It would be more apt to be impartial than that of any of the ancients. They put their own nationality into the pic-

ture, and it was a German Christ, or a Venetian Christ, or a Tuscan Christ; but the American, having in him the blood of many lands, and in his face a commingling of the features of all nations, when he gives us upon canvas Mary and the Child, it will be a world's affection bending over a world's Christ.

Not only in the Madonnas, but in nearly all the chief pictures, the painters show their liking for children. You see a child peeping out somewhere. If there is no other way to get him into the picture, Paul Veronese will slide him down in the shape of a cherub on a plank of sunbeams.

You would hardly expect children in Raphael's "Peter and John Healing the Lame Man." You expect that the majesty of the scene will crowd out all familiarities. You would say that children ought to get out of the way when such exciting work is going on. There lies a lame man, his hand in the hand of the apostle. The sufferer looks up with a face that has anguish scorched into every feature; for though born a cripple, he had never got used to it. No man that I ever saw before wanted so much to get well. His twisted foot no human doctor could straighten. The muscles that bound it on the wrong side might have been cut, but the muscles on the other side would not have drawn it back to the

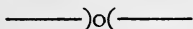
right place. There lay the helpless, distorted foot, making its dumb prayer. Yonder is another deformed beggar hobbling up. If Peter is successful with the first case, this lame man would like to have his limbs looked at. Still, he is not anxious. He is angry with the world and angry with heaven. His manner seems to say, "How did God dare to make me thus?" The wretch had been kicked off of people's steps, and jeered at by the boys of the town, till he did not much care what became of him. A face full of everything hard, bitter, malicious. He is ready either to receive help at the hand of the apostle, or to strike him with the crutch. Does not much believe there is any cure, does not much care. Has not heard a kind word for twenty years, and would not be at all surprised if he were howled away now. A foul face—even the hair on the chin curls with scorn. He has the fierceness of an adder, which, trod on, curls up to bite its pursuer. The distortion of the body has struck in and deformed the soul. You feel that your only safety in his presence is that he cannot walk. His figure haunts a man for days.

It is a scene that puts the heart in a vise, and starts the cold sweat on the forehead, and holds you with a spell from which you are trying to break away, until you look

just over the head of the vicious mendicant, and see the clear, innocent face of a child hushed in its mother's arms, and then look to the left, and see two round-limbed children bounding into the scene, wondering what is the matter. With their dimpled hands, they pull out the thorns of the picture. It is a stubborn sea of trouble that will not divide when four baby feet go paddling in it. We are glad that Raphael did not choose for the picture cherubs with wings fastened at the backbone, ready any moment to fly away with them, but children that look as if they had come to stay. Rather thinly dressed, indeed, for cool weather. Raphael's picture-children did not cost him much for clothes. You know it was a warm climate.

Though a bachelor, Raphael knew the worth of children in a picture. With their little hands they open the inside door of the heart, and let us pass in, when otherwise we might have been kept standing on the cold steps, looking at the corbeils and caryatides of the outside architecture. It was a little maid that directed Naaman to Jordan for healing, and it is a child in the picture that shows the leper of harsh criticism where to wash his scales off. It is by the introduction of children into their paintings that Canaletto gives warmth to the ice-white castles of Venice, and Gains-

borough simplicity to the hollowness of a watering-place, and Turner pathos to the "Decline of Carthage," and Ruysdale life to a dead landscape; and Giotto and Tacconi and Orcagna and Joshua Reynolds follow in the track of a boy's foot. "And a little child shall lead them."



THE OLD CLOCK.

"Going! Going!" said the auctioneer. "Is seven dollars all I hear bid for this old family clock. Going! Going! *Gone!* Who bought it?" We looked around, and found that a hard-visaged dealer in old furniture had become the possessor of the venerable time-piece. It was not like the clocks you turn out of a factory, fifty a day, unprincipled clocks that would as lief lie as tell the truth, and that stand on the shelf a-chuckle when they find that they have caused you to miss the train. But such a clock as stood in the hall of your father's house when you were a boy. No one ever thought of such a time-piece as having been manufactured, but took it for granted that it had *been born* in the ages past, and had come on down in the family from generation to generation.

The old clock in the auction room, which

had been talking persistently for so long a time, said not a word. Its hands were before its face, unable to hide its grief. It had lost all its friends, and in old age had been turned out on the world. Its fortunes, like its weights, had *run down*. Looking through its glasses, it seemed to say:

"Have I come to this? I have struck the hours, and now they come back to strike me!"

It first took its place on the old homestead about seventy years ago. Grandfather and grandmother had just been married. That was a part of their outfit. It called them to their first meal. There were the blue-edged dishes, and bone-handled knives, and homely fare, and an appetite sharpened on the woodpile, or by the snow-shoveling. As the clock told twelve of noon, the rugged pair, in homemade garments, took their position at the table, and keeping time to the rattle of knives, and forks, and spoons, the clock went *Tick—tock! Tick—tock!*

There were the shining tin pans on the shelf. There were the woollen mittens on the stand. There were the unpolished rafters over head. There was the spinning-wheel in the corner. There was the hot fire, over which the apples baked, till they had sagged down, brown, and sissing hot; and the saucepan, on the hearth, was get-

ting up the steam, the milk just lifting the lid to look out, and sputtering with passion, until with one sudden dash it streams into the fire, making the housewife rush with holder and tongs to the rescue. The flames leaped up around the back-log, and the kettle rattled with the steam, and jocund laughter bounded away, and the old clock looked on with benignant face, as much as to say:

“Grand sport. Happy pair. Good times. Clocks sympathize. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!”

One day, at a vendue, grandfather was seen, with somewhat confused face, bidding on a high chair and a cradle. As these newly-purchased articles came into the house, the old clock in its excitement struck five, when it ought to have sounded *four*, but the pendulum cried “Order!” and everything came back to its former composure, save that, as a dash of sunshine struck the face of the clock, it seemed to say, “Time-pieces are not fools! Clocks sound the march of generations. A time to be born, as well as a time to die. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!”

A mischievous child trying to catch the pendulum: a crying child held up to be quieted while listening to the motion of the works: a curious child standing on a chair trying to put his fingers among the cogs to

see what they are made of: a tired child, falling asleep in a cradle. Henceforth the clock has beautiful accompaniment. Old-time cradle with a mother's foot on it, going "Rickety—rack! rickety—rack!" All infantile trouble crushed under the rocker. Clock singing, "I started before you were born." Cradle responding, "That which I swing shall live after you are dead." Clock chanting, "I sound the passing of Time." Cradle answering, "I soothe an heir of Eternity." Music! cradle to clock, clock to cradle. More tender than harp, more stirring than huntsman's bugle.

The old time-piece had kept account of the birthday of all the children. Eighteen times it had tolled the old year out, and rung the new year in, and fair Isabel was to be married. The sleighs crunched through the snow, till at the doorway with one sudden crash of music from the bells the horses halted, and the guests, shawled and tippeted, came in. The stamp of heavy boots in the hall knocked off the snow, and voices of neighborly good-cheer shook the dwelling. The white-haired minister stood mid-floor waiting for the hour to strike, when the clock gave a premonitory rumble to let them know it was going off, and then hammered eight. The blushing pair stepped into the room, and the long charge was given, and at the close a series

of explosive greetings, no simpering touch of the lips, but good, round, hearty demonstrations of affection into which people threw themselves before kissing was an art. The clock seemed to enjoy it all, and every moment had something to say:

"I stood here when she was born. I was the only one present at the courtship. I told the young man when it was time to go, although sometimes he minded me not, and I had to speak again. I ordered the commencement of ceremonies to-day. I will dismiss the group. Good luck to Isabel, and an honest eight-day clock to bless her wherever she may go. Tick—tock! Tick—tock!"

After many years grandfather became dull of hearing, and dim of sight. He could not hear the striking of the hours, but came close up and felt of the hands, and said:

"It is eight o'clock, and I must go to bed."

He never rose again.

He could not get his feet warm. The watchers sat night after night, listening to the delirious talking of the old man, the rehearsal in broken sentences of scenes long ago gone by—of how the Tories acted, and how the Hessians ran.

All spake in a whisper, and moved around the room on tiptoe; but there was

one voice that would not be quieted. If the watchers said—"Hush!" it seemed to take up a louder tone. It was the old clock in the next room. It looked so sad when, watching for the hour to give the medicine, the candle was lifted to its face. At the wedding it laughed. Now it seemed to toll. Its wheels had a melancholy creak; its hands, as they passed over the face, trembled and looked thin, like the fingers of an old man moving in a dying dream.

Poor old clock!

The hand that every Saturday night for forty years has wound it up will soon be still. The iron pulses of the old time-piece seem to flutter, although its own spirit were departing. Its tongue is thick; its face is white as one struck with death.

But, just as grandfather's heart, after running for eighty years, ceased to tick, the old clock rallied, as much as to say:

"It is the last thing I can do for him, and so I must toll the death-knell—one! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelve!"

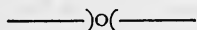
With that it stopped.

Ingenious craftsmen attempted to repair it, and oiled the wheels, and swung the pendulum. But it would not go!

Its race was run; its heart was broken; its soul had departed. When grandfather died, the clock died with him.

What if the furniture dealer did set it down and cover it up with his rubbish. If the soul go straight, it makes but little difference to us where we are buried.

It is time that dust and ashes should cover the face and hands of the dear old clock. Dust to dust!



OUT-OF-DOORS.

On this the brightest week of the brightest month of all the year, I sit down to write that which I hope may be pleasant to read when red-armed Autumn smites his anvil, and through all the woods the sparks are flying, and it needs not a prophetic eye to see the mountains from base to tip-top filled with horses and chariots of fire. Indeed, June and October, if they could see each other, would soon be married. Not much difference between their ages; the one fair, and the other ruddy; both beautiful to look upon, and typical; the one holding a bunch of flowers, and the other a basket of fruit. The south winds would harp at the nuptials, and against the uplifted chalices would dash the blood of strawberry and grape. To that marriage altar January would bring its cups of crys-

tal, and April its strung beads of shower, and July its golden crown of wheat.

Another dream of our life is fulfilled. For the last eight years we have wanted a place where for a few weeks, apart from the hard work of our profession, we could sit with our coat off, laugh to the full extent of our lungs without shocking fastidious ears, and raise Cochin-China hens of the pure breed.

While yet the March snows were on the ground we started out to purchase a place in the country. Had unaccountable experiences with land-agents, drove horses terrible for tardiness or speed, gazed on hills and flats, examined houses with roof pitched or horizontal, heard fabulous stories of Pennsylvania grass, and New Jersey berries, until one day, the wind a hurricane, and the roads slush, and the horse a-drip with rain from blinder to trace, we drove up in front of a cottage, the first glance at which assured us we had come to the fulfilment of our wishes.

In selecting a place, the first requisite is *seclusion*. There is a profound satisfaction in not being looked at. After dwelling for a considerable time in a large place, you are apt to know a multitude. If on some Monday morning, starting down street, you feel decidedly frisky, you must nevertheless walk with as grave a step as though

ascending a pulpit. If you acted out one-half the blitheness you feel, a score of gentlemen and ladies would question your sanity. A country village affords no retreat. There everybody knows everybody's business. You cannot raise half a dozen goslings without having them stoned for picking off your neighbor's gooseberries. Gossip wants no better heaven than a small village. Miss Glib stands at her gate three times a day talking with old Mrs. Chatterbox, and on rainy days at the blacksmith shop the whole business of the town swims in a tank of tobacco-juice of the worst plug. Everybody knows whether this morning out of butcher's cart you bought mutton or calf's liver, and the mason's wife, at the risk of breaking her neck, rushes down stairs to exclaim, "Just think of it! Mrs. Stuckup has bought a sirloin steak, and she is no better than other people!" Your brass kettle is always borrowed. A band-box was seen going from the millinery-shop to the house of a villager on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning a score of people are early at church, head half-turned toward the door, ready to watch the coming in of the new purchase, handkerchief up to mouth, ready to burst out at what they pronounce a *perfect fright* of a bonnet. They always ask what you gave for a thing, and say you were cheated; had

something of a better quality they could have let you have for half the money. We have at different times lived in a small village, and many of our best friends dwell there, but we give as our opinion that there are other places more favorable for a man's getting to heaven.

Yes, our place must be secluded. Not roused at night by fire-engines, nor awakened in the morning by the rattle of milkman's wagon. Our milk-can shall come softly up in the shape of our clear-eyed, sleek-skinned, beautiful Devon. No chalk-settlings at the bottom of the milk, or unaccountable things floating on the top—honest milk, innocent of pump, foaming till it seems piled up above the rivets of the pail-handle. The air at noon untormented of jar and crash and jostle: only hen's cackle, and sheep's bleat, and cow's bellow, and the rattle of clevises as the plough wheels at the end of the furrow. No calling in of people just because they suppose it is expected, but the coming in of neighbors and friends because they really want to see you, their appetite so whetted with the breath of ploughed ground that they are satisfied if you have nothing but ham for dinner. Such seclusion we have at Woodside.

It is never real morning except in the country. In the city in the early part of

the day there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney, that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have *real* morning in the country. Morning! descending "from God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments ago I looked out, and the army of night-shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think as it did Alexander Smith of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Gennesaret. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree-branches, and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging-gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas plashed on the white tops of the spiræa. The honey-

suckle on one side my porch challenges the sweet-brier on the other. The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color. Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles, and my eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, *these* fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

We always thought we would like to have a place near a woods. A few trees will not satisfy us. They feel lonely, and sigh, and complain about the house; but give me an untamed woods that with innumerable voices talk all night in their sleep, and when God passes in the chariot of the wind wave their plumes and shout, as multitudes in a king's procession.

Our first night at Woodside was gusty, and with the hum of multitudinous spring-leaves in our ears we dreamed all night of waves roaring and battalions tramping. Shrubs and bushes do not know much, and have but little to say, but *old* trees are grand company. Like Jotham's, they talk in parables from the top of Gerizim; have whole histories in their trunk; tell you of what happened when your father was a boy; hold engravings on their leaves of

divine etching, and every bursting bud is a "Thanatopsis." There are some trees that were never meant to be civilized. With great sweat and strain I dug up from the woods a small tree and set it in the doorway; but it has been in a huff ever since. I saw at the time that it did not like it. It never will feel at home among the dressed-up evergreens. It is difficult successfully to set hemlocks, and kalmias, and switch-hazel, into the rhyme of a garden. They do better in the wild blank-verse of the forest.

We always thought that we would like a place which, though secluded, would be easy of access to the city. We always want our morning newspaper by breakfast. This little world is so active that we cannot afford to let twenty-four hours pass without hearing what new somersault it has taken. If we missed a single number we would not know that the day before the Czar of Russia had been shot at. Some day we must have a certain book. We need an express to bring it. Oh, it is pleasant to sit a little back and hear the busy world go humming past without touching us, yet confident that if need be our saddle could in ten minutes rush us into it.

Thank God for a good, long, free breath in the country! For the first time in ten years we feel rested. Last evening we sped along the skirt of the wood. Our horse

prefers to go fast, and we like to please him; and what with the odor of red clover-tops, and the breath of the woods, and the company with us in the carriage, and the moonlight it was nothing less than enchantment.

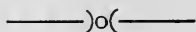
There is something in this country air to put one in blindest mood. Yesterday we allowed a snake to cross our path without any disposition on our part to kill it. We are at peace with all the world. We would not hurt a spider. We could take our bitterest foe and give him a camp-stool on the piazza. We would not blame him for not liking us if he liked our strawberries. We would walk with him arm in arm through watermelon-patch and peach-orchard. He should be persuaded that if we could not write good sermons and vivacious lectures, we can nevertheless raise great pumpkins, and long orange-carrots, and Drumhead cabbage. We would take him in our carriage, going at consistent ministerial gait, as though on the way to Old School Presbytery, never racing with any one, if there were danger of our being beaten. We hereby proclaim peace forever with any man who likes our hens. We fear we would have been tempted to sign Jeff Davis's bail-bond if he had praised our early scarlet radishes.

Amidst such scenes till autumn. Con-

gregations would be advantaged by it if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm-life. Three weeks at fashionable watering-place will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes, and the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours, and the high living, and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us out to physical work. A sharp hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. Daily swinging of the axe will tone up your nerves. Trampling down the hay as it is tossed into the mow will tread into forgetfulness your little perplexities. In the wake of the plough you may pick up strength with which to battle public iniquity. Neighbors looking over the fence may think we are only weeding cantaloupes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

Here I stop. The aroma of the garden almost bewilders my senses. Flowers seem to me the dividing-line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the

honeysuckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweet-william fall upon all the dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuchsia in every working-man's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And, above all, may there come upon us the blessing of Him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of flowers! Between these leaves I press thee—O "Lily of the Valley!"



EDINBURGH AS A BRAIN-STIMULANT.

Rushed at the rate of sixty miles an hour into the capital of Scotland, and set down with the shriek of the steam-whistle—compared with which a sound of an American locomotive is a harpsichord—here we are.

The sensitive traveler will not sleep the first night in Edinburgh, and will do well if the second night he can be composed. The restlessness may not be ascribed to a

lack of comfortable couch, for the art of bed-making has been carried to perfection here. You are not called, as in many an American hotel, to sleep on a promontory of mattresses, not certain on which side you may fall off into the sea. There are no lumps in the bed that take you in the middle of the back, or hardnesses in the pillow that make you dream like Jacob on the stones, barring out the ladder and the angels. The foot-board is not so near the head-board that the sleeper is, all the night long, reminded of his end. There are no stray points of feathers thrust through the linen to tickle you under the ribs. The covers do not come within just three inches of being large enough when you pull them up, making bare the foot, or when, by the grasp of the "comfortable" between the large toe and the fatty portion of the foot, you pull them down, exposing the shoulder, so that you fancy, in your disturbed slumber, that you are perishing in a snow-bank. But a broad, smooth, affluent couch, on which you may sublimely roll, reckless of covers, and confident that beyond the point at which you stop there is still further expanse of comfort and ease.

But the restlessness will be accounted for by the fact that in no city under the sun is there so much to excite the memory and the imagination. It is a stimulant amount-

ing to intoxication. We find gentlemen whose minds have been overworked in this city seeking mental quiet. As well go to Iceland to get warm, or to Borneo to get cool. The Past and the Present jostle each other. The shoulder of modern architecture is set against the arch of the twelfth century. Antiquity says, "I will furnish the ideas," and the Present says, "I will freeze them into stone." You take in with one glance "The Abbey," built by Roman Catholic David the First, which has for seven hundred years sat counting its beads of stone, and that modern structure "The Donaldson Hospital," a palace of charity, crowned with twenty-four turrets, inviting to its blessing the poor children of the city, and launching them on the world every way equipped—knowledge in their heads, grace in their hearts, and money in their pockets. While in one part of the castle you are examining old "Mons Meg," the big gun that burst in the time of James the Second, you hear from another part of the castle the merciless bang of Professor Smythe's time-gun, fired off by a wire reaching across the city from the Observatory.

Edinburgh and Boston have each been called "the modern Athens." We shall not here decide between them. They are much alike in literary atmosphere, but at the an-

tipodes in some respects. In Boston, literature has a Unitarian tinge; in Edinburgh, a Presbyterian. In this Scotch capital, religion, politics, science, and literature are inextricably mixed. The late Sir James Y. Simpson, M. D., whose face is in all the photographic show-windows of the city, and whose life was spent in surgery, recently made an address on "Dead in Trespasses and Sins;" and Doctor Brown, a practicing physician on Rutledge Street, wrote of "Paul's Thorn in the Flesh;" and the collection-boxes of the Scotland Bible Society are set in the railroad stations; and Reverend Doctor Arnot, last Sabbath, at the close of his sermon, turned around and bowed to the judges of the court seated in the gallery; and over a door in "Lady Stair's Close" is the inscription, "Fear the Lord and depart from evil." In this city, acutest analysis could hardly tell where literature or politics ends or theology begins. But since the brain and the heart are only about a foot and a half apart, I know not why there should be such effort to separate the intellectual from the spiritual. All frank and intense writers on secular themes have given us a glimpse of their higher faith. We know the theology of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Thomas Babington Macaulay and William C. Bryant as well as that of Jonathan Edwards

and Archibald Alexander. There is no need that the literati of the world go dodging and skulking about the pillars of St. Paul as though ashamed to be found there.

Reaching from Edinburgh Castle, throned on the rocks, down under the city to the Abbey of Holyrood, there is an underground passage six hundred years old. Queen Victoria, some years since, offered a large reward to any man who would explore that passage. The poor fellow who undertook it choked to death in the damp and gases, and the Queen withdrew her inducement, lest some one else should perish in the undertaking. I would that the way between the castle of beauty and strength, and the abbey of religion, in all ages, were not a dark tunnel difficult of exploration, but a brilliant causeway, and that we all might walk there.

Let Science and Piety walk with hooked arms in the hall of the university, and ivy climb over the cathedral wall, and every church belfry be an observatory, and learning and goodness be so thoroughly intertwined and interlocked that every man shall be both philosopher and Christian. Then Galileo will not only see that "the world moves," but that it moves in the right direction; and the gowned professors of the academy and the surpliced officials of the chapel will unite their strength to

shorten the distance between the castle and the abbey.

* * *

At this summer season, Edinburgh sleeps under a very thin covering of shadows. There is no night there. At ten o'clock p. m. I walked up on Calton Hill, and saw the city by *daylight*. And the evening and morning were the same day. The American is perplexed as to what time he ought to retire, and at four o'clock in the morning springs out of bed, feeling that he must have overslept, till he looks at his watch. The day and the night are here twin sisters—the one a blonde, the other a brunette. At this season, when tourists are most busy, the curtain does not fall on Edinburgh.

The city has been compressed into small compass, so that it might be under the defence of the guns of the Castle. A house ten stories high is not an unusual thing. There are no “magnificent distances.” It is but two minutes’ walk from the Netherbow to the Canongate. It is only ten minutes’ ride from Holyrood to the Castle. In one short saunter you go from examining the Scottish crown in the “Jewel-room” on the Hill, down to the museum, in which you see the stool that Jenny Geddes threw at the head of the bishop.

The city has a superb belt of what the

Scotch have chosen to call "Hospitals." They are not places where fractures are splintered, or physical diseases assaulted; but are educational institutions. Considering ignorance a horrible sickness—the wasting away of a marasmus, the benumbing of a palsy, the sloughing off of a gangrene—public charity has erected these "Hospitals" for the cure of intellectual malady.

A printer of the city gave one million fifty thousand dollars for the building and maintenance of one of these institutions, where two hundred and twenty poor children are taught. The structure is vast and imposing; battlemented and towered, and embosomed in foliage and flowers—strength in the arms of beauty, without being shorn of any of its locks.

The John Watson's Hospital, the Orphan Hospital, the Gillespie Hospital, the Merchant Maiden Hospital, the George Heriot Hospital—the surplusage of bequests not yet employed, and seemingly not needed for structures of the same character—show how much the people hate darkness and love light. God gave to Edinburgh, as to Solomon, the choice of riches, honor, or wisdom. She chose wisdom; and the riches and the honor have been thrown in as a bounty. While the antiquarian stands studying the grotesque

gargoyles which frown and mow and run out the tongue from the venerable roofs and arches of the city, I see more to admire in the chubby faces of the educated children.

But, while Edinburgh is preparing for a grand future, she is not willing that her head shall fall back into the shadows. With a tight grip of fingers in bronze and stone she holds on to the men of the past. She has for the last thirty years been building monuments, and she will keep on building them. As she denied the request of the Queen that Dr. Simpson be buried in Westminster Abbey, Edinburgh will not now put on the limits the sculptors who perpetuate him. Walter Scott alive, hobbling along the Grassmarket, made not so much impression on this city as to-day, looking down on Princess Street, from under a canopy of stone, one hundred and ninety feet high, the dog Bevis at his feet; while breaking out in sculpture on the sides are the "Last Minstrel," and "Lady of the Lake," and Meg Merrilies, the queen of witches, with her long skinny arms seeming to marshal all the apparitions of ghostdom.

Here dwelt Alexander Smith, destroyed by his own mental activity, the fire of his genius consuming not only the sacrifice but the altar; and Hugh Miller, who with

his stone chisel cut his way into the mysteries of the earth and the heart of nations; and Playfair, and Dugald Stewart, and Henry Mackenzie, and Doctor Blair, and Thomas de Quincy. Here Christopher North put on his "sporting-jacket," out of the pockets of which he pulled for many of us Windermere and the Highlands; his swarthy figure in bronze, now standing in the East Gardens, his hair looking like the toss of a lion's mane, his eye wild as a stormy night on the moors, his apparel as sloven as his morals.

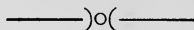
But these men were of the past. The harvest of giants has been reaped. Edinburgh has but two or three men of world-wide fame remaining. Doctor John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," may still be found on Rutledge Street; but he has dropped his royal pen, and has no more "Spare Hours" for the reading public, now that he gives his entire time to his medical profession. If the dogs, whose greatest champion he is, knew that he had abandoned their cause, they would set up a universal howl, and the spirit of "Rab" would come forth to haunt him, wagging before him that immortal stump of a tail. Though the Doctor has sent his dogs scampering through every American study, and through many a lady's parlor, he has no dog left. His last one, Kent by name, was

so much in danger of being contaminated by the more vulgar dogs of the city, that he was sent over to Ireland to be companion and defender to the Doctor's married daughter. A large portrait of "Kent" hangs over the parlor mantel on Rutledge Street. You would not wonder that all Doctor Brown's dogs have been so kind and wise and good, if you only knew their master.

It seems that in one case, at least, his plea for unhappy curs has been effectual. Eleven years ago a poor and unknown man was buried in Gray Friars Churchyard. His dog, "Bobby," a Scotch terrier, was one of the mourners. Next day he was found lying on the grave; but, as nothing but bronze or stone dogs are lawful in such places, Bobby was kicked out of the yard. The second morning he was found there, and was still more emphatically warned to give up his melancholy habits. But when, the third morning, he was found on the grave, the old curator had compassion, and ever since the bereft creature has been taken care of. For years he was allowed steaks from an officer of the city. I wish that all the dogs that live on Government were as worthy.

We take the train from Edinburgh with a heavy heart. We need a year to study this city of the past and the present—its

crescents, and mansions, and squares, and monuments, and palaces; a city which hovers above crags, and dives into ravines, and climbs precipices, and shimmers in the blaze of midsummer noon, and rolls upon the soul a surge of associations that break us down into a heartfelt prayer for the peace and happiness of Scotland.



HOBBIES.

We all ride something. It is folly to expect us always to be walking. The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby: it eats no oats, it demands no groom, it breaks no traces, it requires no shoeing. Moreover, it is safest: the boisterous outbreak of children's fun does not startle it; three babies astride it at once do not make it skittish. If, perchance, on some brisk morning it throw its rider, it will stand still till he climbs the saddle. For eight years we have had one tramping the nursery, and yet no accident; though meanwhile his eye has been knocked out and his tail dislocated.

When we get old enough to leave the nursery we jump astride some philosophic, metaphysical, literary, political, or theological hobby. Parson Brownlow's hobby was the hanging of rebels; John C. Calhoun's,

South Carolina; Daniel Webster's, the Constitution; Wheeler's, the sewing-machine; Doctor Windship's, gymnastics. For saddle, a book; for spur, a pen; for whip, the lash of public opinion; for race-course, platform, pulpit, newspaper-office, and senate chamber. Goodyear's hobby was made out of india-rubber, Peter Cooper's out of glue, Townsend's out of sarsaparilla bottles, Heenan's out of battered noses. De Witt Clinton rode his up the ditch of the Erie Canal, Cyrus Field under the sea, John P. Jackson down the railroad from Amboy to Camden; indeed, the men of mark and the men of worth have all had their hobby, great or small. The philosophy is plain. Men think a great while upon one topic, and its importance increases till it absorbs everything else, and, impelled by this high appreciation of their theory, they go on to words and deeds that make themselves thoroughly felt. We have no objections to hobbies, but we contend that there are times and places when and where they should not be ridden. A few specifications.

We have friends who are allopathists, homœopathists, Thompsonians, or eclectics. We have no more prejudices against one school than the other. Let them each set up their claims. One of our friends about five years ago became a homœ-

opathist. All right! But since then she has been able to talk of nothing else. She insists on our taking the pellets. We say, "We feel somewhat tired to-night;" she exclaims, "Cinchona or Cocculus!" We sneeze quite violently, and she cries "Belladonna!" We suggest that the apple-dumpling did not agree with us, and she proposes "Chamomilla." When she walks I seem to hear the rattling of pellets. Discovering my prejudice against pills, she insists on my taking it in powder. I tell her that ever since my chaplaincy in the army I have disliked powder. She says I will rue it when too late. Perhaps I may, but I cannot stand these large doses of homœopathy. I had rather be bled at once and have done with it, than be everlastingly shot with pellets. She talks it day and night. Her Sabbath is only a sanctified homœopathy. She prefers theology in very small doses. Her hope of the reformation of society is in the fact that ministers themselves are sinners — "*Similia similibus curantur.*" She thinks it easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for old-school doctors to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Alas! how much calomel and jalap they will have to answer for! How will they dare to meet on the other shore the multitudes that they let slip before their time, when they might

with a few pellets have bribed Charon to keep them this side of Acheron and Styx! She reads to us 2 Chron. xvi. 12, 13, "Asa sought to the physicians, and slept with his fathers." You see they killed him! She considers herself a missionary to go out into the highways and hedges of allopathy and eclecticism to compel them to come in. She is an estimable lady. We always like to have her come to our house. She is more interested in your health than any one you would find in all the hard-hearted crew of allopathy. But five years ago she got a side-saddle, threw it on the back of a hobby, and has been riding ever since—tramp, tramp, tramp—round the parlor, through the hall, up the stairs, down the cellar, along the street, through the church; and I fear that in her last "will and testament" she will have nothing to leave the world but a medicine-chest, well-worn copies of "Hahnemann's Chronic Diseases," and "Jahr's Manual," and directions as to how many powders are to be put in the tumblers, with the specific charge to have the spoons clean and not mix the medicines.

We notice that many have a mania for talking of their ailments. One question about their health will tilt over on you the great reservoir of their complaints. They have told the story so often that they can

slide through the whole scale from C above to C below. For thirty years their spine has been at a discount, and they never were any better of neuralgia, till they took the rheumatism. At first you feel sympathy for the invalid; but after awhile the story touches the ludicrous. They tell you that they feel so faint in the morning, and have such poor appetite at noon, and cannot sleep nights, and have twitches in their side, and lumbago in their back, and swellings in their feet, and ringing in their ears, and little dots floating before their eyes; and have taken ammoniacum, tincture of cantharides, hydragogue julep, anthelmintic powder, golden syrup of antimony, leaves of scordium, and, indeed, all hepatics, carminatives, antifebriles, antiscorbutics, splenetics, arthritics, stomachics, ophthalmics; they have gargled their throat with sal ammoniac, and bathed their back with saponaceous liniment, and worn discutient cataplasms. That very moment they are chewing chamomile flowers to settle their stomachs, and excuse themselves for a moment to take off a mustard-plaster that begins to blister. They come back to express the fear that the swelling on their arm will be an abscess, or their headache turn to brain fever. They shake out from their handkerchief delicate odors of valerian and assafoetida. They are the harvest

of druggists, and the amazement of physicians, who no sooner clear the pain from one spot than it appears in another. If one joint loses the pang, another joint gets it, and, the patient having long ago resolved never again to be well, it is only a question between membrane and midriff.

At times we should talk over our distresses, and seek sympathy, but perpetual discourse on such themes wears out the patience of our friends. You always see the young people run from the groaning valetudinarian; and the minister fails in his condolence, for why speak of the patience of Job to one who says that boils are nothing to his distresses? The hobby he rides is wounded and scabbed and torn with all the diseases mentioned in farriery, glanders, bots, foot-rot, spavin, ring-bone, and "king's evil." Incurable nags are taken out on the commons and killed, but this poor hobby jogs on with no hope on the other side of the Red Sea of joining Pharaoh's horses. The more it limps, and the harder it breathes, the faster they ride it.

Now, Aunt Mary's sick-room was the brightest room in the house. She had enough aches and pains to confound *Materia Medica*. Her shelf was crystallized with bottles, and the stand was black with plasters. She could not lay down more than five minutes. Her appetite was de-

nied all savory morsels. It was always soup, or toast, or gruel, or panado. She had not walked into the sunlight for fifteen years. Weddings came, for which with her thin, blueveined hands she had knit beautiful presents, but she could not mingle in the congratulations, nor see how the bride looked at the altar. She never again expected to hear a sermon, or sit at the sacrament, or join in the doxology of worshipers. The blithe days of her girlhood would never come back, when she could range the fields in spring-time in flushed excitement, plucking handfuls of wild-roses from the thicket till hands and cheeks looked like different blooms on the same trellis.

While quite young she had been sent to a first-class boarding-school. When she had finished her education, she was herself finished. Instead of the romp of the fields, she took the exhausting exercise at five o'clock of the school procession, madame ahead; madame behind; step to step; eyes right; chins down; noses out; their hearts like muffled drums beating funeral marches. Stop the side glances of those hazel eyes! Quit the tossing of those flaxen curls! Cease that graceful swing of the balmoral across the street gutter!

She was the only one of the family fortunate enough to get a first-class educa-

tion. The other females grew up so stout and well, they might have been considered, vulgarly speaking, *healthy*, and went out into life to make happy homes and help the poor; only once, and that in the presence of a wound they were dressing, having attempted to faint away, but failed in the undertaking, as their constitution would not allow it. Thus they always had to acknowledge the disadvantage of not having had the first-class education of Aunt Mary. What if her nerves were worn out, she could read *Les Aventures de Télémaque* to pay for it. She had sharp pains, but she could understand the Latin phrases in which Dr. Pancoast described them. Her temples throbbed, but then it was a satisfaction to know that it came from being struck on the head with a Greek lexicon. The plasters were uncomfortable, but oh! the delights of knowing their geometrical shape: the one a pentagon, the other a hexagon. At school in anatomical class she had come to believe that she had a liver, but it had been only a speculative theory; now she had practical demonstration.

Enough to say, Aunt Mary was a lifelong invalid, and yet her room was more attractive than any other. The children had to be punished for going up stairs and interrupting Auntie's napping hours. The

kitten would purr at the invalid's door seeking admittance. At daybreak, the baby would crawl out of the crib and tap its tiny knuckles against the door, waiting for Aunt Mary to open it. If Charlie got from a school-fellow a handful of peaches, the ripest was saved for Auntie. At night-fall, a little procession of frisky night-gowns went up to say their prayers in Auntie's room, until three years of age supposing that she was the divinity to be worshiped: one hand on their foot, and the other over their eyes, that would peep through into Auntie's face during the solemnities, the "forever and ever, amen," dashed into Auntie's neck with a shower of good-night kisses.

When a young maiden of the neighborhood had a great secret to keep, she was apt to get Aunt Mary to help her keep it. Auntie could sympathize with any young miss who at the picnic had nice things said to her. Auntie's face had not always been so wrinkled. She had a tiny key to a little box hid away in the back part of the top-drawer, that could have revealed a romance worth telling. In that box a pack of letters in bold hand directed to Miss Mary Tyn-dale. Also, a locket that contained a curl of brown hair that had been cut from the brow of the college student in whose death her brightest hopes were blasted. Also,

two or three pressed flowers, which the last time she was out she brought from the cemetery. When in conversation with a young heart in tender mood she opened that box, she would say nothing for some moments after. Then she would look very earnestly into the eyes of the maiden, and say, "God bless you, my dear child! I hope you will be very happy!"

Everybody knew her by name, and people who had never seen her face, the black and white, the clean and filthy, those who rode in coaches, and those who trudged the tow-path, would cry out when one of the family passed, "How is Aunt Mary to-day?" On Monday morning the minister would go in, and read more theology in the bright face of the Christian invalid than he had yesterday preached in two sermons, and her voice was as strengthening to him as the long-metre Doxology sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." When people with a heartache could get no relief elsewhere, they came to that sick-room and were comforted. Auntie had another key that did not open the box in the back part of the top-drawer of the bureau: it was a golden key that opened the casket of the Divine promises. Beside the bottles that stood on Auntie's shelf, was God's bottle in which He gathers all our tears. God had given to that thin hand the power to un-

loose the captive. And they who went in wailing came out singing. John Bunyan's pilgrim carried his burden a great while: he never knew Auntie.

Yes! yes! the brightest room in the house was hers. Not the less so on the day when we were told she must leave us. That one small room could not keep her. She heard a voice bidding her away. The children broke forth into a tumult of weeping. The place got brighter. There must have been angels in the room. The feet of the celestial ladder were on both sides of that pillow. Little Mary (named after her aunt) said, "Who will hear me say my prayers now?" George said, "Who now will take my part?" Katie cried, "Who will tell us sweet stories about heaven?" Brighter and brighter grew the place. ANGELS IN THE ROOM! Sound no dirge. Toll no bells. Wear no black. But form a procession of chants, anthems, chorals, and hallelujahs! Put white blossoms in her hand! A white robe on her body! White garlands about her brow! And *he*, from whose tomb she plucked the flowers the last time she was out, come down to claim his bride. And so let the procession mount the hill, chants, anthems, chorals, and hallelujahs: *Forward!* the line of march reaching from enchanted sick-room to "house of many mansions."

So Auntie lived and died. Always sick, but always patient. Her cheerfulness unhorsed black-mailed Gloom. A perpetual reproof she was to all who make sicknesses their hobby.

We take a step farther, and look at some of our *theological* hobbies. This is the only kind of horse that ministers can afford to own, and you ought not to be surprised if sometimes in this way they take an airing. We have had some troubles of late in fact that in these days of brotherhood, Old School and New School got astride of the same hobby, and one fell off before, and the other fell off behind. There was not room enough for so many between mane and tail. It is well to remember that hobbies sometimes kick, and that theologians, like other people, are vulnerable.

How apt we are to get a religious theory, and ride it up hill and down, and expect that all the armed cavalry of the church shall make way for our hobby! There are theologians who spend their time in trying to douse Baptists, thinking it a great waste to have so much water and not use it for some decisive purpose. Others would like to upset the anxious bench of the Methodists, and throw them on their faces, so that they would make less noise. Others would like nothing better than to rip a hole in the surplice of Episcopacy. Others take

the doctrine of "election" for their favorite theory, and ride, and ride, till they find themselves elected to leave the settlement. Others harp on the "perseverance of the saints," till they are unhorsed by the perseverance of sinners. And this good man devotes himself to proving that in Adam all fell, till the hearers wish that the speaker had fallen clear out of their acquaintanceship.

This ecclesiastic gives his time to controversy, and his matin and vesper are, "Blessed be the Lord, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Such persons were sound asleep that Christmas night when the angel song fell to the hills, "Peace on earth, good will to men." We have been watching for the horns to come out on their forehead. They are the rams and the he-goats. They feel that they were appointed from eternity to stick somebody, and they beat Samson in the number of Philistines they slay with the same weapon. They go to the Bible as foemen to Springfield Armory or Troy Arsenal, demanding so many swords, rifles, and columbiads. They were made in the same mould as Morrissey, the pugilist, and should long ago have been sent to Congress. Like Nebuchadnezzar, they have claws, and, like him, ought to go to grass. In the day when the lamb and the lion lie

down together, we fear these men will be out with a pole trying to stir up the animals.

Here are brethren who devote themselves to the explaining of the unexplainable parts of the Scripture. Jonah's whale comes just in time to yield them whole barrels of blubber. They can explain why it was that Jonah was not digested by the whale. The gastric juice having no power to act upon a living body, it did not dissolve the fibrine or coagulated albumen into chyme, and consequently it could not pass the pyloric orifice of the stomach. Besides, this was an intelligent whale, and probably knew that he had swallowed a minister who had a call to Nineveh, and never had any intention of turning him into whale, but rather to prepare him for that class of ministers who are lachrymose, and on all occasions disposed to blubber. We have heard men explain this miracle by natural laws until we felt ourselves attacked by the same sickness that disturbed the leviathan of the Mediterranean when he suddenly graduated the prophet; and we felt sure that if, in an unguarded moment, we had swallowed a Jonah, he would have had good prospects of speedy deliverance.

Our expounder must also explain the ass that spake to Balaam. The probability is that the animal had originally been en-

dowed with powers of vocalization, but, being of a lethargic temperament, had never until that day found sufficient inducement to express himself; the probability being that this animal always retained the faculty of speech, and was married, and that he has a long line of descendants, who still, like the one of the Scriptures, are disposed to criticise ministers.

Here is another brother who devotes forty Sundays of the year to the Apocalypse. He has put his lip to all the trumpets and examined all the vials. He understands them all. He reads the history of the present day in Revelation, and finds there Louis Napoleon, Bismarck, Abraham Lincoln, and General Grant.

Now, all Scripture is to be expounded as far as possible; but one part is not to absorb attention to the neglect of others. Let us not be so pleased with the lily that Christ points out in his sermon that we cannot see the raven that flies past; nor while we examine the salt to find if it has lost its savor, forget to take the candle from under the bushel. The song of the morning stars at the creation must have response in the Doxology of the hundred and forty and four thousand. David's harp and the resurrection trumpet are accordant. The pennon swung from the cedar masts of ships of Tarshish must be an-

swered by the sail of fishing-boat on Gennesaret. Into this great battle for God we are to take Gideon's sword, and David's sling, and the white horse of Victory on which Immanuel triumphs. Hiddekel and Jordan must be confluent. Pisgah and Moriah, Sinai and Calvary, must all stand in the great Scriptural ranges. No solo or quartet in this Bible music, but the battle-chorus of all the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles. In the wall of heaven are beautifully blended jasper and emerald, beryl and sardonyx, amethyst and chrysoprasus. No one doctrine, however excellent, must be ridden constantly. The pulpit is the most unfit place in all the world for a hobby.

With others the continuous theme is *ventilation*. We have wrecked too many sermons and lectures on ill-ventilated audience-rooms, not to understand the value of pure air. There are not twenty properly ventilated lecture-halls east of the Allegheny Mountains. We have more veneration for every other antiquity than for stale air. Atmosphere that has been bottled up for weeks is not quite equal to "Balm of Thousand Flowers." Give us an old log across the stream to sit on, rather than an arm-chair in the parlor that is opened chiefly on Christmas and Thanksgiving Days. While waiting for this year's turkey

to get browned, we do not want to smell last year's. There are church-basements so foul that we think some of those who frequent them for devotion get sooner to the end of their earthly troubles than they would if there were less dampness in the walls; some of them suffering from what they suppose to be too much religion, when it is nothing but wind-colic. Still we may put too long a stress upon ventilation. Here is a man who sits with the doors open, and while your teeth are chattering with cold, descants on the bracing weather. He sleeps with all his windows up, with the thermometer below zero. His prescription for all the world's diseases is fresh air. And if the case be chronic, and stubborn, and yields not to the first course of treatment, then—more fresh air. If the patient die under the process, the adviser will say, "This confirms my theory! Don't you see the difficulty? His only want was capacity to take in the air!"

Witticism is the hobby of another. We admire those who have power to amuse. We cannot always have the corners of our mouth drawn down. Puns are not always to be rejected. We should like to have been with Douglas Jerrold when his friend said to him, "I had a curious dinner—*calves' tails*." And Jerrold instantly replied, "*Extremes meet!*"

But we cannot always have the corners of our mouth drawn up. We can all of us stand humor longer than wit. Humor is pervasive; wit explosive. The one smiles; the other laughs. Wit leaps out from ambush; humor melts out of a summer sky. Wit hath reactions of sadness; humor dies into perpetual calm. Humor is an atmosphere full of electricity; wit is zigzag lightning. They both have their mission, but how tedious the society of the merry-andrew and professed epigrammatist! The muscles of your face weary in attempts to look pleased. You giggle, and simper, and titter, and chuckle, and scream, and slap your hand on the table, but you do not laugh. You want information, facts, realities, as well as fun. Theodore Hook and Charles Lamb grinned themselves into melancholy. Clowns are apt to be hypochondriac. The company of two or three so-called witty chaps is as gloomy to us as the furnishing-room of an undertaker. It is the earnest man, with an earnest work to do, who in unexpected moment puts the pry of his witticism under your soul, and sends you roaring with a laughter that shuts your eyes, and rends your side, and makes you thankful for stout waistcoat, which seems to be the only thing that keeps you from explosion into ten thousand quips, quirks, epigrams, repartees,

and conundrums. Working men have a right to be facetious. We have no objection to a hen's cackle, if it has first laid a large round egg for the breakfast-table. But we had on our farm a hen that never did anything but cackle. The most rousing wit ever uttered was by stalwart men like Robert South and Jean Paul Richter. With them wit was only the foaming flake on the wave that carried into port a magnificent cargo. It was only the bell that rang you to a banquet of stalled ox and muscovy. But lackaday! if when at the ringing of the bell we went to find nothing but a cold slice of chuckle, a hash of drollery, jokes stewed, and jokes stuffed, and jokes panned, and jokes roasted, and jokes with gravy, and jokes without gravy. Professor Wilson, the peerless essayist, could afford to put on "Sporting Jacket," and mould the snow-ball for the "Bicker of Pedmount," and go a picnicking at Windermere, and shake up into rollicking glee Lockhart, Hamilton, Gillies, and his other *Blackwood* cronies, if, in that way refreshed for toil, he could come into the University of Edinburgh to mould and shape the heart and intellect of Scotland, with a magic touch that will be felt a thousand years. He is the most entertaining man who mixes in proper proportions work and play. We prefer a solid horse, spirited and full of fire,

but always ready to pull: somewhat skittish on a December morning, but still answering to the bit: while capable of taking you out of the dust of the man who does not want you to pass, yet willing to draw ship-timber; in preference to a frisky nag that comes from the stall sideways, and backward, getting up into the stirrups of his own saddle, and throwing you off before you get on. The first is a useful man's facetiousness; the last is a joker's hobby.

Pride of ancestry is with others the chief mania. Now we believe in royal blood. It is a grand thing to have the right kind of kindred. There is but little chance for one badly born. If we belonged to some families that we know of, we would be tempted at once to give ourselves up to the police. But while far from despising family blood, we deplore the fact that so many depend upon heraldry. They have not been in your company a minute before they begin to tell you who their father was and their mother. The greatest honor that ever happened to them was that of having been born. It is a congratulation that there was but one mechanic in their line, and he helped build the first steamboat. They were no possible relation to one Simon, a tanner. The only disgraceful thing in their line, as far back as they can trace it, was that their first parents in Paradise were

gardeners. There was a big pile of money somewhere back, a coat of arms, and several fine carriages. They feel sorry for Adam, because he had no grandfather. To hear them talk you would suppose that the past was crowded with their great progenitors, who were lords, and dukes, comrades of Wellington, accustomed to slapping George Washington on the shoulder, calling him by the first name; "hail fellow well met" with Thomas Jefferson. As if it had taken ten generations of great folks to produce one such Smythe. He is no relation to Smith. That family spell their name differently. But you find that in the last seventeen hundred years there were several breaks in the broadcloth. Do not say anything about their Uncle George. Confound the fellow! He was a blacksmith. Nor ask about Cousin Rachel! Miserable thing! She is in the poorhouse. Nor inquire about his grandfather's politics. He was a Tory. Nor ask what became of his oldest brother. He was shot in a hen-roost. Several of the family practiced in the High Courts of the United States and England—as criminals. One of their kindred was a martyr to chirography, having written the name of John Rathbone & Co. under a promissory note, and written it so well that John Rathbone & Co. were jealous, and seriously objected. But all this is nothing,

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so long as they spell Smith with a *y* in the middle and an *e* at the end. They have always moved in the circle of the Rittenhouses, and the Minturns, and the Grinnells, and the Vanderbilts. They talk much of their silver plate to everybody save the assessor. In the year 1700 they had an ancestor that rode in the carriage with a duchess. Yet a boy one day had the audacity, with a piece of chalk, to erase the armorial bearings from the side of their coach, and, in allusion to the industrial pursuits charged on certain members of that high family, sketched in place thereof, as coat of arms, a bar of soap and a shoe-last. Oh! this awful age of homespun and big knuckles! We would all have gone back farther than we have in search of ancestral stars and garters, crest and scutcheon, but we are so afraid of falling into kettles of tried tallow, and beds of mortar, and pans of dish-water.

But we are all proud. We slept one night at the West in the rustic house of President Fillmore's father, in the very bed occupied the week before by Daniel Webster and the President. We felt that we must carry off from that room a memento. Not able to get anything more significant, we brought away from the peg in the room one of old Mrs. Fillmore's cap-strings. It was with no ordinary emotions that, after

coming down into every-day life, we displayed the trophy.

Still how distasteful is the companionship of one who is always on the subject of his high associations and honored ancestry. We get vexed, and almost wish that their ancestors had been childless. At proper times and to proper degree let such themes be discussed, but what a folly to be on all occasions displaying Mrs. Fillmore's cap-strings! It is an outrageous case of cruelty to animals when a man persists in having all his progenitors join him in riding the ancestral hobby.

Now it so happened that on one occasion all these hobbyists met on one field. What a time! Ten hobbies riding against each other in cavalry charge! Each rider was determined to carbine all the others. The allopathist loaded his gun with blue pills; the homœopathist loaded his with pulsatilla and stramonium. The hypochondriac unsheathed his sharpest pains for the onset. The temperance monomaniac struck right and left with an ale-pitcher. The tobacco fanatic threw snuff into the eyes of those who could not see as he did. The controversialist and critic hung across the saddle a long string of scalps they had taken. The buffoon bespattered the whole regiment with a volley of poor jokes. And the man of distinguished ancestry attempted to

frighten the combatants from the field by riding up with a hobby that had on its back the resurrected skeletons of all his forefathers.

Too much hobby-riding belittles the mind, distorts the truth, and cripples influence. All our faculties were made for use. He who is always on one theme cannot give full play to judgment, imagination, fancy, reason, wit, and humor. We want harmony of intellect—all the parts carried, treble, alto, tenor, and bass accompanied by full orchestra, sackbut, violoncello, cornet, drum, flute, and cymbals. He who goes through life using one faculty, hops on one foot, instead of taking the strong, smooth gait of a healthy walker. He who, finding within him powers of satire, gives himself up to that, might as well turn into a wasp and go to stinging the bare feet of children. He who is neglectful of all but his imaginative faculty, becomes a butterfly flitting idly about till the first "black frost" of criticism kills it. He who devotes himself to fun-making, will find the better parts of his soul decaying, and his temporary attractiveness will be found to be the phosphorescence of rotten wood. He who disports himself in nothing but dialectics and mathematics, will get badly hooked by the horns of a dilemma, and after a while turn into trapezoids and paral-

lelograms—his head a blackboard for diagrams in spherical geometry—and, while the nations are dying, and myriad voices are crying for help, will find their highest satisfaction in demonstrating that if two angles on equal spheres are mutually *equilateral*, they are mutually *equiangular*: the flying missiles in a South American earthquake to him are only brilliant examples in conic sections; the one describing a parabola, that an ellipse, the other a hyperbola.

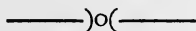
When God has given us so many faculties to use, why use only one of them? With fifty white palfreys to ride, why go tilting a hobby?

He who yields to this propensity never sees the whole of anything. There is no sin in all the earth but slavery, or intemperance, or municipal dishonesty. All the sicknesses would be healed if they would take our medicine. The only thing needed to make the world what it ought to be, is a new pavement on our sidewalk. The nations are safe as soon as we can bring to an end the expectorations of tobacco-juice. All that we can see of anything is between the leather pricked-up ears of our hobby.

This frantic urging on of our pet notion will come to nought. Our prancing charger will sink down with lathered flanks and we be passed on the road by some

Scotch Presbyterian, astride a plain draught-horse that has been pasturing in the field next to the kirk, jogging along at an easy pace, knowing it has been elected that he is to reach the kingdom.

Brethren! let us take a palm-leaf and cool off! Let your hobby rest. If it will not otherwise stop, tie it for a few days to the whitewashed stump of modern conservatism. Do not hurry things too much. If this world should be saved next week, it would spoil some of our professions. Do not let us do up things too quick. This world is too big a ship for us to guide. I know from the way she swings from larboard to starboard that there is a strong Hand at the helm. Be patient. God's clock strikes but once or twice in a thousand years; but the wheels all the while keep turning. Over the caravanserai of Bethlehem, with silver tongue, it struck ONE. Over the University of Erfurt, Luther heard it strike NINE. In the rockings of the present century it has sounded ELEVEN. Thank God! It will strike TWELVE!



FALLACIES ABOUT THE SEA.

Every man ought to cross the ocean at least once to find how many unwarranted things have been said about it. Those who on the land have never imperilled their veracity by mastodonic statements are so metamorphosed by the first stiff breeze off Newfoundland, that they become capable of the biggest stories. They see billows as high as the Alps, and whales long enough to supply a continent with spermaceti, and have perilous escapes from sudden annihilation, and see over the gunwales spectacles compared with which the "Flying Dutchman" is a North River clam-sloop.

We have not been able to find some things that we expected. We have very often heard that sea-sickness makes one feel that he would like to be thrown overboard. One day, on our ship, there were near a hundred passengers whose stomachs had turned somersault; but not one of these people, as far as we could detect, would like to have been pitched overboard. Indeed, an effort to deposit these nauseated Jonahs on the "Fishing Banks" would have ended fatally to the perpetrator. We saw not one of the sickest patients looking at the sea as though he would like to get into it. Those who were most desperate and agonizing in looking over the

taffrail for the lines of latitude and longitude held tight fast, lest some sudden lurch of the ship should precipitate them into the Canaan of water for which the great army of the sea-sick are said to be longing.

We have also been told, in many well-rounded addresses, that the sails of British and American commerce "*whiten every sea.*" But we have averaged during our voyage only about two vessels a day. The cry of "Sail—ho!" is so rare a sound that it brings all the passengers to their feet. The mere ghost of a shroud along the line of the sky calls up all the opera-glasses. The most entertaining scallops are dropped from the spoon when, during the dining-hour, it is announced that a ship passes. Let "Fourth of July" orators steer clear of the fallacy that the sails of our commerce whiten the sea. They make about as much impression upon it as a fly crossing the ceiling.

We have been told of the sense of loneliness, isolation, and almost desolation felt when out of sight of land. But we think that in a popular steamer such a feeling is impossible. We leave a world behind, but we take a world with us. A Hamburg steamer is a portable Germany.

The ship in which we sail is Berkeley Square and Fifth Avenue. London ends at the prow, Broadway begins at the stern.

We have on board Fulton Market, and Faneuil Hall, and Drury Lane Theatre, and Apsley House. We do not any more think of how far we are from the shore than we do how far the shore is from us. Though mid-ocean, we are in the heart of a city, and hear feet shuffling, and hammers pounding, and wheels turning, and voices shouting.

We have not found any of the monotony of the deep. We have not seen an iceberg, nor a whale, nor a porpoise, nor a flying-fish, nor a water-spout; but in simply watching and thinking we have found each day so pleasantly occupied that we sorrowed at its speedy termination.

So many styles of character as come together on shipboard are a perpetual study. Men by the third day turn inside out. (I refer to their characters and not to their stomachs.) Their generosity or their selfishness, their opulence of resource or their paucity, their courage or their cowardice, are patent. What variety of mission! This one goes to claim a large estate; this one to cultivate his taste in foreign picture-galleries; that one to amass a fortune; this one to see what he can learn. On some the time hangs heavily, and they betake themselves to the "betting-room." Since coming on board, some of them have lost all their money by unsuccessful wager.

Two or three have won everything, and the others have lost. They have bet about the speed of the ship—bet that it would be five hundred and thirty knots a day, bet that it would be less, bet that the number of miles run would be an even number, bet that it would be odd, bet that the pilot coming aboard would step on with his right foot, bet it would be his left, bet that gold will be up when we get to Queenstown, bet that it would be down, bet every weekday, bet on Sunday.

The surgeon, who read “prayers” for us in the Sabbath service, was one of the heaviest losers. I am informed, by a credible witness, that he took a bet while we were singing the psalm during the religious service which he was conducting. God save us from the morals and the physic of such a doctor!

But take them all in all we never dwelt among men and women of finer culture, and better heart, and nobler life than our fellow passengers. We shall be glad forever that on this crystal path of nations we met them.

The sailors have been to us a perpetual entertainment. They are always interesting, always cheerful, always helpful. Each one has a history. Sometimes his life has been a tragedy, interspersed with comedy. Our heart goes out toward him. In his

laugh is the freedom of the sea and the wildness of the wind.' We can hardly keep from laying hold with these sailorboys, as they bend to their work singing a strange song of which we catch here and there a stanza such as:

Away! Haul away! Haul away, Joe!
Away! Haul away! now we are sober.
Once I lived in Ireland, digging turf and tatoes,
But now I'm in a packet-ship a-hauling tacks and braces.

Once I was a waterman and lived at home at ease,
But now I am a mariner to plough the angry seas.
I thought I would like a seafaring life, so I bid my
love adieu,
And shipped as cook and steward on board the
Kangaroo.

Then I never thought she would prove false,
Or ever prove untrue,
When we sailed away from Milfred Bay
On board the Kangaroo.

Away! Haul away! Haul away, Joe.
Away! Haul away! Haul away, Joe.

We cannot tell the metre of the songs they sing by day and night, but we prefer to call it "peculiar metre." We wish for these men a safe life-voyage, and a calm harbor at the last. Heaven give them a steady foot while running up the slippery ratlines to reef the topsail!

"STAY WHERE YOU'RE HAPPY."

On board the steamer Java I met an English gentleman by the name of Mr. Gale. "And who was Mr. Gale?" you ask. I know not, except that he was of so bland a nature I felt he must be a "gale from Heaven." We were leaning over the rail of the vessel, watching the first appearance of land—Ireland sending out to meet us the "Skelligs," a cross-looking projection, like the snarly dog that comes out to serenade you with a volley of yelps at the gate of a friend, or like a dark-browed Fenian appearing to challenge the British ships, and bid them "mind their eye," and look out how they run "forninst ould Ireland"—when Mr. Gale summed up all his advice about European travel in the terse phrase: "Mr. Talmage, do not be rushing about in Europe, as Americans generally do. Stay where you're happy!"

We set this down as among the wisest counsels ever given us, although at the very first place we stopped it nearly ruined our prospects for seeing anything besides Scotland.

Americans traveling in Europe are for the most part in immensity of perspiration. Starting with what they call "the small and insignificant island of Great Britain," and having adopted the feeling of the Yankee

who said he thought England a very nice little island, but he was afraid to go out nights lest he should fall off, they expect to see all Europe in a few days. They spend much of their time at depots, inquiring about the next train, or rush past Mont Blanc, with no time to stop, chasing up a lost valise.

In our company was an American, who had five ladies and eight trunks. Getting into Switzerland, he let the ladies come on to see the mountains, while he went back a two days' journey, asking Belgium and Germany if they had seen anything of his trunks. As he is unacquainted with the language, but has learned that *Das Gepack* is the German for "the luggage," I imagine him going through the streets of Heidelberg, Frankfort, and Darmstadt, at dead of night, shouting till the people throw open the windows expecting a war-extra:

"Das Gepack! Das Gepack!"

Meanwhile we offered a little cologne to one of the unfortunate party bereft of their "things," and she refused to take it; and, on being urged, blushed, and hemm'd, and finally gave as her reason that she had no pocket-handkerchief. Alas! her clothes by that time were on the way to St. Petersburg or Halifax.

But why sneer at the father and husband

on his errand of mercy scouring Europe for his wife's silk dresses? May he be prospered! If he do not find the chignons, may he at least be so happy as to discover the pocket-handkerchiefs! What more important than clothes? But for a deficit in this, John Gilpin would have been respectable and happy, even at the time he could not hold his horse. Lack of this is what made Eve chilly in Paradise.

As for ourselves, we carry all our baggage in our two hands, and yet we have two changes of apparel a day; namely, in the morning when we put it on, and in the night when we take it off. Nobody can steal our baggage unless they steal us. Often travelers, worn out with unnecessary incumbrances, wish they were home. They are not happy. They want to go to their mother. We found one American tugging along with a Swiss cottage nicely boxed up, the work of an Interlachen artificer. It made us think of looking up a pocket edition of Jung-Frau.

Many of our countrymen are exceedingly annoyed at their lack of skill in the use of the European languages. After a vain attempt to make a Parisian waiter understand French, they swear at him in English. But we remembered the art of the physician who put all the remains of old prescriptions in one bottle,—the oil, and the

calomel, and the rhubarb, and the asafoetida,—and when he found a patient with “complication of diseases,” would shake up his old bottle and give him a dose. And so we have compounded a language for European travel. We take a little French, and a little German, and a little English, with a few snatches of Chinese and Choctaw, and when we find a stubborn case of waiter or landlord that will not understand, we shake up all the dialects and give him a dose. It is sure to strike somewhere. If we do not make him understand, we at any rate give him a terrible scare.

We have not the anxiety of some in a strange land about getting things to eat. We like everything in all the round of diet, except animated cheese and odorous codfish; always have a good appetite, never in our lives missed a meal save once, when we could not get any; and knowing that *Eine geröstete Rindfleisch Scheibe* means a beefsteak, *Eine Messer* a knife, and *Eine Gabel* a fork, and *Eine Serviette* a napkin, after that we feel reckless as to what we can or can not get.

In journeying from country to country, the change in the value of coins is apt to be inextricable. But guineas, and florins, and kreutzers, and double ducats cease to be a perplexity to us. We ask the price of a thing, look wise as if we knew all

about it, and then hold out our hand and let him take his pick. As riches take wings and fly away, we are determined to lose nothing in that manner. Fifty years from now a Turkish piastre will be worth to me as much as a Holland guilder; and it worries me not when I am cheated, for the man who cheats must in the end suffer more than I, so that my chagrin is lost in compassion for his misfortune.

In traveling let us go where we like it best, and then be happy. The manufacturer should go to Birmingham and Manchester. The skillful and mighty-handed machinery will make an impression upon him that he can get from nothing else. Let the shipwright traveling in Europe take considerable time at the Liverpool docks, and watch the odd-looking craft that hover about the French coast. The philanthropist will busy himself in looking up Newman Hall's "Ragged Schools," and go out a few days to Bristol to talk with George Muller, and go down to Billingsgate to hear the women sell fish with the same slang as they did fifty years ago. Let the poet go to Grub Street, Cripplegate, and, as the cab jostles through the dark and filthy street, look out and see the places in olden time frequented by hungry authors, and have his sensibilities

shocked at finding that John Milton's house, in which "Paradise Lost" was written, is now a soap factory.

If a man be fond of a fine horse, and wants to see the perfection of neck, and hoof, and back, and flanks, tamed thunderbolts controlled by caparisoned drivers, let him go out every clear evening, at six o'clock, to Hyde Park, or into the Royal Mews, back of Buckingham Place, and see the one hundred and sixty-eight white and bay horses that wait the Queen's bidding. It is folly for a blind man to go to see Gieseback Falls, or a deaf one to hear the Freybourg organ, or a man whose lifetime reading has been confined to the almanac and his own ledger to spend much time in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Stay only where you're happy!

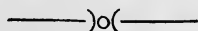
At the hotel in Antwerp, sitting at the table at the close of a day that had been to me a rapture among picture-galleries, a man sat down beside me, and said, "What a dull place; there seems nothing going on!" He had applied to that exquisite city of art the business tests of the Bank of England. That was no place for him. Why did he ever come out from the shuffle and tumult of the London "Strand"?

Much of the world's disquietude comes from the fact that they will not take the advice of the Englishman in the words

heading this chapter. Queen Mary was fondled and caressed in France. Courts bowed down and worshiped her beauty. But she went to Scotland, and Elizabeth cut the poor thing's head off. Why did she not stay where she was happy?

Walter Scott had a good home in Castle Street, Edinburgh, no debts to pay, all the world bringing offerings to his genius. But he went up to Abbotsford; must have a roof like Melrose Abbey, and the grounds extensive as a king's park. He sank his fortune, and roused up a pack of angry creditors, each one with his teeth at his throat. How much better for his peace if he had continued in the plain home. Why did he not stay where he was happy?

Maximilian had the confidence of Austria, and the richest of all earth's treasures,—the love of a good woman's heart. He gathered up all that he had and went to Mexico. A nation of assassins plotted for his life. He fell riddled with a crash of musketry, and his wife, Carlotta, goes back a maniac. They had enough before they went. They wanted more. One dead, the other crazy! Oh, that they had been wise enough to stay where they were happy!



STAR ENGAGEMENT.

One November night, a few years ago, there was to be a meteoric display on the most magnificent scale. Astronomical journals had excited the anticipations of the whole country.

Indeed, no star ever had more inducement to shoot well than on that night, for the audience was immense—gathered at windows, on house-tops, and in observatories. The only objection we had to the bill of entertainment was that the doors opened at a very late hour, and at a time when we are usually in a very unimpressible state of mind.

We hit upon the following device. We hired, by extra inducement, the servant to sit up and watch, and, at the very first indication of restlessness on the part of the celestial bodies, to thump mightily at our dormitory. We placed out hat and shoes in places where they could immediately be found, and, before the gas went out, marked the relative position, both of hat and shoes, lest, in the excitement of rising up, we might get these articles of apparel transposed, and put on at the extremity opposite that for which hatters and boot-makers originally intended them. We slept with one eye open, and in a state of expectancy, such as one feels when he wants to

take an early train, and fears that the alarm-clock is disordered. No such meteoric display had taken place since we were a year old—an age when our astronomical attainments were very limited. Neither had our servant witnessed anything of the kind, and her ideas were very vague as to what would really be the character of the entertainment. We warned her as to the peril of falling asleep, as when the stars really did shoot, they often shot at random. It was some time before we could persuade her of the necessity of having the gas out while watching, for she persisted in the idea that you can always see better with a light than without it.

We had fallen into our first nap when there was a loud rap at the door, and we gave a bound to the floor. The servant told us that she had seen one star which had been very uncertain in its movements, and had crossed lots, wagging a long tail of fire. We cried out, "Do not call us for just one star, but wait till they all get a-going!" We took another nap and woke up, and not hearing anything about the celestial disturbances, the wife went in to see how the servant was getting on, and found her prostrate and insensible! What *was* the matter? Had the meteoric display taken place, and this innocent one in the wild sweep been knocked over, another

victim of philosophical experiments? No! We found that she had been overcome of sleep. When roused up, she immediately spoke, thus relieving our anxiety in regard to the fatality of the occurrence, and her first words (showing the ruling passion for astronomical investigation still unimpaired) were the startling interrogation: "HAVE THEY SHOT?"

I concluded to depend on my own watchfulness, and forthwith to look out. Saw one "star" in motion, coming up the street on two feet, but concluded from his looks that he would not shoot unless in case of a riot. I gazed intently, and saw no signs of motion among the celestials, except a few that seemed to twinkle mischievously, as if making fun of my white cravat—an article I never wear except in case of hasty toilet.

But the astronomical observation was far from being a failure, for in returning my head from the open air, I struck it violently against the window, and immediately *saw stars*. They flew every whither, and, what was peculiar, they were of all colors—white, black, blue, green, and striped. But from the unfavorable impression they produced on me at the time, I feel like warning people against putting out their heads in the night-time, when the meteors are carelessly swinging their shillelahs. We did not blame the stars, nor the astron-

omers who excited our anticipations, but we all felt disappointed.

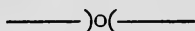
MORAL.

Do not calculate too much upon meteors. I would rather have the clear, steady shining of a morning star, than all the capers that comets cut up. Saturn or Mars is more to be depended on than these celestial vagrants. The curse of the world is its unsanctified geniuses, who go darting across the political and ecclesiastical heavens just long enough to make the nations stare, and then go out in darkness. We love brilliancy; but let it be that of a fixed star—steady, cheerful, regulated.

In some great crisis of the world's night, I have calculated upon the behavior of some one of shining capacities, and I have gone out to hear what noble things he would say, or to see what thrilling deed he would do, and what long line of light he would stretch across the heavens. But my calculations have failed. My disappointment was full. Another failure at star-shooting.

The moral world wants fewer comets, and more Jupiters; fewer fireflies, and more lamps; fewer Jack-o'-the-lanterns to dance the swamps, but more evening stars to cheer the world's darkness; fewer Lord Byrons, and more John Fosters. We

never knew of but one meteor that went forth on a grand mission—the one that ran to stand over Bethlehem; and *that* got all its glory from the fact that it pointed to the Sun that never sets. Grand thing it was, if, on that night in November, in addition to our horrible cold, we caught these moral reflections.



CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

When our older people were children, there was no juvenile literature. If the book appetite arose, they were fed on a slice of Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," or little tidbits from "Edwards on the Affections," or were given a few nuts to crack from Chalmers's "Astronomical Discourses." Their fathers and mothers sighed lest these little ones should turn out badly, because they liked ginger-snaps better than Westminster Assemblies, and would spend their money for marbles when it ought to have gone toward furnishing red flannel shirts for the poor heathen children in Kamtchatka. You have lost all faith in John Bunyan's veracity, and whistled incredulously when you came to that story about Apollyon. Pictures were scarce, and a book was consid-

ered profusely adorned that had at the beginning a sketch of the author in gown and bands, and long hair of powdered whiteness, and at the close in ornate letters the word *Finis*, which you were told meant *The End*, although, after wearily reading it through, you did not know whether it was the end of the book or the end of you. You might as well feed your baby on lobster-salad as at that early age to have been expected to digest the books that were set before you.

But now the children's library is filled with books of large type, and tasteful vignettes, and lids ridged, and flowered, and scrolled, and columned, and starred with all the fascinations of the book-bindery. There is now danger that what is called the "milk for babes" shall become nothing but chalk and water. Many of the Sabbath schools are doing much to foster a taste for trashy literature. In some of these libraries you will find sentimental love-yarns; biographies of generals who were very brave, and good examples in some respects—when they were sober; fairy stories, in which the fairies had very loose morals; accounts of boys and girls who never lived—books in which there is no more religion than in "Don Quixote" or "Gulliver's Travels." We have been wondering why some religious society did not publish a

nice little edition of "Baron Munchausen," with a moral at the end, showing our dear little people the danger of tying one's horse to the top of a church-steeple. One Sunday night your child does not want to go to bed. He cries when compelled to go, and looks under the bed for some of the religious hobgoblins that come out of the Sunday-school library. Religious spooks are just as bad as any other spooks. A child is just as afraid of Floras, Pomonas, sylphs, orreads, and fairies, as of ghosts. The poor little darling in the blue sack goes home with a book, thinking she has heaven under her arm, and, before she gets through reading the story of love and adventure, feels so strange that she thinks she must be getting lots of religion.

In the choice of our children's books, let us not mistake slops for simplicity, nor insult our children's tastes by disquisitions about "footsy tootsies," or keep informing them of the historical fact, which they learned a great while ago, that "Mary had a little lamb," or assemble the youngsters in coroner's jury to clear up the mystery as to "who killed cock-robin." If a child has no common sense at seven years of age, it never will have.

Have at least one book in your library in which all the good children did not die. My early impression from Sunday-school

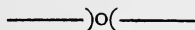
books was that religion was very unhealthy. It seemed a terrible distemper that killed every boy and girl that it touched. If I found myself some day better than common, I corrected the mistake for fear I should die; although it was the general opinion that I was not in much danger from over-sanctity. But I do believe that children may have religion and yet live through it. A strong mustard-plaster and a teaspoonful of ipecac will do marvels. Timothy lived to grow up, and we are credibly informed that little Samuel woke. Indeed, the best boys I ever saw, occasionally upset things and got boisterous, and had the fidgets. The goody-goody kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find that a colt which does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. It is not religion that makes that boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snow-balling, but the "dumps." The boy who has no fire in his nature may, after he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a wagon-wheel, but he will not own the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven, could strike a ball till it soared out of sight, and, in the race, as far as you could see, you would find his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who

never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm. The most solemn-looking mule on our place has kicked to pieces five dash-boards.

There are parents who notice that their daughter is growing pale and sick, and therefore think she must be destined to marry a missionary, and go to Borneo, although the only recommendation she has for that position is that she will never be any temptation to the cannibals, who, while very fond of cold missionary, are averse to diseased meat; or, finding their son looking cadaverous, think he is either going to die, or become a minister, considering that there is great power of consecration in liver complaint, and thinking him doubly set apart, who, while presbytery are laying their hands on his head, has dyspepsia laying its hand on his stomach.

Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it! Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the church of God

could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, *we* should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and for ever.



WAR TO THE KNIFE.

Within a few days I have seen Belgium, Switzerland, Prussia, and Germany marching to their frontiers, the two former for armed neutrality, the two latter for bitterest war, and before this paragraph reaches the United States, you will, by telegraph, have heard the first shock of battle.

Last Sabbath, Brussels had the appearance of New York city just after the assault on Fort Sumter. The streets were a mass of excited people. Men were flocking in from the country as volunteers, and the soldiers in bright uniform were parading Rue de la Madeleine. As we passed up the Rhine we saw the fortifications swarming with busy men. Strange, that this most peaceful of all rivers should be the object of perpetual strife, and that at the strife, and that at the sight of its pure, bright water, the kings of the earth should fall down in hydrophobia of ambition.

Long before the vineyards that crowd to the lip of this stream shall have purpled into ripeness, war will have trodden out its vintage of blood. From Mayence to Carlsruhe, on either side the rail-track, are earth-works that must have demanded the shovels and pickaxes of the entire population. The rail-carriages are filled with Frenchmen flying the country, the police commanding their departure. The harvests of Prussia, which look like those of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, for luxuriance, are lodging for lack of a sickle, the men having gone to the war. At Cologne, the flowers and curiosities of the city gardens are being brought into the city so as to be under the defence of the fortifications.

The Prussians are enthusiastic, and ready for anything. They are glad that the conflict has come. They have been for years hindered in their enterprise by the arrogant behavior of France, and they want the matter settled at once and forever. Their officers and troops, so far as we have seen them, are a class of men that must excite the admiration of all who love nobility of character.

They are honest, intelligent, bold; and though France, with her great discipline of military, may overcome them in the opening battles. Prussia will never submit to France.

We called long enough to find that even lethargic Heidelberg had gone off in the excitement, leaving its grand old castle and dirty streets for visitors to look at.

The city of Basle, Switzerland, in which we are now stopping, has very nearly suspended business, for the purpose of seeing off her soldier boys, who, this morning at daylight, marched under our windows through the narrow street, the trumpet sounding an air wild, brisk, and strange to our ears. The red torrent of patriotism rages down these hills and among these defiles. Though Belgium and Switzerland are armed for neutrality, they are as indignant at France as is Prussia; and it would not require a very grave provocation to call them into the great struggle. Where the trouble will end, God only knows. Until the name of Napoleon comes down into the dust, the world cannot have quiet. The power of one bad man to tear the world's heart to pieces, was never so mightily illustrated as at this hour.

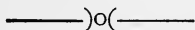
A woman rushed out of the crowd when Robespierre died, crying, "Murderer of my children! descend to hell covered with the curses of every woman in France!" But that is a moderate execration compared with that which we fear will come from all the outraged nations of Europe when Napoleon goes—to his uncle.

There is no more glory in war. In the olden time, when Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu met at Coilantogle Ford, and threw their wrath into combat that crimsoned Loch Vennachar, and made the crags of old Ben An and Ben Venue echo with the sword-clang, there may have been romance and poetry in combat; but with such weapons as the new contrivance of death which France will bring into the battle, war is murder, compared with which that perpetrated by the hand of Antoine Probst and a Five-Points garroter is innocence undefiled.

Those who tell us that the millennium is about to begin, must have guessed wrong. We saw, a few days ago, in the Tower of London, an astonishing array of old armor, showing what a miff the world has been in for five hundred years. But we were pleased to see in one room how the swords and guns had, by some artistic hand, been arranged into representations of flowers; ramrods and sabres turned into lilies and fuchsias and Scottish bluebells. We offered a silent prayer that soon all the world's implements of death might so blossom. But, alas! now the red dahlia of human blood shall paint the grass, and instead of the white-fleeced lamb, which Edwin Landseer in exquisite picture represents as looking into the mouth of the dis-

mounted gun of war, destruction and woe shall belch out of it.

From the sight of this European tumult we turn away to the mountains of Switzerland and hope to look upon Mont Blanc, that symbol of the Great White Throne on which all the world's wrongs will be righted. The mountain gazes upon a few kingdoms, but the Throne will overlook France and Prussia and the world and the ages.



FRESH PAINT.

In art, as in everything else, things must pass for what they are worth. A feeble picture by Orcagna is none the less feeble because five hundred years old. I cannot admire his "Coronation of the Virgin," wherein he sets the angels to playing bagpipes. Even the Scotch Highlander expects to put down his squealing instrument this side of heaven. There is no power in the centuries to consecrate a failure. Time has a scythe, but no trowel. Age, in the abstract, excites not my veneration. I must first know whether it is an old saint or an old sinner. The worst characteristic about some things is their longevity. A newly-laid egg, boiled just two minutes and a half by the watch, and placed on the table

beside a clean napkin, is a luxury to bless the palate withal; but some of us remember that once in our boarding-house at school, we chanced at the morning meal to crack the shell of the Pre-Raphaelite egg, and, without "returning thanks," precipitately forsook the table. Antiquity may be bad or good.

As with physical vision, so in mental optics there are far-sighted men who cannot see things close by, while a quarter of a mile away they can tell the time of day from the dial on a church steeple. The sulphurous smell in Church's "Cotopaxi" makes them cough and sneeze, though, at the peril of unhinging their necks from the spinal column, they will stand for hours, looking straight up at a homely Madonna by some ancient Italian, plastered on the rotunda of a Brussels cathedral. Having no sympathy with those who expend so much good-humor on the old masters that they have nothing left for moderns, I shall speak of recent pictures, at the risk of rubbing against fresh paint.

Americans, more than any other people, want to see the paintings of Joseph William Turner. John Ruskin has devoted more than half of his working life making that painter more famous. But Ruskin's art-criticisms have nowhere been read as in the United States, for the reason that

The Modern Painters is published in a very cheap American edition, while the English publishers of that book present it only in expensive type and with costly illustrations, thus keeping it beyond the reach of the masses. Though Turner lies beside Joshua Reynolds in the Cathedral of St. Paul, and his pictures have become the inheritance of the British nation, London knows little more of him than does New York.

But nine out of ten of our friends returning from the National Gallery of England express sore disappointment with Turner's paintings. They think it strange that his canvas should excite the great intellect of John Ruskin for fifteen years into a seeming frenzy of admiration, so that he can write or speak of nothing else—enduring, in behalf of his favorite artist, all acerbity and flagellation, the masters of British and foreign schools bedaubing the brilliant writer with such surplus of paint as they could spare from their own palettes, and pursuing the twain with such ferocity, that, though the first has hidden from his foes behind the marble of the tomb, and his defender has, in ruined health, retired to Denmark Hill, nevertheless the curses need some cooling yet.

Our first glance at these pictures, covering the four walls of two rooms in the gallery, struck us back with violent disap-

pointment. On our last look, on the last day of our visit, we felt an overcoming sadness that probably we never again should find such supernatural power in an artist. We say supernatural, for if we believe that Jeremiah and David and John had more than human power to write, I know not why it would be wrong to suppose that Paul Veronese, and Giotto, and Rembrandt, and West, and William Turner were divinely inspired to paint. In the one case, it was parchment; in the other, canvas. Here it was ink; there it was colors. Now a pen; then a pencil. Was it not the same power which handed Raphael's "Transfiguration" across four centuries that has conveyed to this present time the New Testament? I never felt so deeply the suffering of the Saviour, when reading the description in Luke and John, as when standing in the cathedral at Antwerp. Looking at the "Crucifixion," by Rubens, I was beaten down and crushed in soul, and, able to look no more, I staggered out, faint, and sick, and exhausted, the sweat dropping from every pore.

I will not advocate the supernal inspiration of any of these men, ancient or modern; but must say that the paintings of William Turner exerted over me an influence different from anything I have experienced. The change between my first and last look

of this British artist is to be explained by the change of stand-point. No paintings in the world are so dependent upon the position occupied by the spectator. Gazed at from ordinary distances, they are insipid, meaningless, exaggerated. You feel as if they had not been done with a pencil, but a broom. It seems that each one of them must have taken two quarts of stuff to make it as thick as that. You almost expect the colors to drip off—you feel like taking your handkerchief and sopping up the excess. But, standing close up to the opposite wall, you see a marked improvement; yet, even then, the space between you and the picture is too small. You need to pass through into the next room, and then, looking through the doorway, fasten your eye on the painting. Six paces off, and Turner's "Decline of Carthage" is a vexation; but twenty-two paces off, with an eye-glass, and Turner's "Decline of Carthage" is a rapture. From the last stand-point, looking at "The Spithead," we felt like dividing our life into two portions—that which had occurred before we saw Turner and that which might occur afterward.

This master shifted his style four times. No one mood lasted him long. So many a man looks back, and finds that his life has been a series of fits. Perhaps very young

in literature, he had a fit Tupperian. Passing on a few years, and he was taken with a fit Byronian. Getting into calmer waters of life, he was attacked with a fit metaphysical. As might be expected, from being out so much in the fog, he took a violent fit Carlylean. Then, at the close of life, he reviewed his intellectual gyrations; and, disgusted with his ramblings, he had a fit of common sense, which was such a sudden change from anything preceding that it killed him. It is easy to trace Turner through a variety of artistic spasms, but he is always entertaining.

We cannot forget his "Caligula's Palace;" the magnificence of destruction; the ages of the past looking through the ruined porticos and shivering on the top of the broken marble; the bridge, in its leap across the bay, struck with a death of desolation that leaves it a skeleton in the way; children playing in the foreground, their diminutiveness and simplicity, by the contrast, piling up the height of the towers, and the gorgeous pretension of the imperial domain; the sun rising just high enough to show that carved pillars of stone belonging to a kingly fool are but dust when the "Rock of Ages" crashes against them.

Who can forget the light that Turner pours on Venice, the Campanile of San Marco, the Dogana—light falling with the

positiveness of a pebble, but the diffusiveness of a liquid—light that does not strike the water and stop there, but becomes transfused and intermixed—nay, which, by matchless chemistry of color, becomes a part of the wave, so that you cannot say which is light and which is water: gondolas variegated, dropping all their hues into the wave—gondola above, gondola beneath, and moving keel to keel. Light, though so subtle that it flies from other touch, Turner picked up, nor let it slip through his fingers till it touched the canvas. John Martin, the Northumberland painter, tried to catch the light, but instead thereof caught the fire that burns up many of his fine pictures. Turner's light is neither a hot element to consume nor a lifeless thing that might be called a mere pallor on the cheek of the darkness, but so natural you hardly know whether it drops from the sky-window into the gallery, or was kindled by the hand which for twenty years has been mouldering in the crypt of Saint Paul's Cathedral.

What water Turner painted! The waves of the sea knew him. No man could pour such moonlight upon the Thames as he; or could so well run the hands of the sea up and down the sides of a stranded ship; or could so sadden the Hellespont with the farewell of Leander; or toss up the water

in a squall so natural that you know the man in the fishing-smack must be surprised at the suddenness; or so infuriate the Channel at Calais that you wish you did not, on your way home, have to cross it; or could have dropped a castle-shadow so softly and yet so deep into a stream. The wave of William Turner was not, as in many pictures, merely wet whitewash, but a mingling of brightness and gloom, crystal and azure, smoothed down as a calm morning tramples it, or flung up just as the winds do it.

Then, all this thrown into a perspective so marked, that, seeing it for the first time, you feel that you never before knew what perspective was. You can hardly believe that the scene he sketches is on the dead level of the wall. You get on the bank of his river in "Prince's Holiday," and follow it back through its windings, miles away, and after you think you will be compelled to stop, you see it still beyond, and when you can no more keep the bank, you see in still greater distance what you say may be cloud, and may be water, but you cannot decide. Turner can put more miles within a square foot than any one we know of. There are always back-doors opening beyond. But his foreshortening is quite as rare. Often his fishermen and warriors and kings are not between the frame of the

picture, but between you and the canvas. You almost feel their breath on your cheek, and stand back to give them room to angle, or fight, or die.

After exploring miles of pictures, the two on secular themes that hang in my memory, higher than all, deeper than all, brighter than all, are Turner's "Parting of Hero and Leander;" and Turner's "Palace and Bridge of Caligula." And there they will hang forever.

Yet his rivals and enemies hounded him to death. Unable longer to endure the face of a public which had so grievously maltreated him, with a broken heart he went out from his elegant parlors on Queen Anne Street, to die in a mean house in Chelsea. After he was lifeless, the world gathered up his body, played a grand march over it, and gave it honored sepulture. Why did they not do justice to him while living? What are monuments worth to a dead man? Why give stones when he asked for bread? Why crack and crush the jewel, and then be so very careful about the casket? Away with this oft-repeated graveyard farce! Do not twist into wreaths for the tomb the flowers with which you ought to have crowned the heated brow of a living painter.

BRUTES.

Edwin Landseer has come to a better understanding of the brute creation than has any other man. He must have had a pet spaniel, or cat, or horse, that in hours of extreme confidence gave him the secret grips, signs, and passwords of the great fraternity of animals. He knows the language of feathers, the feeling of a sheep being sheared, of an ox goaded, and the humiliation of a dog when kicked off the piazza. In presence of Landseer's hunted stag, you join sides with the stag, and wish him escape from the hounds; and when pursuers and pursued go tumbling over the rocks into the mad torrent beneath, the reindeer with lolling and bloody tongue, and eye that reels into its last darkness, you cry "Alas!" for the stag, but "Good!" for the hounds; and wonder that the painter did not take the dogs off the scent before the catastrophe.

Was ever a bay mare more beautifully shod than, in Kensington Museum, Landseer shoes her? The blacksmith-shop is just such a one as we rode to, with rope-halter on the horse's head, and when, bare-foot, we dismounted, the smith of the leathern apron, and rusted spectacles, and hands seemingly for five years an exile from wash-basins, bade us look out how we

trod on the hot iron. Does anything sound more clearly through the years than the wheeze of the old bellows, and the clang of the sledge-hammer, and the whistle of the horse-tail brush with which we kept off the flies; while, with the uplifted and uneasy foot of the horse between the workman's legs, he clenched the nail, clipped off the raggedness of the hoof, and filed smooth the surface, the horse flinching again and again, as the nail came too near the quick? And then the lightning of sparks as the hammer fell on the red-hot iron, and the chuck and siss and smoke of the bar as it plunged into the water-bucket! Oh! there was a rugged poetry in a blacksmith-shop, and even now the sound of the old wagon-tire at the door rouses me up like a war-whoop, and in the breath of the furnace I glow with memories. Only a few months ago, I walked into a city blacksmith-shop, and asked if at any time I could get a horse shod there. You see, there might be a time when I would buy a horse, and he might need such services; but our chief reason for going in was that we wanted to see if such a place looked as it did of yore.

As Landseer lifts the back foot of the bay mare, the wrinkles of her haunches are warm with life, and her head turns round most naturally to oversee the job, as much

as to say, "Be careful how you drive that nail," or, "Your holding my hoof is very uncertain." On behalf of all the horses which go limping with ill-set shoe and nails in the hock, I thank this blacksmith. I know he is doing his work well, or, from the spirit of the mare, he would before this have been hurled into the middle of the turnpike—hammer, apron, and nail-box.

No one so well as Landseer can call up a bloodhound, and make him lie down in the right place—a decided case of armed peace. You treat him well, not so much because of your respect for dogs, as out of consideration for your own interest. Walk softly about him and see the great reefs of hide—more skin than a dog needs, as though he had been planned on a larger scale, but after he had begun to be filled in, the original plan had been altered. See the surplusage of snarl in that terrier, and of hair on that poodle, and how damp he is on the end of his nose!

And here you find one of Landseer's cows, full-uddered, glad to be milked. You will see the pail foam over soon if that careless milkmaid does not upset it. Bless me! I have seen that cow a hundred times before. It is the very one I used, in boyhood, to drive up as the evening breeze was rustling the corn-silk, and making the tall tassels wave like the plumes of an Indian war-

rior squatting in the woods: a cow of kindly look, the breath of clover sweeping from her nostrils, meeting me at the bars with head through the rails, and low moan of petition for the barn-yard.

Even the donkey is introduced with a loving touch in Landseer's pictures. Now, a man who can favorably regard mule or ass is a marvel of sympathy. I am in fresh memory of a mule in the Alps. He might as well have lived on Newark Flats, for all the good fine scenery did him. With what an awkward tread he carried me up to the *Mer de Glace*, jerking backward and forward, so that I was going both ways at once, but, nevertheless, slowly advancing, because the jerk forward was somewhat in excess of the jerk backward. The flies were ravenous, and to catch one of them he would stop mid-cliff, throw one foot up till he struck my foot in the stirrup, as though he proposed to get on himself, and then would put his head back, till nothing save a strong grip of the saddle kept me from seeing the Alps inverted. But have the fly he would, reckless of shout and whip, and thump of heel in the side. Mules are stubborn, crafty—unlike men, in the fact that they look chiefly after their own interests (?); but these brutes are not very intelligent, considering, from their ears, how large an opportunity they have of

hearing. They have most imperfect intonation, and but little control over their voice. When a donkey begins to bray, it seems he does not know when he will be able to stop, or whether the voice will rise or fall in its cadences. But donkeys cannot help this, and for their sins they are to be pitied. Therefore, Edwin Landseer calls them into his pictures. What a kind man he must be! Blessed the dog that fawns at his feet, the horse that draws his carriage, the cat that mews on his window-sill, the deer that ranges through his park! Thrice blessed their master!

Animals in Europe are more sympathized with than in America. I see no over-driven horses, no unsheltered cattle, no cracking away at birds with old blunderbusses, just for the sake of seeing the feathers flutter. When, on the twelfth of August, all England and Scotland go a-grouse-hunting, and Perth and Aberdeen and Inverness and Chatsworth are shaken with a continuous bang of sportsmen, there is no cruelty. It is an honest lift of the gun, a fair look across the barrel, a twitch of the forefinger of the right hand, a flash, and game for dinner at Peacock Inn or Elephant and Castle.

You see more animals in bronze and stone in Europe than in the United States. If young Americans, wanting quills to

write with, have plucked the American eagle, till, featherless, and with an empty craw, it sits on the top of the Rocky Mountains wishing it were dead, the English have paid quite as much attention to the lion. You see it done up in every shape, sitting or standing, everywhere. The fountains are guarded with lions; the entrances of houses flanked with lions; the signs of stores adorned with lions,—fighting lions, sleeping lions, crying lions, laughing lions, couchant lions. English artists excel with this animal. When French and German sculptors attempt one, it is merely a lion in the abstract, too weak to rend a kid and never having seen a jungle. But lying on the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square are four lions that look as though they had a moment before laid down there and curled their long tails peacefully around, and had just stopped there a few minutes to see what was going on at Charing Cross and the Cockspur.

On the top of Northumberland House is a lion with mouth open and tail extended in rigid rage, so that it is uncertain which way to run, as you know not with which end he will assault you. There are more lions in London than in Numidia. Beef and mutton are liked well by the Englishman, but for regular diet, give him lion.

European horses look better satisfied

than American. They either have more fodder or less drive. The best-kept horses I ever found are in Antwerp. I saw but one lean nag in that city, and that one I think was an emigrant just arrived. When good American horses die, they go to Antwerp.

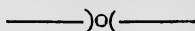
Europeans caress the dog. He may lie on the mat or sit near the table. Among the Alps we had a wretched dinner—not lacking in quantity or variety, but in quality. There was enough of it, such as it was. The eggs had seen their best days, and the mutton must have been good for two or three weeks after they killed it. A Saint Bernard dog sat near by, petitioning for a morsel. The landlord was out—we saw by the bill of fare we should have high rates to pay,—we could do nothing ourselves toward clearing the plates, and so we concluded to feast our friend of Saint Bernard. We threw him half an omelet, assuring him first that the amount we gave him would depend on the agility with which he caught it. Either not understanding French, or being surprised at the generosity of the provision, he let half the omelet fall to the floor, but he lost no time in correcting the failure. We threw him a mutton-chop. With a snap of the eye and a sniff, and a long sweep of the tongue over the jaw he said by his looks as plainly as if he had

spoken with his lips: "I like that better. I never get mutton-chops. I think they will agree with me." When the landlord came in, he suspected that some unusual proceeding had taken place between his guests and the dog, and so he kicked him out of the room. The remaining sin within us suggested our treating the landlord as he had treated the mastiff, but our profession, and more especially the size of the man, restrained us. I left the inn more sorry to leave Bernard than his keeper.

Among the worthiest dogs of the world, or rather of the church, are the Saint Bernards. They have no frisk of merriment. The shadow of the great ledges is in their eyes, and the memory of travelers lost in Alpine snows is in their hearts. When you meet them, cheer them up with chops and omelets.

European cities are not ashamed to take some bird or beast under their patronage. Venice looks especially after her pigeons. Strasburg pets the storks whose nests are on almost all the chimneys. Berne carefully guards her bears. Egypt apotheosizes cats. Oh that the cruelty of man to bird and beast might come to an end! They have more right to the world than man, for they preceded him in the creation, the birds having been made on Friday and the cattle on Saturday morning, and man coming

in at the fag-end of the week. No wonder that these aborigines of the world sometimes resist, and that the bees sting, and the bears growl, and the cats get their backs up, and dogs bark, and eagles defend their eyries with iron beak, the crags echoing with the clangor of this flying squadron of the sky.



A NATION STUNNED.

The long finger of the oceanic telegraph may write on the multiform sheet of the "Associated Press" the news of victory or defeat; but no one not stopping in Paris to-day can realize the condition of things. The city is dazed and confounded. Paris never before came so near keeping Sunday as on the first day of this week. Not many concerts, but little conviviality, and no carousal—it did not seem like Sabbath at all. August 15, the Emperor's *fête* day, the Fourth of July of France, fell dead in front of the Tuileries. Instead of Paris on fire with illumination, the streets were dull, and the palace, as we passed along at night, had but one lighted window, save the light of the employes in the basement.

Whatever may be one's opinion in re-

gard to the French Government, he must sympathize with this afflicted people. Before this paragraph reaches the United States, the pendulum of feeling may have swung from the extreme of sorrow to the extreme of joy; but not once in a hundred years does Paris sit in ashes. She knows how to shout in a carousal, and to howl in a massacre; but it is the strangest thing of the century to see Paris in a "fit of the blues."

Yesterday we drove out on the Bois de Boulogne, which might be called "the Central Park" of Europe; and in all the ride we passed not a single vehicle. At a concert on Saturday night we heard the Marseillaise Hymn so gloriously sung by soldiers, in full uniform, with flags and guns, that we involuntarily threw up our hats, not knowing exactly what we were excited about; but the general applause that responded to the national air was not as lively as you might hear in any place of amusement in the United States on any night of the year. I know not but that this quiet may be the lull before the tempest of fire that shall sweep back the Prussians from the French frontier; but Paris sits dumb-struck to-day.

The prizes that were to have been given last week in the schools have been withheld. There is no sound of laughter or

mirth. Even intoxication has a subdued voice, and men stagger around having a quiet drunk. Many of the fountains accustomed to dance in the light are still, or only weep a few doleful drops into the stone basin. With thirty-seven newspapers in Paris, there is no news. A placard of a few lines on the walls of the city, about every other day, announces something very unimportant. We get occasionally a *London Times*, but are left chiefly to our imagination; and when our friends ask us what the news is, we tell them that the Dutch have fallen back on Amsterdam, and the Germans advanced to Darmstadt.

Tourists are in a panic. Americans rush to the steamship offices, wanting to go on the Cunard, Inman, or National Line, or even a first-class schooner; and almost ready, were it not for the anxiety of their friends, to go afoot. Some of our friends who have never seen Paris, dart down from Switzerland to this city, and take the first train for Calais, expecting to be massacred before they get across the city. We have concluded to risk it a little longer. As we have come on a tour of sight-seeing, we shall stay till we see all; trusting first in the good Providence which has always seen us through, and secondly upon our American passport.

This, of all summers, has been the best

for traveling in Europe to those who happened to take Germany first. The climate has been so delicious that we have not suffered from one hot blast. The hotels, heretofore surfeited with patronage and unobliging, now give the best rooms and most obsequious attendance. You have your pick of a dozen carriages, each one underbidding the other. You have a whole rail-carriage for your own party. Though there be but one American newspaper in the reading-room, no one else wants it. You look at the pictures without the impertinence of any one passing in front of you. There is plenty of room in the diligence for Chamouni. You buy things at cheap rates, because there is no rivalry among purchasers. You hear bands of martial music enlivening the air by day and night.

And, besides that, one feels it grand to be here at a point of time which must be as important in history as 1572, when the belfry of St. Germain L'Auxerrois tolled for the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day. And who would blame me if my pen should this moment tremble a little along the line as I write, within hearing distance of the place where the mob hurled the four hundred massacred Swiss guards from the king's balcony, and only a few steps from the place where the chop of the guillotine tum-

bled the head of Marie Antoinette into the dead-box.

May the torch of Parisian splendor never through the pool of human blood go hissing out into darkness! The torn and shot-ted battle-flags of France hang in the chapel of Hotel des Invalides, where the old soldiers worship. Oh! that the banners of the Prince of Peace might be set up in the Tuileries. The Arc de Triomphe has in letters of stone all the battlefields of the first Napoleon. Oh! that soon, under the arch of heavenly triumph, Immanuel might come up from the conquest of all the nations. In the illumination of that victory there will be no light of burning homesteads; in the wine of that feast there will be no tears.

In a week we start for home. The most welcome sight to us in three months will be the faces of our friends. I am tired of resting. Speed on the days between this and the best rest that a man ever gets on earth—the joy of preaching the gospel which offers to make all men happy and free! In body, mind, and soul I thrill with the anticipation.

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CLERICAL FARMING.

“Does it pay?” we are every day asked by citizens who at this season begin to wonder what they will do with themselves next summer. “How did the cabbages turn out?” interrogates an incredulous parishioner with a twinkle in his eye, and a laugh twitching at the corner of his mouth. Is there not a fatal repulsion between pen and hoe? Can one who is shepherd of a city flock keep Southdowns from getting the hoof-rot? How much out of pocket at the end of the year?

We answer, that clerical farming *does* pay. Notwithstanding a weasel invaded the poultry-yard, and here and there a chicken died of the “gapes,” and one of the frosts saved us a great deal of trouble picking peaches, and one day, in the process of making butter, “soda ash” was taken for salt, and the caterpillars of our neighborhood were very fond of celery, and the drinking of milk without any chalk at first made us all sick—the shock too sudden for the constitution—still we feel that we made our fortune last summer. With a long-handled hoe we turned up more than our neighbors dreamt of. Though a few hundred dollars out of pocket (a fact we never acknowledged to agricultural infidels) we were physically born again. We have

walked stronger ever since, for our walk last summer in the furrow. Our hay-pitching was an anodyne that has given us sound sleep all winter. On our new grindstone we sharpened our appetite, and have since been able to cut through anything set before us. We went out in the spring feeling that the world was going to ruin; we came back in the autumn persuaded that we were on the eve of the millennium.

Like all other beginners, our first attempt at buying a horse resulted in our getting bitten—not by the horse. From Job's vivid description we went forth to look for a horse whose "neck was clothed with thunder." We found him. We liked the thunder very well, but not so well the lightning that flew out of his feet the first time he kicked the dash-board to pieces. We give as our experience that thunder is most too lively to plough with. We found him dishonest at both ends. Not only were his heels untrustworthy, but his teeth, and the only reason we escaped being bitten by the horse, as well as the jockey who sold him, was that we are gifted with powers of locomotion sufficient for any emergency, especially if there be sufficient propulsion advancing from the rear. Job shall never choose another horse for us. We telegraphed to the jockey, "Come and take your old nag, or I will sue you!" He did

not budge, for he was used to being sued. Having changed our mind, we telegraphed offering to pay him for the honor of swindling us, and the telegram was successful. We gave him a withering look as he rode away, but he did not observe it.

Our first cow was more successful. She has furnished the cream of a good many jokes to our witty visitors, and stands, I warrant, this cold day, chewing her cud like a philosopher—the calmness of the blue sky in her eyes, and the breath of last summer's pasture-field sweeping from her nostrils. Gentle thing! When the city boys came out, and played "Catch," running under her, or afterward standing on both sides, four boys milking at once, she dissented not. May she never want for stalks!

We were largely successful with one of our two pigs. Our taste may not be thoroughly cultured, but we think a pig of six weeks is positively handsome. It has such an innocent look out of its eyes, and a voice so capable of nice shades of inflection, whether expressive of alarm or want. Such a cunning wink of the nose, such artistic twist of tail! But one of the twain fell to acting queer one day. It went about, as if, like its ancestors of Gadara, unhappily actuated, till after a while it up and died. We had a farrier to doctor it, and poor thing! it was bled, and mauled, till we know not

whether to ascribe its demise to the disease or the malpractice of the medical adviser. But its companion flourished. We had clergymen, lawyers, and artists admire and praise it. We found recreation in looking at its advancement, and though the proverb says that you "cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail," figuratively speaking, I have made a dozen out of that mobile and unpromising material.

Our geese flourished. Much-maligned birds! They are wise instead of foolish, save in the one item of not knowing how to lower their necks when you want them to go under the fence. (Who of us has not one weak point of character?) They are affectionate, and die if shut up alone, and with wild outcry sympathize with any unfortunate comrade whose feathers have been plucked. From their wings they furnished the instrument for writing Walter Scott's "Rob Roy," and Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Worth more than an eagle any day, have better morals, do pluck more nutriment out of the mud than eagles do out of the sun. Save for Fourth of July orations eagles are of but little worth, filthy, cruel, ugly at the beak, fierce at the eye, loathsome at the claw; but give me a flock of geese, white-breasted, yellow-billed, coming up at night-fall with military tramp, in single file led on, till nearing the barn-

yard they take wing, and with deafening clang the flying artillery wheel to their bivouacs for the night.

Yes, clerical farming *does* pay. Out on the place we won the medal every day for pictures hung with fire-loops in the sky-gallery; and for machinery by which the sun drew water, and the trees pumped up the juices, and the shower and sunshine wove carpets better than Axminster for Brindle and Durham to walk on.

If a city clergyman has no higher idea than a crop of turnips or corn, he had better not take a farm. It will be cheaper to let somebody else's hen lay the eggs, and to buy your tomatoes by the peck. But he who would like to look out of his window and see "rain on the new-mown grass," and at five o'clock would love to walk out and see "the day-spring from on high," or in the garden hear Christ preaching from the text, "Consider the lilies," or watch God feeding the ravens, or see him clothing "the grass of the field," or in the gush of full moonlight learn the sweetness of the promise, "At evening tide it shall be light,"—let such a minister get a place in the country, and spend the weeks that he has usually passed among the bright shawls of starched watering-places, with his coat off, in check shirt, and coarse boots, listening while "mountains and all hills, fruitful trees

and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl" at matins and vespers praise the Lord; geranium and branch of apple-blossom swinging their censers.



MAKING THINGS GO.

Sometimes a man who seems to succeed is at every step a failure. There is more lawful fraud committed than unlawful. Penitentiaries and the Court of "Oyer and Terminer" are for those clumsy rogues who do not know how to steal. The purloining of one cabbage ends in the "Tombs," but the absconding with one hundred thousand dollars wins a castle on the Rhine. So you see that men get into jail not because they steal, but because they do not steal enough. There are estates gathering that have not within them one honest dollar.

But the general rule is that moral success is worldly success. It is easier to make a permanent fortune in honorable ways than by dishonorable conduct. The devil is a poor financier. When the gold and the silver were laid down in the earth, they were sworn to serve the cause of righteousness, and they never go into the coffers of the dishonest without commit-

ting perjury. Lawful enterprise in the long run will declare larger dividends than dishonest scheming. The oil company of which Hon. Bogus Greaseback is President, and Hocus Pocus, Esq., is Secretary, at first declares twenty per cent, then ten per cent, afterward three per cent, and, last of all, nothing, leaving the widows and orphans to play the beautiful game of "Money! money! who has the money?"

But fraudulent estates do not average a continuance of more than five years. Occasionally, an old man, having gathered large property by ignoble means, may die in its possession, bequeathing it to his heirs; but when the boys get it, what with their wine, and what with their fast horses—ha! how they will make it fly!

There is an honest work for every one to do. When a child is born, his work is already prepared for him. There is something in his nature which says, "Yonder is the field, the shop, the store! Come, my little man! Be busy!" No doubt Samson, when he was a boy, sometimes gave premonition of what he was going to be, amusing himself by carrying off gates, and in chasing his playmates with the jawbone of a bleached carcass, and, long before he fired off the three hundred fox-tails among the corn-shocks of the Philistines, had tried the same extreme measures on the cats of

his father's house. Cowley evinced the poet when in very early life he was wrought into enchantment by the reading of Spenser's "Fairy Queen." Joshua Reynolds, in boyhood, prophesied the painter by hanging sketches around his father's house, although the disgusted father wrote under one of them, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness!" Our own Van Derlyn began his career in boyhood by chalk sketches on the side of a blacksmith-shop.

Nature invariably hints for what she has made a child. Here is a boy cunning at a bargain. At school he is extravagantly fond of trading. He will not come home twice with the same knife, or hoop, or kite. To-morrow morning he will leave the house with an ignominious yarn-ball—a great trial to a boy on the play-ground—but at night will come back with one of india-rubber, which under the stroke of the bat, will soar almost out of sight, and then come down with long-continued bounce! bounce! Some morning, calculating on the lowness of the apple-market, he will take a satchel full to school. Immediately there is a rush in the market. He monopolizes the business. He sells at just the right time. The vigilant school-master, finding him bartering in what are not considered lawful business hours, brings him into port, and he is compelled by this

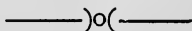
government officer to discharge his cargo in the presence of his fellows, who gape upon him like a company of stevedores. Can you doubt for a moment for what occupation he was designed? He must be a merchant.

Here is a boy of different liking. Across the brook he has thrown a dam, and whirling around is a water-wheel. He can construct anything he chooses—sleds for the winter, wagons for the summer, and boats for the river. His knife is most of the time out on a whittling excursion. Down on your best carpets he plants his muddy tools. You are so pestered on the Saturdays when there is no school, it requires all of Sunday, and sharp sermons at that, to get your patience unwrinkled. Pigeon-coops on the barn and bird houses in the trees, attest his ingenuity. Give him a trade. He must be a mechanic.

Here is another boy. You do not know what to do with him. He is always starting an argument. He meets your reproof with a syllogism. He is always at the most inconvenient time asking, "Why?" He is on the opposite side of what you believe, but anything for an argument. If you promised him a flogging, he would file a caveat to stop proceedings, and, dissatisfied with your decisions, he gets out a *certiorari*, carrying matters up to the Supreme Court

of his own reason. With all this he has a glib tongue, and when fairly started, it rattles like hail on a tin roof. His destiny is plain: he must be a lawyer.

But if you should happen to have under your charge, as guardian or parent, a child not sharp enough to strike a bargain, not ingenious enough to make a sled, not loquacious enough to start an argument, not inquisitive as to the origin of things, always behind in the school, and slow on the play-ground—there is then only this alternative: If he be fat and chubby, of unconquerable appetite and enormous digestion, and lazy withal, then send him to the city, pull the wires, and make him an alderman; but if he be long and lean, sallow-cheeked with nerves ever on the twitch, and a digestion that will not go, I know not what you will do with him unless you make him a minister. Alas! for the absurdity rampant among families, that when, because of physical incompetency, a man is fit for nothing else, he is fit to be a “legate of the skies.” Religion will never make up for lack of liver and backbone.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

We read Reynolds in the art-gallery; we read Longfellow by the sea; we read Ik Marvel under the trees; we read the weekly paper on Saturday night. When the week is past, and we gather at the evening stand, with the world put off, and our slippers put on, give us a good family newspaper. It is the hardest thing in the world to make.

Family newspapers only a few years ago were dolorous things. The columns were full of accounts of boys and girls who always sat up straight, and kept their faces clean, and wiped their feet on the doormat. The theology was cast-iron, and the story wooden, with a long moral, not growing out, but tagged on; so that the children took the moral with a wry face for the sake of getting the story, just as they swallowed the calomel with the promise, "There now, you shall have a sugarplum!"

The world has learned that a thing is not necessarily good because it is dry. There is no religion in chips. We never could see any sanctity in husks. The donkey hath no hilarity in his voice, and no nonsense in the twitch of his ear. He never was known to dance. Yet he never gets higher than his feed-box, while the robin and the lark, from the tip of bill to tip of claw, all life and joy and merriment, with

their wings brush the door-latch of heaven. I will like it the more if the editor dips his pen in the dew to tell me of the morning, and in roseate to describe the sunset, and into the purple vats to suggest the vineyards; and if then he fasten his sheets together with a blue band, torn from the forehead of heaven. There is yet to be such a thing as holiness on the bells of the horses; and when Religion shall have completed the conquest of the earth, I expect to see all the diamonds of the universe flashing in the rim of her tiara.

The family newspaper must have a touch of romance. Alas, for this day of naked facts! We deplore this unromancing of everything. We have a rail-track to the top of Mount Washington. The trees under which Henry Clay walked are cut up into walking-sticks. Men have turned Passaic Falls into a mill-race. Be not surprised if Independence Hall gets to be an oyster-cellar. Dear old Santa Claus has been pushed off the top of the chimney and had his neck broken. Facts! Facts! Facts! Give us in our family newspaper a little romance. It will do no harm to hear of moonlight ramble, and sail on the lake with only two in the boat; and while you despise elopements as unwise and dangerous, do not fear to tell us of the father who wanted his daughter to marry some rich old Dis-

agreeable, while the young man was ready with hard hands and loving heart to earn for her a home in the cottage. I am glad that the ladder did not break, and that Timothy Hardfist won the prize.

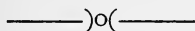
Give us more spice in our family newspaper. We meet in our daily walks so much that is depressing, give us in our family newspaper whole bundles of spice: jokes that you can understand without laborious explanation, conundrums, quips, quirks, harmless satire, caricatures of the world's foibles, and looking-glasses in which to see our failings. Yes, give place occasionally to the much-abused *pun*. Those only despise the pun who cannot make one. Take the quill, and after you have made the split in it, sharpen it down until the point is keen enough to puncture the toughest inconsistency. Let the sheet be fresh and healthy, in it a smell of cedar and new-cut grass. Let us hear in the rhythm of some of the sentences the moan of an untraveled wood, and the sweep of the wing of a partridge. Instead of the artificial dye of stale imagery, crush against the printed leaf a bunch of huckleberries and sumac. We are tired out with all this about the nightingale; for pity's sake, catch for us a brown-thresher, and let us hear a hen cluck. Instead of riding Bucephalus to death, halter that sorrel colt. Talk not so

much to us about frankincense, to the neglect of pennyroyal and brookmint. Get out with your commonplace remark about "a solitary horseman coming over the hill." Instead of talking so much about the "bulls of Bashan," drive up Brindle and Durham.

This is a grand old world if you would only let us see it as it is. The book-worm who sits down to write, having learned only of trees, and mountains, and waters, from his library, knows nothing about them. You have to put on your high-top boots, and wade right out up to your waist to pluck a water-lily, if you would see it to the best advantage. I had been with many a picnic party to see "Buttermilk Falls," but not until the other day when I went alone, and had a stolen interview with that cascade, did I really see her perfect beauty, as, shoving aside her white veil of mist, and throwing back her ribbons of rainbow, she told me all about her tragical leap from the rocks.

On Saturday night, as we open the family paper, let us catch the odor of pine, and the glance of an autumnal leaf dropping like the spark from a forge. Let some geranium-leaf overpower the smell of printer's ink. Tell us of home. Let us know how wives ought to be attentive to their husbands, and how husbands—but never mind that. Come, O weekly visitant! into

the front door with a blessing. Our week's work done, and notes paid, and accounts squared, and the hurry over, and the Sabbath near, speak you a cheerful word to the desponding, a chiding word to the wandering, a soothing word to the perplexed; and help the ten thousand of the weary and the foot-sore, and the hardly bestead, by the still camp-fires of life's great battlefield, to thank God that the seven days' march is over, and it is Saturday night. Before long our pens, and needles, and trowels, and yardsticks, and saws, and pickaxes will be still. With our hand in the hands of some loved one, we will be waiting for a brighter Sunday morning than earth saw ever. Others call that waiting—Death. I call it SATURDAY NIGHT.



THE HATCHET BURIED.

When the other day the New School and Old School churches kissed each other at Pittsburg, some one said, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" We felt just the other way. We want to live now more than ever to see how matters will come out. It is wrong to want to die in such a time as this, when the armies are wheeling into line, and the batteries of

earth and hell and heaven are being unlimbered for the contest which will decide who shall have the supremacy of this world. We have spent too much time in ecclesiastical pugilism. We have lost about a hundred years in gunning for Methodists, and drowning Baptists, and beating Presbyterians to death with the decrees, and pommelling Episcopalians with the butt-end of the liturgy. As at Bothwell Bridge the Scotch army quarrelled among themselves, eighteen ministers, with eighteen different opinions, contending most fiercely, until Lord Claverhouse came down with disciplined troops and swept the field; so in the time when hosts of darkness in mail of hell were coming upon us, we were contending, Old School against New School, Free-will Baptists against close communionists, Methodist Church North against Methodist Church South, and we have been routed on a hundred fields, when, forgetting everything but the one-starred banner under which we fought, and the Captain who led us on, we might have shouted the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Thank God that so many of the rams of the Church have had their horns sawed off, and that the ecclesiastical chanticleers have lost their spurs. The books of controversialists will be on the shelves of college and State libraries, old and yellow and cob-

webbed, until even the book-worms will get tired of the slumberous literature, and depart from old leather-backs, and some day the books will be cast into the fire, and just before the last flame goes out, the world will see in the consuming scrolls the image of two religious combatants with their hands in each other's hair, combing it the wrong way. Bigotry is an owl that cannot see in the daytime; on black and spectral wing it flits through the midnight heavens, and roosts in the belfries of ruined churches.

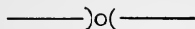
The millennium has already begun. The Episcopalian lion is eating straw like a Presbyterian ox, and Baptist and Pedo-Baptist, while lovingly discussing their differences, are first *sprinkled*, and then *immersed*, by a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Peace! If you, the Methodist, want an anxious seat, long as from Mulberry street to the Golden Horn, have it, and may it be crowded with repentant sinners. And if it shall be found out that all our Presbyterian brethren have been *fore-ordained* to eternal life, Bishops Simpson and Janes will rejoice with us in the fore-ordination. If this brother will preach in gown and bands, and the Western pioneer shall proclaim the Gospel in his shirt-sleeves, may the blessing come down upon both the preachers. Life is too short, and the work too great, to

allow disputation about non-essentials. If a drowning man is to be pulled out of the floods, it makes but little difference whether the hand you reach out to him has on it buckskin mitten or kid glove.

Let us all go to preaching. Send polished Paul up to Athens, and plain Bartholomew down among the fishing-smacks by the sea. Do not look so anxiously into your pockets for your diploma from Yale, or your license from presbytery. If the Lord does not send you into the ministry, no canon of the Church can shoot you into it. But if He has put His hand on your head, you are ordained, and your working apron shall be the robe, and the anvil your pulpit; and while you are smiting the iron, the hammer of God's truth will break the flinty heart in pieces. Peter was never a sophomore, nor John a freshman. Harlan Page never heard that a tangent to the parabola bisects the angle formed at the point of contact by a perpendicular to the directrix and a line drawn to the focus. If George Muller should attempt chemical experiments in a philosopher's laboratory, he would soon blow himself up. And hundreds of men, grandly useful, were never struck on commencement stage by a bouquet flung from the ladies' gallery.

Quick! Let us find our work. *You* preach a sermon—*you* give a tract—*you*

hand a flower—you sing a song—you give a crutch to a lame man—you teach the Sabbath class their A, B, C—you knit a pair of socks for a foundling—you pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! *We will be dead soon!*



HOUSE OF DOGS.

There is a great difference of opinion on the subject of dogs. By some people they are admired, and fondled, and petted, and have collars around their necks, and embroidered blankets for their backs, and they lie on the lady's pillow, and take their siestas on the lounge, and are members of the family, the first question in coming into the house after a ride being, "Where is Spot?"

Others abhor dogs. The innocent canines, passing the threshold, are met with emphatic "*Get out!*" They go with their head down all their days, once in a while lifting a timid eye to a passer-by; but then, as if to atone for the outrage, giving a yelp of repentance and darting down the road.

One-half the dogs you see bear the marks of humiliation. They never saw a bone till

all the meat was picked off, and no sooner did they find the gill of a beheaded chicken, and had gone under the shed for a noon-day repast, than they were howled away. They have had split sticks on their tail, and tin pails appended, the whole bevy of boys shouting as the miserable cur went down the street, rattle-te-bang. He frisked up pleasantly to greet a sweet lady as she came in the gate, and the damsel shrieked as if she had been massacred, and threw herself into the arms of her friends as soon as the door opened, crying, "That horrid dog!" What chance have dogs at respectability? Who wonders that they steal sheep?

Now there is, back of Hoboken, a kennel large enough to accommodate fifty dogs. One day a citizen, passing that way, was reading an account of a great international council to be called, and forthwith the great dog that inhabited the big kennel took the suggestion, and said, "I will make proclamation to all the kingdom of dogs, and they shall come to declare and avenge their wrongs."

Soon there was much barking, and it was found out that the clans were gathering. The amphitheatre of the kennel was crowded with hunters' dogs, and teamsters' dogs, and ladies' dogs, and rowdies' dogs. The great bull-dog, with one huge growl,

called the meeting to order, himself taking the chair.

He growled at the cruelty of men, and growled at the folly of women, and growled at the outrages of children, till his growl rose into a furious bark, in which the audience joined, rat-terriers snarling, greyhounds baying, spaniels yelping, so that the tumult was louder than a whole pack on the fox-chase when with full voice they burst away on the moors. All attempts at gaining order were ineffectual, till presiding bull-dog took rat-terrier by the neck, and shook him till the bones cracked, and all the poodles shrieked in sheer fright.

Several watch-dogs seated themselves at the reporters' desk, and took notes of proceedings. A letter of regret, post-marked Switzerland, was read from a Saint Bernard dog, saying that he could not come, being busy in saving travelers from the snow in the Alpine passes; but signified himself ready to accept any dogma that might be enacted by the "House of Dogs." A letter was also read from a descendant of Throckmorton's pointer. He scorned the invitation to be present. He did not believe in Democratic assemblages, he having descended from the most aristocratic pointer of all history, and could not have anything to do with American mongrels.

One of his great-grandfathers had been on the chase with George the Third, and an ancestor on his mother's side had run under the carriage of the Lord Mayor of London.

At this point a fiery blood-hound sprang to his back feet, and offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, All dogs have by nature certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; therefore,

Resolved, *1stly*, That we express our indignation at the treatment received from the human race.

Resolved, *2dly*, That to extirpate the evil, all dogs hereafter be allowed to vote, white and black, male and female.

At this point the whole convention rose up into a riot. The more conservative declared that in this matter of suffrage everything depends on the color of the dog, and that as to the females, he thought it would be far more respectable if they stayed at home and took care of the pups.

The uproar bid fair to break up the convention, had not a frisky canine mounted the stage, and in very witty style addressed the meeting. The crowd saw that something pleasant was coming, for he kept wagging his tail—indeed, he was a perfect wag. His speech was not printed, for the

reporter was requested not to take it down, as he might want, at some other convention, to make the same speech. Suffice it to say, the whole convention were thrown into good humor, and sat with the sides of their mouths drawn back, and their tongues out in perfect glee.

Discussion of the resolutions being in order, a butcher's dog took the stand. He complained that he had received nothing at the hands of man but cruelty and meanness. Surrounded as he had been always by porter-house steaks, and calf's liver, and luscious shank-pieces, and lamb-chops, he had been kept on gristle and lights. In the peroration of his speech, he said: "Hear it, ye dogs! Was it for this that we were spared in the Ark? Better that our ancestors had perished in the Deluge. I care not what course others may take, but as for me, give me beefsteak, or give me death!"

At this point there was a scramble and a rush, and a very disagreeable lap-dog leaped upon the stand. His hair was white and curly, and his eyes red and watery, and his nose damp, and there was a blue ribbon about his neck. His voice was very weak, and could not be heard. An old mastiff shouted, "Louder!" and a Newfoundland exclaimed, "Louder!" And bulldog, the presiding officer, seized lap-dog

by the neck, and pitched him off the stage, for daring to come there with no gift at public speaking.

A teamster's dog came forward. He had been for five years running under a Pennsylvania wagon. He hailed from Berks County, and his advantages had been limited. He was an anti-temperance dog, and complained that there were not enough taverns, for his only time to rest was when his master was halting at the inn. He had traveled many thousand miles in his time, worried ninety-eight cats, and bitten a piece out of the legs of two hundred and sixty-three beggars. He cried, "Down with the temperance fanatics, and up with more taverns!"

An old house-dog rose and looked round, and said: "My children, I am sorry to hear so many complaints! I have had a good time. I own all the place where I live. All the children of my master have ridden on my back. I used to eat with the baby off of the same plate without any spoon. When the boy came back from sea, I was the first to greet him home. What a jolly time I had at the weddings watching the horses, and eating crumbs of cake! When sad days came to my master I cheered him up. I was the first to hear his step, and the last to part with him at the lane. I fled not when the black-tasselled

hearse came through the gate; and when the cry in the house told me that hearts were broken, I tapped at the door and went in, and laid down on the mat, and tried to divert my master from his woe. I am worth nothing, now, but young and old speak kindly when they pass, and I have nothing to disturb me, save when I dream in my sleep that a hare is passing, and I start to take him, and a stiffness catches me in the joints."

A growl went through the kennel. The speech was unpopular. They said old house-dog was getting childish, or they would have howled him down.

The next speaker was a worn-out, fighting dog. He had two slits in each ear, and one leg had been broken, and his two eyes had been partially dug out, and his tail abbreviated till it was nothing to speak of. He was covered with the wounds of battle, and staggered to the stage, and said:

"All the world seems to be against me. I am always getting into trouble. Every foot kicks me, every cudgel strikes me, every whiffet annoys me, every tooth bites me. Pity the sorrows of a poor old dog! In younger days I might have entered into the spirit of this convention, but the time is past. I shall soon join the dogs of Nimrod the mighty hunter. This is probably the last time I shall ever address the

‘House of Dogs.’ My hearing is gone, and though at this moment the applause of this audience may be rising, I hear it not. I go down to my grave unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Upon these dim eyes no vision of brightness shall dawn. Other tails may wag, but not mine. I have no tail! It is gone forever!”

At this point the whole convention broke down into a whine and snuffle, and no one felt like lifting the spell till—

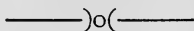
A hunting-dog sprang to his feet, and broke in with a cheerful clangor of voice, which had in it the ring of hunter’s horn, and call of the hawk, and gabble of wild geese, and the whir of a grouse’s wing, and the crack of the fowling-piece, and the stroke of a thunder-clap as it drops on the Catskills on an August noon. He cried:

“Why all this complaint? If you want good meat, why do you not hunt it down? If you want sport, why do you not go where it is? If you want to keep your tail, keep out of dogfights? If you would have your vision clear, wash your eyes in mountain dew at daybreak. When I want it, my master hath for me a whistle, and a patting, and a caress, and a chunk of cheese cut clear across from his own luncheon. His boys are all mine. They race with me down the lane. They throw apples into the wave for me to swim in and catch. From the

door of my kennel I hear the shout of the beaux teasing the damsels by the lamplight. What music it is—the sound of the knife striking my meal from the dinner-plate! What beauty—the foam flung from a moose's lip, the wave dashed from an elk's flank, the shadow dropped from a pheasant's wing, the wrinkled nostril of the deer snuffing the air as the hounds come down the wind! Oh, ye house-dogs! This world is what you make it, desolate or glad! I have free house, free fare, the earth for a play-ground, the sky for a frescoed wall, the lake for a wash-basin, the mountain mosses for a rug on which to wipe my feet. A first-rate world for dogs!"

"Silence!" cried presiding bull-dog, "we came here to curse and not to bless." "Put him out!" cried the mastiff. "Put him out!" cried scores of voices. And blood-hound plunged at hunting-dog's throat, and teamster rushed at the speaker with fiercer snarl than ever he started from under Pennsylvania wagon at small boy trying to steal the lash-whip, and fighting-dog tumbled over the back of poodle in blind rage, and Tray, Blanchard, and Sweetheart, and Wolf, and Carlo, and Spot joined in the assault, till hunting-dog flew from the kennel, followed by a terrific volley of howls, roars, yelps, and bellows, that brought out the whole neighborhood of men with lan-

terns and torches, to find an empty kennel, save here and there a patch of hair, and a few broken teeth, and one dislocated eye, and a small piece of rat-terrier's ear, and a shred of blue ribbon from the poodle's neck, and the remaining inch of fighting-dog's tail which had been the only fragment left from previous encounters, even that small consolation henceforth denied him, and scraps of paper containing the resolutions which had not been passed in consequence of the sudden and precipitate adjournment of the "House of Dogs." By this time it was day-break, and hunting-dog had cleared his pursuers, and back of the cliffs was breakfasting on wild pigeon.



PRAYER-MEETING KILLERS.

There is a class of barbarians who roam the land, making fearful havoc. They swing no tomahawk. They sound no war-whoop. But their track is marked by devastation. I mean that class of persons who go from church to church, charged with the mission of talking religious meetings to death. They are a restless tribe, generally disaffected with their own church, for the reason that the church can no longer endure them; and then they go about, like

the roaring lion, seeking whom they may devour.

Though never having seen them before, I can tell them as soon as they enter a meeting. They have a brassy face, a sanctimonious way of rolling up their eye, a solemn snuffle, and a pompous way of sitting down, as much as to say, "Here goes into the seat an awful amount of religion!" They take off their overcoats, pull out the cuffs of their shirt-sleeves, give an impressive clearing of the throat, and wait for the time to seize their prey.

The meeting is all aglow. Some old Christian has related a melting experience, or a young man has asked for prayers, or a captive of evil habits has recounted his struggles and cried from the depth of an agonized heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Ortonville has just started heavenward, taking all the meeting along with it. The exercises have come to a climax, and the minister is about to pronounce the benediction, or invite the serious into an adjoining room for religious conversation, when the Prayer-meeting Killer begins slowly to rise, his boots creaking, the seat in front groaning under the pressure of his right hand, and everything else seeming to give way. He confesses himself a stranger, but he loves prayer-meetings. He is astonished that there are not more

present. He does not see how Christians can be so inconsistent. He has heard an incident that he feels called upon to relate. He related it that *noon* at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting. He related it that *after-noon* at an old people's meeting. He will relate it now in rehearsal for a meeting to-morrow, at which he expects to relate it. His voice is wooden. His eyes are dry as the bottom of a kettle that has been on a stove two hours without any water in it. The young people laugh, and go out one by one. The aged wipe the sweat from their foreheads. And the minister begins within himself to recite an extemporized litany, "From fire, and plague, and tempest, and itinerant bores, deliver us!"

The interloper would hardly have lived through the night if he could not have given vent to this utterance. It was impossible for him to sit still. There was somewhere down in his clothes a spring which lifted him up inevitably. At the close of the meeting he waited to be congratulated on his happy remarks, and went home feeling that he had given the world a mighty push toward the millennium.

If such an one is notoriously inconsistent, he will talk chiefly on personal holiness. Perhaps he *failed rich*, so that, unencumbered, he might give all his time to prayer-meetings. We knew a horse-jockey

whose perpetual theme at such meetings was sanctification; and he said he was speeding toward heaven, but on which of his old nags we had not time to ask him.

One of the chiefs of this barbarian tribe of Prayer-meeting Killers is the expository man. He is very apt to rise with a New Testament in his hand, or there has been some passage that during the day has pressed heavily on his mind. It is probably the first chapter of Romans, or some figurative passage from the Old Testament. He says, for instance: "My brethren, I call your attention to Hosea, 7th and 8th: 'Ephraim is a cake not turned.' You all know the history of Ephraim. Ephraim was—ah—well! He was a man mentioned in the Bible. You all know who he was. Surely no intelligent audience like this need to be told who Ephraim was. Now the passage says that he was a cake not turned. There are a good many kinds of cake, my brethren. There is the Indian cake, and the flannel cake, and the buckwheat cake. Now Ephraim was a cake not turned. It is an awful thing not to be turned. My friends, let us all turn!"

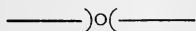
It sometimes happens that this religious pest confines himself to the meetings of his own church. Interesting talkers are sometimes detained at home by sickness; but his health is always good. Others dare not

venture out in the storm; but all the elements combined could not keep him from his place. He has the same prayer now that he has used for the last twenty years. There is in it an allusion to the death of a prominent individual. You do not understand whom he means. The fact is, he composed that prayer about the time that General Jackson died, and he has never been able to drop the allusion. He has a patronizing way of talking to sinners, as much as to say, "Ho! you poor, miserable scallawags, just look at me, and see what you might have been!"

Oh! I wish some enterprising showman would gather all these Prayer-meeting Killers from all our churches into a religious menagerie, and let them all talk together. It would bring together more spectators than the Cardiff Giant. We will take five season tickets for the exhibition. Let these offenders be put by themselves, where, day in and day out, night in and night out, they may talk without interruption. Nothing short of an eternity of gab would satisfy them. What will they do in heaven, with nobody to exhort? We imagine them now rising up in the angelic assemblage, proposing to make a few remarks. If they get there, you will never again hear of silence in heaven for the space of half an hour.

Alas! the land is strewn with the car-

casses of prayer-meetings slain by these religious desperadoes. They have driven the young people from most of our devotional meetings. How to get rid of this affliction is the question with hundreds of churches. We advise your waiting on such persons, and telling them that, owing to the depraved state of public taste, their efforts are not appreciated. If they still persist, tell them they must positively stop or there will be trouble. If under all this they are incorrigible, collar them, and hand them over to the police as disturbers of religious assemblages. As you love the Church of God, put an end to their ravages. It is high time that the nuisance was abated. Among the Bornesian cannibals and Fejee Islanders I class this tribe of Prayer-Meeting Killers.



"N."

There have been men with power to absorb a city. It matters not which way you walk in Edinburgh, you find Walter Scott, and see the unparted hair combed down straight on the great dome of his forehead. You are shown Walter Scott's cane, and Walter Scott's jack-knife, and Walter Scott's white hat, and Walter Scott's residence. After two hundred years,

Peter Paul Rubens carries Antwerp in his vest-pocket. The citizens adore him. You are taken to see Rubens' house, and to look at Rubens' statue, and to study Rubens' pictures, and at the mention of his name the face of the dullest Belgian is illuminated. The sceptre that sways Antwerp to-day is a painter's pencil.

Coming to Paris, you find a more powerful memory presiding over everything. It is not a name that you see, but simply an initial inscribed on pillar, and wall, and arch, and chapel. You go into the Hotel de Ville, a place where architecture, and painting, and sculpture have done their best: statues, and fluted columns, and ceilings supported by elaborate caryatides, and stairs so graceful they do not climb but alight, and galleries not so much set fast as seemingly on the wing; gold twisted, and carved, and chased into all the witcheries of beauty; and after you have walked from rich apartments to the richest you look upon a platform, on which there is one empty chair, in the upholstery of which is embroidered the initial, "N."

You go into the Pantheon, that holds its crowned head higher than all other structures in Paris, a building bewildering with attractions, whether you look down to its exquisite mosaic floor, or aside to its carved oaken chapels, or through white

clouds of sculptured saints and apostles into the frescoed dome bright with the wings of angels flying in the midst of heaven; and as your eye slips from the dizzy height and comes falling down from balustrade to capital, you see encircled by a wreath the initial, N.

Louis XV., who laid the corner-stone of this building, would not have liked that letter put there. Charles, who went into raptures with the church, would have objected to such an inscription. Marat, with all his hardness, would have opposed the marking of a religious structure with any human name save his own. Yet so it is, no L for Louis, no C for Charles, no M for Marat; but on right and left, and where least you might expect it, the inevitable N! N!

You go into one of the rooms of the Louvre, and you are shown Napoleon's saddle, and Napoleon's watch, the hands at seven minutes past three, the moment he died, and his last gray coat, the summer worms having eaten in it two or three holes, for there is nothing that moth may not corrupt; and knife, and cup, and chess-board, on which he played out his games of war in miniature. You look up to see the name of the room. Right over the door, any man who knows his letters may discover it, N!

There is no mistaking this initial for anything else. B might be taken for an R, or C for an O, or I for a J; but in the letter spoken of there are two perpendiculars, and between them a line dropped aslant from the top of one to the bottom of the other; and there you have it so that you can see it anywhere, the unmistakable N!

If you want your stay in Paris to be climacteric, leave till the last your visit to the tomb of Napoleon. As you go into the gate, an old man, who was with the great Frenchman at St. Helena, will sell you a poor picture of something that no photographer can catch. It is a cathedral three hundred and twenty-three feet high, having cost two million dollars, dedicated to one dead man. Under its burnished dome is a concentration of wonders. Not his ashes resting there, but the embalmed and undecayed body of Napoleon, in military suit, in a red sarcophagus of Finlander quartzite, polished to the last perfection by skillful machinery, and resting on a block of green granite, surrounded by twelve funeral lamps of bronze, and twelve marble statues of great size, one with a wreath, as if to crown; another with a pen, as if to make record for the ages; another with a key, as if to open the celestial gate for a departed spirit; another with trumpet, to clear the way for the coming of a king! The pave-

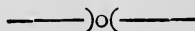
ment enameled into a crown of laurels, from which radiates on all sides a living star. There are gilded gates, and speaking cenotaphs and radiant canopy, and elaborate basso-relievos, and embossed pillars, and two Persian statues, holding on cushions a sceptre and a world, and ceilings a-blossom with finest frescoes by French and Italian masters, their light dripping down the marble in blue, and saffron, and emerald, and gold.

Oh, it is a dream of beauty! If the dead giant could wake up and look around, he might think he lay in the Moscow palace that he coveted, and the glistening whiteness around were the morning shining on Russian snows, or that universal empire had come to him; and to make his palace Egypt had sent its porphyry, and Switzerland its marble, and Greece its sculpture, and Rome its pictures, and France its bronze; and that the reverential spectators in all kinds of national costume, leaning over the balustrade to look, were the adoring subjects of a universal reign.

At last we thought we had found a building that had escaped the all-conquering initial. From dome to base all is so significant of this one great man that no inscription will be necessary; but turning to the window the old spectacle trembled upon my sight, in gilt, all by itself, N!

And Paris is thus signed through and through; and when the fifteenth of August comes, it is written out in fire on boulevard and arch, on Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne, in front of restaurant and palace, under the silk veil of lighted fountain, and on the night in sky-rockets, N, N, N.

All this may be well, but the thought comes to us that great men are expensive luxuries. We are told that Napoleon was the benefactor of the world. If you admit it, then, I ask, were his achievements worth the two great highways of bone-dust reaching across Europe, showing which way he went out, and which way he came in? Were they worth a continent of destroyed families, and the myriads of souls flung away into smoke of battle? Were his bones worth the hundreds of men who, coming out to do him honor, froze to death on the day his remains were brought back to Paris? Were his achievements worth the two million and a half dollars that he spent on his triumphal arches, and the two millions that built his tomb? Answer the question as you may, great men are expensive luxuries.



PICTURES FELT.

One of the aggravations of a traveler's life is the being compelled to give but four days to a gallery that demands as many years. As we hasten through, we feel the fingers of worn artists pulling us back, as much as to say, "Is this the way you look at what it took years of privation and toil to do?" Rembrandt says, "You did not see that wrinkle in the old man's face. It took me weary hours to sink that!" Muller says, "You did not notice the twist of straw in that upturned chair!" Delacroix wonders that we pass his river Styx without a tear over the distressed boatmen. Guerin upbraids us for slighting that drapery which he was a month in hanging. Yet we break away and push on, in a few hours of time passing through a seeming eternity of painstaking.

But, as after days of walking through strange cities, there are only five or six faces among the multitudes that you remember, so we recall only a few of the thousands of pictures along which we have passed.

THOMAS WEBSTER.

To this painter there was given a revelation of boys. Between six and fourteen years of age the masculine nature is a mix-

ture of mischief, and sensitiveness, and spunk, and fun, and trouble, and pugnacity, that the chemistry of the world fails to analyze. A little girl is definable. She laughs when she is pleased, cries when she feels badly, pouts when she is cross, and eats when she is hungry. Not so with a boy. He would rather go a-nutting than to eat, forgets at the fish-pond he has not had his dinner, often laughs when he feels badly, and looks submissive to an imposition practiced upon him till he gets the perpetrator alone in the middle of the road, and tumbles him into the dirt till eyes and mouth and nose are so full the fellow imagines that, before his time, he has returned to dust. A boy, under a calm exterior, may have twenty emotions struggling for ascendancy.

After a boy has been tamed by hard discipline, and wears a stock, and has learned to walk down street without any temptation to "skip-skop," and sees only nonsense in leap-frog, and enjoys Calvin's Institutes above Robinson Crusoe, and feels feathers on the elbows, premonitory symptoms of cherub, he ceases to be a mystery. But Thomas Webster, in "The Dame School" in Kensington Museum, London, gives us the unperfected boy such as we more frequently see him, namely, boy in the raw. This creature is somewhat

rough, and uncertain as to where he will break out, superlatively susceptible to tickle, is bound to lose his hat, and comes in red in the face from just having swallowed his slate-pencil.

Thomas Webster, in this picture, manages boys and girls perfectly. There he places the spectacled old schoolmistress. I remember her perfectly well, although I have not seen her since I was eight years old, and yet I would have known her anywhere by her nose. Fifty hot summers have dried up all the juices of her nature. Her countenance is full of whack and thump, and the gad she holds in her hand is as thick at one end as the other, not moderating into any mercy of thinness. It would never be mistaken for the rod that budded. Boys studying "Rule of Three" look round at her to study rule of one, and, in multiplying the sum of school troubles, carry nine when they ought to carry nothing. How sharp her eyes are! The boys sitting on the opposite side of the room feel her look on their back clear through the fustian.

There is the cracked and peeling wall. There are the hats, and bonnets, and satchels. There is a little girl threading a needle. She will have to twist tighter the end of the thread or she will never get it through that fine head. She will soon be

able to hem handkerchiefs, and to take stitches for her mother. May she never have to sew for a living, sorrow and anguish and despair bigger than a camel going through the eye of her needle! Here is a boy prompting another in the recitation, telling him wrong, I am certain. There always was some fellow to get us into trouble with geography, grammar, or arithmetic lesson, telling us that the capital of Virginia is Texas, and that baboon is a personal pronoun, and that in every whole there are three halves and six quarters.

There is a little girl crying over her lesson. Why cannot somebody show her? Napoleon getting his ammunition wagons over the Saint Bernard pass had nothing to do compared with the tug of a little child making her first trial at spelling "*baker*." The alphabet to many has been twenty-six tortures. Here stands a little girl with her finger in her mouth. The schoolmistress has not seen it, or she would put an end even to that small consolation. School is no place for a bee to suck honey out of a flower. A boy is looking through a sheet of paper, which he has rolled into a scroll like a telescope. He is probably an astronomer in the early stages.

Here is a plodding boy, prying away at his books. He suffers many impositions from his comrades. Away! you young

scamps with those sticks with which you are annoying him! When a joke is told, and the children laugh, he will turn around with a bashful and bewildered look, imagining himself the victim of the satire, but next day will cackle out in the quiet of school-time at the sudden discovery of the meaning of the witticism. But he may yet outstrip them all. When a boy's head is so thick it is hard for knowledge to get in, the same thickness prohibits its departure. Give him thirty years, and he will make a dictionary.

There a boy makes faces, and the whole school is in danger of running over with giggle. It is an awful thing for a child not to dare to laugh when the merriment rises, and wells up till the jacket gets tight, and the body is a ball of fun; and he knows that if out of one of the corners of his compressed lips a snicker should escape, all the boys would go off in explosion. I remember times when I had at school such responsibility of repression resting on me, and proved unfaithful.

There! to severely correct them, a boy and girl are placed beside each other—a style of punishment greater at that age than ever after. Here is a boy making way with an apple behind his lifted book. I expect some one will cry out, "John Greed is eating an apple!" for it is a peculiarity of

children under ten years of age (?) that they do not like others to have that which they themselves cannot get. Whether it be right or wrong, in their estimation, depends on whether themselves or somebody else has the apple.

Just outside the school-room door is a boy showing his strength. As he turns up his arm in the light, he says, through the art of the painter, "Do you see that muscle?" He is good at a wrestle, can run round all the bases at one stroke of the bat, can take the part of a wronged urchin, and I fear, if the school-dame comes too suddenly at him with the stick, she may lose the glass out of her spectacles. There will be no Sunday-school books made about him, although out of his brawn of body, and mind, and soul, there may yet come an Oliver Cromwell, or a Martin Luther.

Thank Thomas Webster for taking us back to school by his painting! It is the only way we should like to go back. We had rather be almost anything than a boy, the world so little understands him.

ROSA BONHEUR.

We owe not more to the painters than to the engravers, although for the most part we let them sit, with worn fingers and half-extinguished eyes, begrudging them

the few shillings we pay them for their expensive work. They are mediators between us and the great pictures of the world. They popularize art. The people, through drinking these lighter wines, feel the taste for pictures growing on them, till they must have the stronger and intoxicating portions of art, mixed by a Rembrandt or Claude Lorraine. And so we can see Raphael's "Transfiguration" without going to Rome; Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" without going to Milan; Angelo's "Three Fates" without going to Florence; and Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" without going to London.

But there are many of the best pictures that have never attracted the engraver's art, and, for the most part, the world is ignorant of them. In Luxembourg Gallery, at Paris, hanging in a very poor light, or rather first-rate darkness, is a hay-gathering scene, by Rosa Bonheur. After for hours looking upon helmets, and swords, and robes, and prim parterres, where grass does not grow without asking the gardener, and there are impossible horses on impossible roads, carrying impossible riders, I came upon this country-scene, in imagination threw myself down on the grass, and unbuttoned my shirt-collar to let the air of the fields strike the skin clear down to the chest. The weather is showery.

It will rain in twenty minutes. The men, aware of this, are hastening in the load. The hair of this workman is soaked with sweat, and hangs in strings, as if just out of a dripping bath. The women work so awkwardly you feel that the place for them is the house. The one on the load is evidently not so anxious to pack the hay as to save her own neck, in case the oxen should start. She feels it a risky business on an uneven field to stand on a rocking load. A rosy, white-capped maiden, of seventeen years, standing with rake in hand, does not work very fast. She is at an age when maidens are apt to take it somewhat easy. She does not think it will hurt the hay much if it does get wet. Besides that, the shower may pass around. A workman is looking at her bright face. He, too, has forgotten the showery weather. No use, my dear fellow! You are too old for her. From her absent look, I know she is thinking now of the nightfall, and of some one who will come in clean smock, tying his horse at the gate. The oxen stand waiting for orders to go on, calm, stupid, honest, sinewy-necked, a skein of foam hanging from their lower lip.

On this ox's back a fountain of sweat starts, but is dissipated in the thick gloss. In this dark ox, the night of the face is dawning into light beyond the hill of the

shoulder. They look like the yoke that answered our own command of "Whoa! haw! gee!" needing to have the language translated by an occasional stroke of the goad, determined to get into the shadow of a tree though the load upset, taking plenty of time, with the exception of some very uncertain starts in fly-time, hardly ever so resigned as when it is their duty to stand still.

Oxen were only intended for very good people to drive, for it demands grace to do it. The man who excused himself from going to the king's feast because he had bought a yoke of oxen, gave a more plausible excuse than the others; for I suppose the new team had balked, or upset the wagon, or had really started for the king's house, but came with so lazy a gait that their master was not in time for the entertainment.

But we say nothing against these faithful creatures. They do heavy work for small compensation—a few carrots and a forkful of hay. They pant in the heat and shiver in the cold, and, shutting their eyes and dropping their horns aslant, they press through the hailstorm. The Bible says that God takes care for oxen.

The next best thing to being in the country is to have Rosa Bonheur, in a picture-gallery, plunge us into a hay-field.

The stroke of a reaper's rifle on the scythe is to me a reveillé. The past comes back, and in a moment I am a boy, with a basket of luncheon, on the way to the men in the harvest-field, finding them asleep under the trees, taking their "nooning." Their appetites were sharper than their whetted scythes. Those men are still taking their nooning under the trees, but it is a sounder sleep. Death has ploughed for them the deep furrow of a grave.

I forgive Rosa Bonheur that she wears a rowdy hat, and is fond of lounging about slaughter-houses, now, as I stand before this picture of the hay-scene. Like the bewitched workman who looked into the maiden's face, we forget it is showery weather, until it is four o'clock, and the guard of the gallery, with cocked hat, and red sash, and flaming sword, comes round to drive us out of Paradise.

—————)o(—————

RIP-RAP.

A man, like a book, must have an index. He is divided into chapters, sections, pages, preface, and appendix; in size, quarto, octavo, or duodecimo, and bound in cloth, morocco antique, or half calf. The dress, the gait, the behavior are an index to the

contents of this strange book, and give you the number of the page.

But I think we may also estimate character by the way one knocks at the door of a house, or rings the bell. We have friends whose coming is characteristically indicated by the sound at the door. They think to surprise us, but their first touch of the door reveals the secret, and we rush out in the hall, crying, "I knew it was you!" The greeting we receive at many a household is, "I knew the ring!"

We look with veneration at the old door-knocker, which, black with the stain of elements, and telling a story of many generations, hangs at the entrance of the homestead. It has none of the frivolous jingle of a modern door-bell. It never jokes, but speaks in tones monosyllabic, earnest, solemn, and always to the point. In olden times, the houses were wide apart, and people so busy it was not more than once or twice a week that the old iron clapper sounded at all, and then it would go off with such sudden bang that the whole family jumped, and wondered who was coming there.

The long-promised visit from a neighbor was to take place that night. The hickory-nuts were cracked, the cider was already in the pitcher, the apples were wiped, and the doughnuts piled up in the closet. The

children sat at the fire waiting for the arrival of the guests. It seemed as if the visitors would never come; but at last, rousing up all the echoes of hall, and cellar, and garret, the long-silent knocker went *Rip—rap!* and there was a shaking off of the snow, and running up stairs with hats, and pulling up of chairs at the hearth, and snuffing of candles, and hauling out of the knitting-work, and loud clatter and guffaw of voices, some of which have for a good while been still. At the first clap of the knocker, silence fell dead. There is a very festoon of memories hanging on the old door. The sailor-boy far at sea wonders if it looks just as it used to when he played on the sill, and imagines himself standing with his hand on the knocker, and in his dream is startled to hear it go off, waking up to find that it is only an ice-glazed rope in the rigging, going "*Rip—rap! Rip—rap!*"

The hearty, enthusiastic man always gives a characteristic ring. When he puts his hand on the knob, it seems as if the bell would go crazy. It flies up and down the house with racket, and after it seems to be about through, starts up again as if it meant to apologize for stopping. The nurse runs down from the bedroom, and the cook comes up from the kitchen, and the children bend over the banisters, and

the father, who was taking an afternoon nap, bounds to the floor, shouting, "What on earth is the matter?" And you look at the clapper of the bell, and find it swinging yet, as if it were getting ready for another volley.

When our inanimate friend comes to see us, he makes no disturbance. His liver has for several years been on a strike, and his blood acts as if it would have stopped circulation entirely, but for its respect for William Harvey. In his ordinary walk, each step is so undecided that you know not whether he is going on, or is about to stop and spend the evening. As he pulls your bell, you hear the tongue creak in the socket, but no decided ring. You go out in the hall to see if the bell is in motion. You wait for a more decided demonstration, and in about five minutes there is just one, little, delicate tap that lets you know the gentleman at the door is still breathing. The door-bell imposes on such men, and hangs idly about, gossiping with bedroom and parlor bells, and deserves to have a good shaking.

Beggars have a characteristic knock. This man with a printed certificate that he was blown up with Vesuvius, and drowned in the Mississippi, and afterward killed on the New Jersey Central, and considerably injured in other respects, comes against

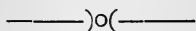
your basement-door with an emphasis indescribable. He feels that you have what belongs to him. His knuckles are hard by much practice. When he strikes your door, it means, "Stand and deliver!" But some night, about ten o'clock, you hear something at the basement. It is a cold night, and you think it is only the wind rattling the shutters; but after a while you hear it again—a faint tap, as though it were not made with the knuckle, but the nail of the little finger. You open the door, and before a word is returned, you read in her face: "No fire! No bread for the children! No coverlets to keep them warm! No hope!" She had been at a dozen doors before, but had knocked so softly there was no response. She did not dare to touch the bell lest it might with garrulous tongue tell all her woe. Is any one watching that woman in the thin shawl? Did any ear listen to the craunch of that woman's foot in the crisp snow? When she struck the nail of her little finger against the cold basement door, was the stroke drowned by the night-wind? No! It sounded farther than the heavy bang of the sturdy beggar—louder than the clang of forge, or pounding of gauntleted fist of warrior at castle-gate. Against the very door of heaven it struck, and sounded through the long, deep corridors of Infinite pity: "Rip—rap! Rip

Children will wake up early in the morning. Perhaps you have been disturbed in the night, and gone wandering around the room in your somnolent state, as much confused as ourselves on one occasion, when, at midnight, we heard a croupy cough in the nursery, and gave the ipecac to the wrong baby. Just as you begin your last morning nap, you hear a stir in the adjoining room. The trundle-bed is evidently discharging a lot of bare feet on the floor. You hear suppressed laughter at the door, slipping out into an occasional shout as one of them applies the force of a tickle to the bottom of the other's feet. You are provoked to be interrupted at such unseasonable hours, and proclaim children a nuisance. You are glad that the door is locked. But they rattle the knob. They blow through the keyhole. They push slips of paper under the door, and, getting more and more bold, they knock. Ten fingers, tipped with the rosy tints of the morn, are running races up and down the panel. Your indignation begins to cool, and your determination not to admit is giving way. The noise of fingers is intermingled with the stroke of dimpled fists. At last you open the door, and there bursts in a snow-flurry of night-gowns, and they bound along, brunette and blonde, wild as young Arabs. The lock that would have con-

founded burglar, and the bolt that strongest hand could not have broken, flew open at the touch of the tip-end of a baby's finger.

The roughest knock that ever strikes the door is a sheriff's knock as he comes to levy on the furniture. The gentlest knock is that of a comforter as she arrives to tell us of the good times coming. The gladdest, merriest ring of the door-bell is at the holiday festival, when six children, after long absence, come to the homestead, all talking at once, and asking questions, without waiting for answers before they ask more, and talking over boyhood and girlhood days, and bringing down the old cradle from the garret, and dressing up mother in her faded wedding-dress, and continuing to laugh, and cry, and kiss, and shout, and turn somersaults, and cut up and cut down, till the door-bell is mad at the disturbance, and solemnly vows, "I will never ring again for such a company as this!" And it keeps its word. Better each one take a leaf of the Christmas-tree, for it is the last one that shall ever grow in that house. The door-bell had told many a lie, pretending that some one worth seeing had come, but this time it told the truth. That was the last holiday scene in which the six mingled. Another bell took up the strain, but it was deep and slow,

and the sound came down from the old church-belfry as though the door-bell of heaven had tapped at the going in of a soul. Not one of the six was compelled to stand, with weary rip-rap, banging at the celestial door, for the faces of their friends were pressed against the window, watching. And the table was already spread, and the pomegranates, piled up on the caskets, were so ripe that the rinds did burst at the first touch of the lip. And with oldest wine of heaven, more than eighteen hundred years ago by two scarred hands pressed from grapes of Eshcol, they did rise up, chalice gleaming to chalice, and drank "TO THE RESCUE!"



THE RIGHT TRACK.

There are thousands of persons in places where they do not belong. The bird's wing means air, the fish's fin means water, the horse's hoof means solid ground; and what would happen if the bird tried the water, and the fish tried the air, happens when men get out of their natural element. In my watch, the spring cannot exchange places with the wheels, nor the cogs with the pivots. "Stay where I put you!" cries the watchmaker, "if you want to keep good

time!" Now, the world is only a big watch that God wound up, and the seasons are the hands which tell how fast the time is going. "Stay where I put you!" says our great Creator. Or, if you prefer, human society is a ship. Some are to go ahead; they are the prow. Some are to stay behind and guide those who lead; they are the helm. Some are to be enthusiastic and carry the flag; they are the masts. Some are to do nothing but act as a dead weight; they are shoveled in as ballast. Some are to fume and fret and blow; they are the valves.

Our happiness and success depend on being where we belong. A scow may be admirable, and a seventy-four gun-ship may be admirable, but do not put the scow on the ocean, or the ship-of-the-line in a mill-pond. Fortune is spoken of as an old shrew, with hot water, shovel, and tongs, pursuing the innocent. But, though sometimes losing her temper, she mostly approves those who are in their sphere, and condemns those who are where they do not belong.

How, then, account for the success of such persons as Elihu Burritt and Hugh Miller—the former a blacksmith, yet showing unbounded capacity for the acquisition of languages; the latter a stone-mason, and yet, as though he were one of the old

buried Titans come to life, pressing up through rocks and mountains, until, shaking from his coat a world of red sand-stone, and washing off from his hands the dust of millions of years, he takes the professor's chair in a college? We answer, different men want different kinds of colleges. The anvil was the best school-desk for Elihu Burritt, and quarry-stone for Hugh Miller. The former, among the cinders and horse-shoes, learned that patient toil which was the secret of his acquisition in the languages. The latter, from observations made while toiling with chisel and crowbar, laid the foundation of his wonderful attainments, one shelf of rock being worth to him more than the hundred shelves of a college-library.

Some men get into an occupation below that for which they are intended. They have their "seventy-four" in the mill-pond. They do not get along as well in that position as somebody with less brains. An elephant would make wretched work if you set it to hatch out goose-eggs, but no more wretched than a man of great attainments appointing himself to some insignificant office.

Men are often in a position a little above that for which they were intended. Now the old scow is out on the ocean. The weights of a clock said, "Come! come!

This is dull work down here! I want to be the pendulum!" But the pendulum shouted upward, "I'm tired of this work! It does not seem that I make any progress going backward and forward! Oh! that I were the hands!" Under this excitement, the old clock, which had been going ever since the Revolutionary War, stopped stock-still. "What is the matter now, my old friend?" says the gray-haired patriarch. For very shame, not a word was said until the old man set it a-going. Then the striking-bell spoke up and said, "Nothing! only the weights wanted to be the pendulum, and the pendulum wanted to be the hands!" "Well! well!" said grandfather, "this is great work!" and the old man, losing his patience, gave the clock a gentle slap in the face, and told the pendulum hereafter to hold its tongue, and said to the weights, "You be hanged!"

But how may we know if we are in our right place—not an inch above, not an inch below? If you can perform your work easily, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious effort to do more than he can do. It is just as easy for a star to swing in its orbit as for a mote to float in a sunbeam. Nature never sweats. The great law of gravitation holds the universe on its back

as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never run themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course. The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired than the meadow-brook. Himalaya is not dizzy.

Poets talk about the waters of Niagara being in an agony, but I think they like it. How they frolic and clap their hands miles above, as they come skipping on toward the great somersault, singing, "Over we go! over we go!" When the universe goes at such tremendous speed, and the least impediment might break one of the great wheels, is it not a wonder that we do not hear a prodigious crack, or thunderous bang, loud enough to make the world's knees knock together? Yet a million worlds in their flight do not make as much noise as a honey-bee coquetting among the clover-tops. Everything in nature is just as easy. Now, if the position you occupy requires unnatural exertion, your only way out is either to take a step higher, or a step further down. Providence does not demand that you should break your back, or put your arm out of joint, or sprain your ankle. If you can only find out just what you are to do, you can do it perfectly easy.

Let the young be sure to begin right.

Not once in a thousand times does a man successfully change occupations. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Many have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's brief and the author's pen; between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express-train of life. A daffodil and a buttercup resolved to change places with each other, but in crossing over from stem to stem, they fell at the feet of a heart's-ease. "Just as I expected!" said Heart's-ease. "You might better have stayed in your places!"



RIDING THE HORSE TO BROOK.

In these days, if a boy would go a horse-backing, he must have gay caparison—saddle of the best leather, stirrups silvered, martingales bestarred, housing flamboyant, tasseled whip, jingling spurs, gauntleted hands, and crocodile boots able to swallow him to above the knee.

But we are persuaded that is not the best way for a boy to ride. About seven o'clock in the morning, the farm-horses having had

oats and currying, must be taken to the brook for the watering. The halter is caught into a half hitch around the horse's nose, and, bringing him to the fence, the boy leaps astride. It is no rare occurrence that, in his avidity to get aboard, the boy slides off on the other side of the animal, and it is fortunate if the latter, taking advantage of the miscalculation, does not fly away with a wild snort, finding his way to the brook.

But once thoroughly mounted, the rope-halter is helm and sail sufficient. It is very easy to guide a thirsty horse when you want to take him to water. A poke of your bare feet into his ribs, and a strong pull of the rope, are enough to bring him back from any slight divergencies. Passing through the bars, all you have to do is to gather up your feet on his warm, smooth back, and having passed the post, again drop anchor. Nothing looks more spirited or merry than a boy's feet bouncing against the sides of a glistening bay. The horse feels them, and the more briskly gallops down the lane.

At his first plunge into the brook his sudden stop would have sent the boy somersaulting into the stream, but for a quick digging of the heels into the side, and a clutch of the scant lock of hair at the end of the mane. With lip and nostril in the

stream, the horse cares nothing for what his young rider wills. There may be a clearer place below that the boy chooses for the watering, but the horse lifts not his head to the shout, or the jerk of halter, or stroke in the flanks. He wants to drink just there; intent upon that are mouth, and gullet, and fetlock, and spot in the face. Sitting astride, the boy feels the jerk of each swallow, and sees the accompanying wag of the pony's ears. The horse lifts his head, takes a long breath, clashes his teeth, and rinsing his jaws drops the tuft of hay that lingered in his mouth, with right foot paws up the gravel from beneath, giving notice that he is ready, if you are, throws himself back on his hind feet till his front lift from the mud, gives a quick turn, and starts for the barn. In a minute he has made the length of the lane, and stands neighing for the barn-door to open.

This ride was the chief event of the day. Alas, if there are only two horses, when there are four boys! for two of them are disappointed, and keep their grudge for the most of the day. You linger about the barn for hours, and pat Pompey on the nose, and get astride his back in the stable, and imagine how it would be if it were only time to ride him down again.

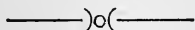
We would like to have in our photograph album a picture of the horses that in

boyhood we rode to the watering. Sitting here, thinking of all their excellencies, we forgive them for all the times they threw us off. The temptation was too great for them, and the mud where we fell was soft. The dear old pets! One of them was sold, and as he was driven away we cried such large tears, and so many of them, that both coat-sleeves were insufficient to sop up the wretchedness. Another broke its leg, and it was taken to the woods and shot. We went into the house and held our ears, lest we should hear the cruel bang that announced the departure of our favorite sorrel. Another stayed on the place, and was there when we left home. He was always driven slowly, had grown uncertain of foot, and ceased to prance at any sight or sound. You could no longer make him believe that a wheelbarrow was anything supernatural, nor startle him by shaking out a buffalo-skin. He had outlived all his contemporaries. Some had frisked out a frivolous life, and had passed away. Some had, after a life of kicking and balking, come to an ignominious end; but old Billy had lived on in an earnest way, and every Sunday morning stood at the door waiting for the family to get in the wagon and ride to church. Then he would jog along seriously, as if conscious that his church privileges would soon be gone. In the long line of

tied horses beside the church, he would stand and listen to the songs inside. While others stamped, and beat the flies, and got their feet over the shafts, and slipped the halter, and bit the nag on the other side of the tongue, Billy had more regard for the day and place, and stood, meditative, and decorous. If there be any better place than this world for good horses, Billy has gone there. He never bolted; he never kicked. In ploughing, he never put his foot over the trace; he never balked; he never put back his ears and squealed. A good, kind, faithful, honest, industrious horse was he. He gave us more joy than any ten-thousand-dollar courser could give us now. No arched stallion careering on Central Park, or foam-dashed Long Islander racer, could thrill us like the memory of that family roadster.

Alas, for boys in the city, who never ride a horse to brook! An afternoon airing in ruffles, stiff and starched, and behind a costumed driver, cannot make up for this early disadvantage. The best way to start life is astride a farm-horse, with a rope-halter. In that way you learn to rough it. You are prepared for hard bounces on the road of life; you learn to hold on; you get the habit of depending on your own heels, and not upon other people's stirrups; you find how to climb on without anybody to

give you a boost. It does not hurt you so much when you fall off. And some day, far on in life, when you are in the midst of the hot and dusty city, and you are weary with the rush and din of the world, in your imagination you call back one of these nags of pleasant memory. You bring him up by the side of your study, or counting-room table, and from that you jump on, and away you canter through the old-time orchard, and by the old-time meeting-house, or down the lane in front of the barn, dashing into the cool, sparkling water of the meadow, where he stops to take his morning dram; or you hitch him up to the rocking-chair in which you have for twenty years sat rheumatic and helpless, and he drags you back some Sunday morning to the old country church, where many years ago he stood tied to the post, while you, with father and mother at either end of the pew, were learning of the land where there is no pain, and into which John looked, and said, "I saw a white horse!"



GHOSTS.

It is difficult to escape from early superstitions. You reason against them, and are persuaded that they are unworthy of a

man of common sense; and yet you cannot shake them off. You heard fifty years ago that Friday was an unlucky day. You know better. You recollect that on Friday Luther and William Penn were born, and the Stamp Act was repealed, and the Hudson river discovered, and Jamestown settled, and the first book printed. Yet you have steered clear of Friday. You did not commence business on Friday. You did not get married on Friday. You would not like it if the governor of the State proclaimed Thanksgiving for Friday. The owners of steamships are intelligent men, but their vessels do not start on Friday.

If early superstitions were implanted in your mind, you do not like to return to the house to get anything when you have once started on a journey. Perhaps you are careful how you count the carriages at a funeral. You prefer to see the new moon over the right shoulder. Though you know there is nothing in the story of ghosts which your nurse or some one about the old place used to tell you, yet you would a little rather not rent a house that has the reputation of being haunted; and when called to go by a country grave-yard after twelve o'clock at night, you start an argument to prove that you are not afraid.

We never met but one ghost in all our life. It was a very dark night, and we were

seven years of age. There was a German cooper, who, on the outskirts of the village, had a shop. It was an interesting spot, and we frequented it. There was a congregation of barrels, kegs, casks, and firkins, that excited our boyish admiration. There the old man stood day after day, hammering away at his trade. He was fond of talk, and had his head full of all that was weird, mysterious, and tragic. During the course of his life he had seen almost as many ghosts as firkins; had seen them in Germany, on the ocean, and in America.

One summer afternoon, perhaps having made an unusually lucrative bargain in hoop-poles, the tide of his discourse bore everything before it. We hung on his lips entranced. We noticed not that the shadows of the evening were gathering, nor remembered that we were a mile from home. He had wrought up our boyish imagination to the tip-top pitch. He had told us how doors opened when there was no hand on the latch, and the eyes of a face in a picture winked one windy night; and how intangible objects in white would glide across the room, and headless trunks rode past on phantom horses; and how boys on the way home at night were met by a sheeted form, that picked them up and carried them off, so that they never were heard of, their mother going around as discon-

solate as the woman in the "Lost Heir," crying, "Where's Billy?"

This last story roused us up to our whereabouts, and we felt we must go home. Our hair, that usually stood on end, took the strictly perpendicular. Our flesh crept with horror of the expedition homeward. Our faith in everything solid had been shaken. We believed only in the subtle and in the intangible. What could a boy of seven years old depend upon if one of these headless horsemen might any moment ride him down, or one of these sheeted creatures pick him up?

We started up the road. We were bare-foot. We were not impeded by any useless apparel. It took us no time to get under way. We felt that if we must perish, it would be well to get as near the doorsill of home as possible. We vowed that, if we were only spared this once to get home, we would never again allow the night to catch us at the cooper's. The ground flew under our feet. No headless horseman could have kept up. Not a star was out. It was the blackness of darkness. We had made half the distance, and were in "the hollow"—the most lonely and dangerous part of the way—and felt that in a minute more we might abate our speed and take fuller breath. But, alas! no such good fortune awaited us. Suddenly our feet struck a

monster—whether beastly, human, infernal, or supernal, witch, ghost, demon, or headless horseman, we could not immediately tell. We fell prostrate, our hands passing over a hairy creature; and, as our head struck the ground, the monster rose up, throwing our feet into the air. To this day it would have been a mystery, had not a fearful bellow revealed it as a cow, which had lain down to peaceful slumber in the road, not anticipating the terrible collision. She wasted no time, but started up the road. We, having by experiment discovered which end of us was up, joined her in the race. We knew not but that it was the first instalment of disasters. And, therefore, away we went, cow and boy; but the cow beat. She came into town a hundred yards ahead. I have not got over it yet, that I let that cow beat.

That was the first and last ghost we ever met. We made up our mind for all time to come that the obstacles in life do not walk on the wind, but have either two legs or four. The only ghosts that glide across the room are those of the murdered hours of the past. When the door swings open without any hand, we send for the locksmith to put on a better latch. Sheeting has been so high since the war, that apparitions will never wear it again. Friday is an unlucky day only when on it we behave

ill. If a salt-cellar upset, it means no misfortune, unless you have not paid for the salt. Spirits of the departed have enough employment in the next world to keep them from cutting up monkey-shines in this. Better look out for cows than for spooks.

Here is a man who starts out in a good enterprise. He makes rapid strides. He will establish a school. He will reform inebriates. He will establish an asylum for the destitute. The enterprise is under splendid headway. But some lazy, stupid man, holding large place in community, defeats the project. With his wealth and influence he opposes the movement. He says the thing cannot be done. He does not want it done. He will trip it up; and so the great hulk of obesity lies down across the way. His stupidity and beastliness succeed. The cow beat!

A church would start out on a grand career of usefulness. They are tired of husks, and chips, and fossils. The wasted hands of distress are stretched up for help. The harvest begins to lodge for lack of a sickle. A pillar of fire with baton of light marshals the host. But some church official, priding himself on aristocratic association, and holding prominent pew, says, "Be careful! preserve your dignity. I am opposed to such a democratic religion!

Heaven save our patent-leathers!" And, with mind stuffed with conceit and body stuffed with high living, he lies down across the road. The enterprise stumbles and falls over him. He chews the cud of satisfaction. The cow beat!

I know communities where there are scores and hundreds of enterprising men; but some man in the neighborhood holds a large amount of land, and he will not sell. He has balked all progress for thirty years. The shriek of a steam-whistle cannot wake him up. The liveliest sound he wants to hear is a fisherman's horn coming round with lobsters and clams. His land is wanted for a school; but he has always thrived without learning, and inwardly thinks education a bad thing. At his funeral the spirit of resignation will be amazing to tell of. While he lives he will lie down across the path of all advancement. Public enterprises, with light foot, will come bounding on, swift as a boy in the night with ghosts after him; but only to turn ignominious somersault over his miserable carcass. The cow beat!

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DEATH OF NEWSPAPERS.

There is a fearful mortality among periodicals. An epidemic has broken out which has brought to the last gasp many of the dailies, weeklies, and monthlies. During the last few weeks, scores of these have died of cholera infantum. Only a little while ago, they came forth with flaming prospectus and long list of eminent contributors; but the places that knew them once know them no more.

Men succeeding in nothing else have concluded it to be a providential indication that they should publish a paper. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sunk, and every issue of the majority of the temperance, Sunday-school, religious, and political papers of the country is a plunge into debt from which they are hoping some purchaser will lift them out. It is a constant question in the community where religious newspapers go to when they die. We know where the basely partisan go to, without asking.

The mania is fearful. Many of our literary friends are uneasy till they have invested their last five thousand dollars in printer's ink. Nine-tenths of them may whistle for their money; but the dog will not come back, having found out some

other master. Why all this giving up of the ghost among newspapers?

Some of them died for lack of being anathematized. Nothing ever succeeds in this country without being well cursed. If a man, or book, or periodical go forth unassaulted, ruin is nigh. There is nothing that so decidedly lifts a thing up before the public gaze as the end of a bayonet. The neutral paper almost always fails, because it clears the scorn of parties and churches. Kicks and cuffs are an indispensable inheritance. The more valuable the quarry, the more frequent the blasting. You cannot make wine without the crushing of the clusters. The most successful periodicals of the day are those that have been most violently hounded.

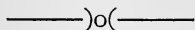
Some of these papers died for lack of brains. A man may plead law or preach the gospel with less intellect than is required for the conduct of a paper. The editor must understand something of everything. He wants more than a scissors and a bottle of mucilage. If he merely retail the ideas of others, the public will prefer to go up and get the thing at the wholesale establishment. He must be able, with strong and entertaining pen, to discuss governments, religions, educational enterprises, social changes, books, amusements, men, institutions, everything. He must

have strength to take a thought on the end of his pen and fling it a thousand miles, till it strikes within an inch of the point at which he aimed it.

Lack of capital has thrown others. Ink, paper, press, type, printers, editorial salaries, contributors' fees, postal expenses, rent, machinery, necessary repairs, are taking down many large fortunes. The literary enterprise is often crushed under its own cylinders, is drowned in its own ink, is chewed up with its own type, is shrouded in its own paper, has its epitaph in its own columns. The wider the circulation of the ill-managed newspaper, the more certain the doom. He who attempts to publish a paper without pockets full of ready cash, publishes his own discomfiture. Call on the witness-stand the hundreds of men who are now settling up the bills for their extinct newspaper. Every mail brings to us the parting bow of retiring publishers, with pockets turned wrong-side out, from which hungry creditors are trying to milk out another shilling.

We wonder not at the ambition that aims for the editorial chair. All other modes of affecting the public mind are narrow and weak compared with it. The pen is the lever that moves the world, and the ink-roller of the printing-press the battering-ram that smites into the dust the walls of

ignorance and sin. But the press is a strong team to drive; and one must be sure of the harness and the wheels, or, coming along a steep place, there will be a capsize, and a wreck from under which the literary adventurers will not have strength to draw themselves. Phaeton's attempt to drive the chariot of the sun ended in a grand smash-up.



CITY FOOLS IN THE COUNTRY.

Because a man is wise in some places, we are not to conclude that he is wise everywhere. You find men grandly successful in the counting-room and at the board of trade, whose commonsense forsakes them as they cross the city limits.

During the last few years, a multitude of men have left town for country life, with the idea that twenty thousand dollars, and a few books on agriculture, would make them successful farmers. They will take the prizes at the county fair. They will have the finest cattle, the most affluent hens, the most reasonable ducks, and the most cleanly swine. Their receipts will far outrun their expenses. The first year they are disappointed. The second year they collapse. The third year they tack to a

post the sign, "For Sale!" They knew not that agriculture is a science and a trade, and that a farmer might as well come in with his carpet-bag, set it down in the engineer's room of a Liverpool steamer, expecting in ten minutes to start the machinery, and successfully guide the vessel across the Atlantic, as one, knowing nothing of country life, to undertake to engineer the intricate and outbranching affairs of a large farm. As well set the milkmaid to write a disquisition on metaphysics, a rag-picker to lecturing on æsthetics.

The city fool hastens out at the first beck of pleasant weather. He wishes to sit in what poets call "the lap of spring." We have ourselves sat, several times, in her lap, and pronounce her the roughest nurse that ever had anything to do with us. Through March, April, and May, for the last few years, the maiden seems to have been out of patience, and she blows, and frets, and spits in your face with storm, till, seemingly exhausted with worriment, she lies down at the feet of June.

The family of the city fool are, for the first ten days after going into the country, kept in the house by bad weather. It is the Paradise of mud. The soft ground, enraptured with the dainty feet of the city belle, takes their photograph all up and down the lane, and secures its pay by ab-

stracting one of her overshoes up by the barn, and the other by the woods. Mud on the dress. Mud on the carriage-wheels. Mud on the door-step. A very carnival of mud!

The city fool has great contempt for ordinary stock, and talks only of "high bloods." His cattle are all Ayrshires, or Shorthorns, or Devons. But for some reason, they do not give half as much milk as the awkward, unheraldic, mongrel breed that stand at nightfall looking through the neighbor's bars.

The poultry of our hero are Golden Hamburgs, and Buff Dorkings, and Bengaliers, and Cripple-crowns, and Black Polands and Chittaprats. But they are stingy of laying, and notwithstanding all the inducements of expensive coop, and ingenious nests, and handsome surroundings, are averse to any practical or useful expression. They eat, and drink, and cackle, and do everything but lay. You feed them hot mush, and throw lime out of which they are to make the shell, and strew ashes to kill the lice, and call on them by all the glorious memory of a distinguished ancestry to do something worthy of their name, but all in vain. Here and there an egg dropped in the mud in preference to the appointed place, gives you a specimen of what they might do if they only willed.

We owned such a hen. We had given an outrageous price for her. We lavished on that creature every possible kindness. Though useless she made more noise than all the other denizens of the barn-yard, and, as some faithful hen came from her nest, would join in the cackle, as much as to say, "Ain't we doing well?" We came to hate the sight of that hen. She knew it well, and as she saw us coming, would clear the fence with wild squawk, as if her conscience troubled her. We would not give one of our unpretending Dominics for three full-blooded Chittaprats.

The city fool expects, with small outlay, to have bewitching shrubbery, and a very Fontainebleau of shade-trees, and pagodas, and summer-houses, and universal arborescence. He will be covered up with clematis and weigelia. The paths, white-graveled, innocent of weeds or grass, and round-banked, shall wind about the house, and twist themselves into all unexpectedness of beauty. If he cannot have a Chatsworth Park, nine miles in circumference, he will have something that will make you think of it. And all this will be kept in order with a few strokes of scythe, hoe, and trimming-knife.

The city fool selects his country place without reference to socialities. He will bring a pocket-full of papers from the store,

which will be all his family will want to know of society and the world; and then a healthy library, from which shall look down all the historians and poets, will give them a surfeit of intellectualities. He does not know why his wife and daughters want to go back to town. What could be more gay? Market-wagons passing the door, and farmers going with grist to the mill, and an occasional thunder-storm to keep things lively, and the bawling of the cow recently bereft of her calf. Coming home besweated from the store, at night, the father finds the females crying on the piazza. What better concert do they want than the robins? What livelier beaux than the hedges of syringa? With a very wail of woe they cry out to the exasperating husband and father:

“We want to see something!”

“Good gracious!” he shouts, “go forth and look at the clouds, and the grass, and the Southdowns! one breath of this evening air is worth all the perfumes of fashionable society!”

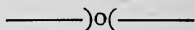
There is apt to be disappointment in crops. Even a stupid turnip knows a city fool as soon as it sees him. Marrow-fat peas fairly rattle in their pods with derision as he passes. The fields are glad to impose upon the novice. Wandering too near the beehive with a book on honey-

making, he got stung in three places. His cauliflower turn out to be cabbages. The thunder spoils his milk. The grass-butter, that he dreamed of, is rancid. The taxes eat up his profits. The drought consumes his corn. The rust gets in his wheat. The peaches drop off before they ripen. The rot strikes the potatoes. Expecting to surprise his benighted city-friends with a present of a few early vegetables, he accidentally hears that they have had new potatoes, and green peas, and sweet corn for a fortnight. The bay mare runs away with the box-wagon. His rustic gate gets out of order. His shrubbery is perpetually needing the shears. It seems almost impossible to keep the grass out of the serpentine walks. A cow gets in and upsets the vase of flowers. The hogs destroy the water-melons, and the gardener runs off with the chamber-maid. Everything goes wrong, and farming is a failure. It always is a failure when a man knows nothing about it. If a man can afford to make a large outlay for his own amusement, and the health of his family, let him hasten to his country purchase. But no one, save a city fool, will think to keep a business in town, and make a farm financially profitable.

There are only two conditions in which farming pays. The first, when a man makes agriculture a lifetime business, not yielding

to the fatal itch for town which is depopulating the country, and crowding the city with a multitude of men standing idle with their hands in their own or their neighbors' pockets. The other condition is, when a citizen with surplus of means, and weary of the excitements and confinements of city life, goes to the country, not expecting a return of dollars equal to the amount disbursed, but expects, in health, and recreation, and communion with nature, to find a wealth compared with which all bundles of scrip and packages of Government securities are worthless as the shreds of paper under the counting-room desk in the waste-basket. Only those who come out of the heats of the town, know the full enchantment of country life. Three years ago, on the prongs of a long fork, with which we tossed the hay into the mow, we pitched away our last attack of "the blues." We can beat back any despondency we ever knew with a hoe-handle. Born and brought up in the country, we have, ever since we left it, been longing to go back, though doomed for most of the time to stay in town. The most rapturous lay of poet about country life has never come up to our own experiences. Among the grandest attractions about the Heavenly City are the trees, and the rivers, and the white horses. When we had a place in the

country, the banquet lasted all summer, beginning with cups of crocus, and ending with glowing tankards of autumnal leaf. At Belshazzar's feast the knees trembled for the finger that wrote doom, but the handwriting on our wall was that of honey-suckle and trumpet-creeper.



SUBLIME WRETCHEDNESS OF WATERING-PLACES.

All the world may be divided into two classes—those who go to watering-places, and those who wish they could. In summer, the unemployed trunks, valises, and carpet-bags up in the attic, swell with envy until they almost burst their straps, pry off their lids, or demolish their buckles, as the express-wagons rattle the street, piled up with baggage marked for Lake George, Newport, or Clifton Springs. If the “castle in the air” that many of our business-men are building should alight, it would probably come down on the Beach, or at the Springs. Give me fifteen glasses of fresh Congress water before breakfast, or I die!

For tens of thousands of our people the most delectable event in their home-life is their going away. Nothing must interfere

with this. Papa's business may have been poor during the year, and every dollar may be necessary to keep the firm from a capsize, but walk the beach with the Hardings they ought, climb Mount Washington they must, sip sulphur water they will.

There are three orders of American nobility. To the highest belong those who spend all the summer away. Give them full swing! Feel honored if they tread on your corns. They hold in their hand letters patent of nobility, namely, a hotel bill for eight or ten weeks' board at Bedford Springs. The second order are those who stay two or three weeks. Let them be honored! They were at six "hops," rode out twice to the races, and formed the acquaintance of the nephew of one of the staff officers of General Burnside. All hail! Put down a strip of carpet from carriage to door-step as they come back. Make way for them on the church aisle. Here they come after three weeks at Ballston Spa. The lowest order are those who can only say that they were gone "a few days." We would not by any means class them with those who stay at home, or merely go into the country, for they are on the way up, and in a few years may compass a whole month away. Many who once had no better prospects than they, have lived to spend six weeks in an attic at five dollars a day.

Many people, no doubt, gain great physical and mental advantages from their stay at watering-places. Toiling men and women find here a respite, make valuable acquaintance, and come home with stronger and steadier pulse. But there are a multitude that crowd these places, unhappy while they stay, and sick when they come home. What with small rooms, and tight clothes, and late hours, and slights, and heart-burnings, and nothing to do, it makes up what we call the sublime wretchedness of watering-places.

The Simingtons lived in a perfect palace on Rittenhouse Square. There was not a stone, or nail, or panel, or banister in all the house that seemed to be in anywise related to the nails, stones, panels, or banisters of the houses of common people. There was an air of pride and pomp in the mortar of the foundation—a very aristocracy of mud. The halls were wide, and ran straight through, ample enough to allow a military company to march and wheel. The stairs were mahogany, uncarpeted, but guarded by elaborately twisted rails, at every turn revealing a bust of marble looking at you from the niche in the wall. The exact size of the rooms had been sent to Axminster, with an order that the loom must do its best. The walls blossomed and bloomed with masterpieces. Bronze, with

wing of chandelier, shook down the light. The golden links that drooped about the burners, in a gust of evening air zigzagged—the chain-lightning of uppertendom. There was a bewitching perfume which filled the house, and made you think that the wreaths in the plush and on the silvered paper of the wall were living flowers that held in their urns the ashes of all past generations of posies. The curtains stooped about the window graceful as the veil of a bride. The sleeping apartments were adorned with canopy, and embroidered pillow, and lounges, and books, and toilet-table of tinged marble, on which lay brushes and other apparatus with which heiresses smoothed, or frizzled, or curled, or twisted, or knotted, or waved, or crimped, or coiled, or bunched, or flumixed their hair.

In a word, it was a great house, and ordinary people seldom saw the inside of it, save when passing, as the door opened to let out a party to the flashing carriage that wheeled restlessly about the door. Indeed, on our small street we all tried to do as the Simingtons did. We saw how they wore their cravats, and that was the way we tied ours. They told us at the cane-store that Simington had just bought a peculiar handle, and we took one just like it. Our wives and daughters, instead of

treading straight on as once when we took them to church, surprised us by a peculiar gait made up of teeter, swing, and waddle, which made us look down, and, in fear of their sudden paralysis, ask, "What *is* the matter?" but we instantly saw that they were only taking on the way of the Simingtons, and so we excused them.

It was the first day of June, and the back room of the second story of that house looked as if it had been tossed of a whirlwind. Two dress-makers of the first order were busy in preparing an outfit for the young ladies and their mother, who were soon to start for the watering-place. The floor, and table, and chairs, and divans were covered with patterns, and scissors, and fragments of silk, and flakes of cotton, and smoothing irons, and spools, and buttons, and tassels, and skeins of silk, and rolls of goods from which the wrapping had just been torn, riding-habits green and black and flamboyant, pearl pendants and pipings of satin glittering with steel, bugles, and beads, and rings, and ribbons, sky-blue, grass-green or fire-tipped, and chenille and coral for the hair, and fringes, and gimps, and puffs, and flutings, and braids, and bands, and bracelets, and necklets, and collars, and cuffs, and robes of mohair, and dresses adorned with Cluny lace and Chambery gauze, and grenadines,

and organdies, and tarlatans, and moreens, a package of Ivins's Patent Hair Crimper, and bandelets of straw bells, and a great variety of hats—shell hats; soup-plate hats, sailor hats, hats so small that they looked as if the bird lodged in the trimming were carrying them off, and hats that would not be taken for hats at all, a bottle of Upham's Freckle and Tan Banisher, and a vial of Swarthout's Pimple Extinguisher, and a box of Cruickshank's Wart Exterminator, and a hundred other things the use of which you could not imagine, unless they were weapons with which to transfix hard-hearted bachelors, or lassos with which to haul in unmanageable coquettes. All these things were to be matched, made up, fixed, sewed together, cut apart, organized, and packed in trunks.

Matilda, the elder daughter, and Blanche, were flushed with the excitement of the great undertaking. Blanche had heard that Florence, the only daughter of the next-door neighbor, was going to make her first appearance that year at the Springs, and the idea of being surpassed by that young snip, as Blanche called her, was a thing not to be borne. Every few moments the door-bell was rung by errand-boys from the stores on Chestnut Street, and while the servant was attending the door, Blanche would drop the patterns,

and run up and down the room in a state of nervousness that would have been unjustifiable were it not for the important preparations that were being made.

Matilda was plainer, and more self-reliant. The fact was that her childhood had been schooled in some hardships. The Simingtons had not always lived on Rittenhouse Square. The father had belonged to that class of persons who have to work for a living, and Matilda had at one time been obliged to run of errands, scour the front steps, and wait on the door, while her mother did her own work. Now it is well known that while there may be romance about a maiden with sleeves rolled back from dimpled arms, wringing clothes in a mountain stream by the rude cabin of her father, there never has been and never will be any romance about a wash-tub in a city kitchen, the air hot and steamed, the apron soaked, the sweat running to the tip of nose and chin, and the whole scene splashed with a magnitude of soapsuds, soda ash, and bags of bluing. Burns picked up poetry out of a mouse's nest, and Ralph Waldo Emerson can squeeze juice from a basket of chips, but no one has ever plucked up a canto from the depths of a wash-tub, or been able to measure poetic feet with a bar of soap. Who would think of rinsing clothes in the

Aganippe? To this day Mrs. Simington's knuckles are big, and there is an unseemly healthiness about her cheek which three years of dissipation in very high life have been unable to conquer.

Amid such uncomely circumstances, Matilda had nearly come to a practical, robust womanhood, when her father, Jephthah Simington, was invited into an oil speculation. (Jephthah was the Christian name given him by an ancestor who had a passion for Scripture names, although now he writes it simply J. Simington.) By an evening lamp six gentlemen met, made out a map of Venango County, located the oil-wells, ran creeks through wherever they ought to be, agreed on the number of shares, and appointed a committee to visit Elder Stringham of the Presbyterian church, and induce him to accept the presidency of the company, overcoming his scruples at entering an enterprise of which he knew nothing, by offering him a large number of shares; and by the same process securing as directors Deacon Long of the Baptist church, trustee Wilkinson of the Methodist, and vestryman Powell of the Episcopal. The shares flew. At the door of the company's office, for several days, the people stood in rows, taking their chance, and one old gentleman had a rib broken by a woman of Celtic origin with

iron elbows, who crashed into his side as the Merrimac into the Cumberland, shouting, "You murtherin' wretch, git back. What do you mane by runnin' forninst a poor woman with five orphan children?"

In this, as in several other projects of the kind, Simington went in on the "ground floor," and came out through "the cellar." All the people on our street were outraged and disgusted, for nearly all belonged to some of the three thousand companies organized for the development of oil, and they all supposed that they had gone in on the "ground floor," but found that they had only entered the garret. It always shocks people's moral sensibilities when they find others successfully doing that which they failed in. But there were three or four little enterprises of this kind that bothered Simington at night when he said his prayers. Indeed, one night, as he came to the sentence, "If I should die before I wake," he bounded up from his knees, and sat down at the table, and drew a check for a hundred dollars for the Missionary Society, that Bibles might be sent to Ethiopia to make all the colored people honest; also a check for a hundred dollars for the printing of tracts on the sin of dancing; and another for the same amount to the fund for the relief of the destitute, some of them having been the victims of "those

who devour widows' houses." Whereupon he felt better, went immediately to sleep, and dreamed of a heaven in which the rivers rolled oil, and the rocks gushed oil, and the trees dripped oil, and the skies rained oil, and, on a throne made out of "Slippery Rock," sat the prince of stock-auctioneers, crying, "And a half! and a half! going! gone!"

No wonder the Simingtons so soon moved into a palace. But they had a world of trouble with their old acquaintances. It seemed impossible to shake off the nuisance. Blanche could hardly pass down the steps with Antonio Grimshaw, on the way to the opera, without having some woman in ordinary apparel ask, "How do you do, Blanche?" Whereupon she would frown, and stare, and almost look the offender down through the sidewalk; and when Antonio said, "Who was that?" Blanche would answer, "I don't know the horrid creature! It is probably our servant-girl's dress-maker!" It seemed to the Simingtons as if their life would be extinguished with the impudence of people. Oh! the disgrace of having a hack drive to the door, and a distant relative from the country dismount, holding a faded carpet-bag, the handles tied together by a rope; to go down to the parlor and have a gawk of a niece come up with a hat all over her head, and give you a

great smack, as though she had a right to kiss the Simingtons!

But people have mostly learned to know their place by this time, and, unmolested by such untimely calls and disgusting remembrances, the dresses are being fitted. Matilda's shape had, by early industries, been made too robust for present circumstances, and the dress-maker had an awful time with her. All the ingenuity of the house had been expended in trying to diminish her waist. The dress-maker pinched, and pulled, and twisted, and laced, and punched, and shook the stubborn Matilda, who, in the painful process of being fitted, looked red, and pale, and blue, once in a while giving an outcry of distress, which finally brought her mother to the rescue. "Matilda!" cried Mrs. Simington, "how can you go on so? You shall be left at home if you don't look out! You are a great awkward thing. Why, when I was your age I could completely span my waist with my two hands!" "Oh, mother! mother!" answered Matilda, "it is not my fault. The trouble is, there is not strength enough in the corsets!"

The first day of July had come, and eleven trunks were lifted into the express-wagon: one for the father, three for the mother, one for Frank, the only son, a young man of twenty-one, and six for

Blanche and Matilda. Added to this was a bundle belonging to Rose, the black waiting-maid. It was a hot morning, the thermometer eighty-five in the shade. The cars were full of people, and the Simingtons were obliged to sit on the sunnyside. None were willing to give up their seats, although Mrs. Simington for some seconds looked daggers at a gentleman who, she thought, might be more polite, and, not making any impression upon him, ran the point of her parasol accidentally into his eye, and with a sudden swing of her skirts upset his valise. "What horrid creatures!" said Blanche. "How pleasant it would be to find some real gentleman!" It was the morning for an excursion. There were six extra cars, and all of them crowded. The rushing back and forward of such a herd of working-people pained the sensibilities of the whole Simington family, Matilda excepted. She looked thoroughly placid, and said, "Other people have as good a right to travel as we, and this hot weather, instead of making you pout, my dear sister, ought to fill us with thanksgiving to God, for it will ripen the harvest, and make bread cheap for the poor."

"Hush up, Matilda!" said Mrs. Simington; "you will never get over your early mixing with those Methodists. We are going out to have a good time, and I don't

want to hear any more of your religious comments. Blanche was right. The weather is awful. Frank! what has become of your shirt-collar? Wilted out of sight, I declare!" The dust flew with every revolution of the wheels. Frank had all the family by turns looking into his eye for a cinder, and was so outraged that he went out on the platform to have what he called "a good swear," felt somewhat relieved, and came back, and, pulling down the lower lid of his eye, had his mother blow into it. But no cinder was to be found. Blanche said she did not believe there was anything the matter with it; whereupon Frank called her a name not at all eulogistic, and Blanche responded in terms more emphatic than complimentary.

J. Simington sat quiet, for he felt thoroughly exhausted. His anxieties about the trunks, his misunderstanding with the porters, his confusion about the checks, and the purchase of five through tickets, had besweated him amazingly. When the agent cried out, "Show your tickets!" the old gentleman missed one of them, felt in his coat-pocket, in his vest, in his duster, looked in his hat, looked under the seat, took out his pocket-book, had all the people rise and move their carpet-bags, and the ladies shake out their dresses, and repeated the whole process several times, till

the agent lost his patience and made the perplexed traveler pay again. What with the heat, and the dust, and the cinders, and the bad breath of the common people, the annoyance would have been unbearable to the Simingtons, had it not been for the self-control and imperturbable demeanor of Matilda, and the assurance which every now and then came to their minds that they were off on the especial business of having a good time.

After much fatigue our party reach the watering-place, and go from the cars to a first-class hotel. While the family are waiting in the reception-room, J. Simington, Esquire, is at the clerk's desk registering the names. He writes them in full hand, supposing that a decided sensation will be produced among the guests and hotel officials:

J. Simington,
Mrs. J. Simington,
Frank Simington,
Matilda Simington,
Blanche Simington,
And waiting-maid.

Surely such signatures upon the register will secure princely accommodations. "Give me three capacious rooms adjoining each other, on the first floor, sufficiently distant from all house-bells, in a place

where there will be no children passing the door, and free from all the odors of the dining-room, the windows commanding a fine landscape!" The clerk responded, "We will do the best we can for you, and will put down your name on a private list for better apartments when there is a vacancy. It is our pride to make the guests comfortable. John! show these people up to 397, 398, 399."

The procession start for the centre of the building, and go up this flight of stairs, up another, higher, higher, through this hall, out on that porch, higher, higher, around this corner, through that dark entry, higher, higher, the wrath of the Simingtons rising with every step of elevation, until, as the attendant opens the three doors and throws the shawls, umbrellas, and satchels on the bed, the guests are almost speechless with rage. Old Simington says, "This is outrageous! They do not know who I am!" His wife says nothing, for she is out of breath from the exertion of climbing. Blanche bursts into tears. Frank exclaimed, with several unsavory prefixes, "What a place to roost!" Matilda sat down and said, "Well, this is funny! but I guess we can make out. We will be rambling in the fields all day, and at night we can up here sleep so much nearer heaven." "Hush! you Methodist!" cried Mrs. Simington

with her first gasp of utterance; "you will kill me yet with your religion. The top of a mean, dirty hotel, with the thermometer at three hundred, and no place to turn, or sit, or lay, is no place for moralizing." At this she gave a tremendous pull to the bell, and shouted at the servant, "What kind of a place do you call this? Dirty pillow-cases; damp sheets; no soap; thimbleful of water; one towel, and no ice-water. Who would have thought I could ever come to this? J. Simington! why did you bring me here?" "My dear!" interrupted the husband, as he began to make an explanation—"Be still!" cried Mrs. Simington; "you did it a-purpose! How could you treat in this way the companion of your bosom?"

The fact was that the best rooms had all been taken. They always have been. We have known a great many people who went to watering-places, and we never knew of but one man who had rooms that entirely suited him. We have his photograph. The clerk at the hotel had never heard of the Simingtons. There are a great many rich people in the world, and a man must have a pile of dollars like an Astor or the Barings to be greatly distinguished. You see that money is a very uncertain thing, for many who have but little act as though they had much, and the really affluent often make but little pretension, and people are

worth so much more after they fail than before they fail. The hotel clerks had no idea of what kind of a house the Simingtons lived in, nor how many servants they kept, nor what mottled bays with silver bits moved in their flashing "turn-out." The hotel proprietors knew not but that, notwithstanding their appearance, these guests might really be as poor as the storied turkey that belonged to the "man of Uz." It might be possible that the Simingtons belonged to that class of people who, living at home in a small house, blacking their own boots, and doing the millinery of their own hats, and making their own dresses from patterns which they copy from a shop-window, come into hotels to order people about, and complain of their apartments, of the waiters, of the table-cloth—trying by their "air" to give everybody the idea that they are accustomed to having things better. Depend upon it those who at the public table insult the waiters, and send back the spring chicken three times before they get one of a proper shade of brown, and slash things around conspicuously, at home their greatest luxury is hash, which they eat off of a table-cloth in need of soap, because they do their own washing; and that they seldom see a spring chicken except in a cheap wood-cut, or at their frugal breakfast, in a grocery egg

which some worthy hen had for three weeks tried to hatch out, but in grief had surrendered to the huckster, who wanted just one more to make a dozen. Those who in public places never say "Thank you!" to the waiters, at home you may be sure have no waiters to thank. Considering what they have to suffer, we had rather be anything on earth than a hotel-waiter, excepting always the position of a mule on a tow-path, drawing a second-class canal-boat.

But the Simingtons really had it better at home. We wonder not that they noticed a contrast. From a house with fourteen spacious apartments, they had come to three about as large as the rooms of a traveling photographer, who on four wheels carries from village to village art-gallery, bed-room, parlor, kitchen, and a place to dry clothes. There was no canopy to the bed, no embroidery to the pillows, no gilt on the lips of the pitcher. The window-shades would not work. The slats of the blinds were disordered, the carpet was faded, the drawers would not open, the atmosphere was musty, the flies were multitudinous, and nothing cooled the temper of the father, or regulated the respiration of the mother, or moderated the sarcastic ebullitions of Frank, or relieved Blanche's hysterics, but the potent consid-

eration that they were, individually and collectively, having a good time.

But never mind. Their names were down on the private list of those who had applied for better rooms when there were any vacated. We have all had our names down on that list. We have to-day the satisfaction of knowing that our names are down on several such lists at Long Branch, Cape May, Saratoga, Bellows Falls, Niagara, and the White Mountains. It is a roll of honor ever increasing. We have for the last five years been liable any moment to hear that here was at last for us a capacious room on the first floor, sufficiently distant from all the house-bells, in a place where there would be no children passing the door, and free from all the odors of the dining-room, the windows commanding a fine landscape. We hereby advise all who go to these places to see to it immediately on arrival that their names are recorded on this private register.

The fatigues of the day disposed the Simingtons to sound sleep at night. But the heat was intolerable. Mrs. Simington got up, and sat by the window, and said she should die; and Simington, disturbed by her frequent moonlight excursions about the room, declared he hoped she would. The previous occupants of the room had come thither on a sleeping-car,

the beds of which had been infested by travelers who always take a free passage, and who often become so attached to people on a short acquaintance that they cannot consent to part. These little, innocent, previous occupants of the bed at the watering-place, were evidently provoked that their lodgings had been intruded upon by the Simingtons, and the latter, in maintaining a war against these creatures, were oftentimes put to the scratch. Mrs. Simington at midnight compelled her husband to sit up on a chair, while she shook the sheets, and with weapons deadly as Mrs. Surratt's "shooting-irons" pursued the insectiferous Amalekites, and from a bottle found on the shelf anointed them with an excellent oil that broke their heads, and in a fit of terrible humor, that was liable to seize her on very untoward occasions, asked her husband why that bed was like a light carriage drawn by one horse; and Simington for the first time in his life guessed right, and answered, "Because it's buggy." At which Mrs. Simington gave a Satanic laugh (she seldom laughed except at her own jokes), and said she did not care so much for the discomfort produced by these little things, but what she most thought of was her complexion.

At last the morning dawned, and the whole family started to take a drink at the

Springs before breakfast. The fountains were surrounded by a great crowd of people, and the test was who should drink the most. Now, J. Simington was physically almost as much in latitude as longitude, and therefore had unusual capacity. He unbuttoned his vest and threw back the lapels of his coat, and seemed to take down a whole glass at one swallow. Blanche made a wry face, and said such stuff as that would kill her, but Antonio Grimshaw had told her of the twenty-four glasses he took before breakfast, and so she resolved to do her best. Out of glasses from which scores of scrofulous, bad-breathed, dropsical people had been refreshing themselves, the Simingtons, who had not for the last two years been willing to drink out of anybody else's tumbler, took down the disagreeable beverage. Matilda drank two or three glasses, and said she thought there was reason in all things, and that she had enough. But the rest of the family took ten apiece before they began to discuss the question of stopping. Then they made several turns about the grass-plot, and came back able to take more. They sipped the liquid health. They poured it down. They plunged their face into the glass till their nose dripped with it. They drank for a while standing on one foot, then they resumed standing on the other.

They quaffed the nectar of the hills till the dipping-boys were confounded. Others handed the glasses back, the contents only half taken; these drained the last drop at the bottom. They rolled the water under their tongue as though it were perfect sweetness. They took up the brimming cups carefully, so as not to spill the precious liquid. After most of the health-seekers had left the fountain, Mrs. Simington cried out, "More! more! Here, boy! attend to your business!" And when at last they wended their way toward the hotel, they feared they had not fully improved their privileges.

For some reason they all day felt miserable, and had no appetite, felt faint, and chilly, and nauseated, so that before noon Blanche went to her bed and had a doctor. But that night was to come off the "hop" of the season, and sick or well she meant to go to it. During the forenoon Matilda nursed her sister, and answered her fears by prophecy that she would soon feel better. As the hour for the "hop" drew near, the sick one recovered. Taking only a short while for her own toilet, Matilda gave her chief time to the adornment of Blanche and her mother. All the trunks were opened, and out came all the splendor of the Simingtons, the numberless items of which I have already named. Matilda se-

lected for the evening the tamer colors; but Mrs. Simington exclaimed, "Matilda! you shall not make a Methodist of your sister."

The ornamentation went on until ten o'clock. The elder Simington had got himself into a profuse perspiration in trying to tie Mrs. Simington's corsets, and in the effort to bring together the fastenings of Blanche's dress the energies of the whole family were taxed. But, the work done, they start for the ball-room. Such a cavalcade seldom descended at the watering-place. Blanche was in perpetual dread lest some one should tread on her dress, and her mother worried lest her own headgear should not be appreciated. The music of the orchestra rose to their ears, and with a feeling of pride and jubilation that surpassed everything the Simingtons had felt, they march into the brilliant circle. The mother was well pleased to see Matilda take a chair in an inconspicuous place, instead of joining the dance, for, notwithstanding all that maternal kindness could effect, Matilda would walk naturally, and took no pains to hide her unfashionable waist, and blushed so red on the least provocation that her cheek was as ruddy as a mountain lass who had never done anything to improve her complexion. But Frank, with Blanche on his arm, prom-

enaded the room that all might admire his sister's beauty.

The rustle of silks, the tap of a hundred feet, the quick pulsations of flutes and horns, the magnificent burst of harmonies, the ringing voice of the manager, the blaze of diamonds on head and hand and neck, the bow, the whirl, the laughter, the transport, were beyond anticipation. At the close of the first "set," Mrs. Simington, in manner naive as any girl, and with silk fan patting her lip, stood before a bashful young man, whom she had thoroughly cornered with her outspread immensity of skirts, engaged in conversation, chiefly conducted by herself, in which were most prominent the words, "Really," "Indeed," "Delightful." "Sonice," "Yes!" "Mvstars!" and similar expressions, suggestive of affluence of thought and profundity of investigation. But it must be acknowledged that this lady produced that night no pleasing impression. She was set down as one of that class of women who may always be seen in such places, and who, having outlived their youthfulness, have an idea that by extra lace, skirt, slipper, and mincing they can make themselves perfectly killing. One of the worst-looking birds that we know of is a peacock after it has lost its feathers.

The handsomest man on the floor was Dallas Clifford. His walk, his glance, his dress, his talk were a perpetual sensation. For several summers he made the tour of the watering-places, now stopping at the Falls, then at the Springs, and concluding at the sea-shore. He had long done as he pleased, his father from a princely purse furnishing him all he desired. His hands had never been hardened by toil, nor his brow paled with thought. He had been expelled the first year of his college course for indolence and occasional dissipation. He had no regard for God or man, but great admiration for the ladies. That night as he moved in the dance there were scores who exclaimed, "Such eyes!" "Such lips!" "Such gait!" "Who ever saw the equal?"

During the day, Frank Simington, while taking a drink at the bar, had been introduced to this pet of the watering-places. They were immediately congenial, found they liked the same kind of wines, the same kind of fast horses, and the same style of feminine beauty. So they drank each other's health, and before a week had passed, drank it in sulphur water at the Springs, drank it in Hock, drank it in Cognac, drank it in Burgundy, drank it in Madeira, drank it in London gin, drank it in the varieties of Champagne affected by the initiated.

Frank was resolved that at the "hop" his sister Blanche should have the advantage of an acquaintance with Dallas Clifford. In the making up of the first "set" the introduction took place, and Clifford offered his arm, and accompanied Blanche in all the dances of the evening. Together they bounded in the "galop," and bowed in "The Lancers," and stepped in "The Redowa," and whirled in the "waltz." If there really were darts in jealous eyes, Blanche would have been transfixed with a hundred. It seemed almost a unanimous opinion that she was not fit to dance with such a prodigy. There were many who would have been glad to hear her dress rip, or see her false hair tumble. An envious mamma, who had for three hours been arranging her own daughter with especial reference to the capture of Clifford, remarked in quite loud voice, hoping that Blanche would hear it, "I knew her father when he sold fish in the market!" "Yes," says another, "the Simingtons always were vulgar!" But Blanche's mother looked on with an admiration she did not try to conceal. She thought, "How beautiful they look together! Both young; both handsome; both rich. It would be just the thing." She looked at Simington, and Simington looked at her with a joy equal to that which he felt on the day when from

the top of "Slippery Rock" he tumbled into a fortune.

While the Simingtons returned to their rooms in a state of delectation, there were many who left the ball-room with hearts far from happy. Their splendor of dress had not been appreciated. They had not danced with those whose company they most desired. Others not half so attractive as themselves had carried off the spoils, and the "hop" had kindled more heart-burnings, jealousies, scandals, revenges, satires, and backbitings than will ever be told of. Some wished they were home. Others wished they had been dressed differently. Still others wished they had gone to some other watering-place, where they would have been appreciated. They denounced the music, and the manager, and the ball-room. The men were all "gawks," and the ladies all "flirts," and the whole evening a vexation. They never before saw such miserable headdresses, or such ridiculous slippers, or so many paste diamonds. Some of the more tenderly nervous, as soon as they reached their rooms, sat down and cried. They had been neglected. They took such coldness on the part of gentlemen as a positive insult. They threw their satin slippers into the corner with a vengeance, and, in perfect recklessness as to consequences, tossed a two-pound ball of

hair against the looking-glass, and vowed they would never go again.

Not so with Blanche, for she dreamed all night of castles, and parks of deer, and galleries of art, and music, and gobelin tapestry, and of gondolas putting out from golden sands, on sapphire waters, angel-beckoned. But the next morning the whole Simington family gathered themselves together to attend to Matilda. The evening before, instead of whirling in the dance, she had sat and looked on, much of the time talking to a long, lean, cadaverous gentleman, who had somehow obtained acquaintance with her. The gentleman, having just graduated from the law school, had come to recruit from exhaustion of protracted study, and was staying at "The Brodwell House," a cheap but respectable hotel, on one of the less prominent streets. He was plainly dressed, had neither diamond breast-pin, nor kid gloves, nor whisk cane, nor easy manners. He came in that evening to see what he could learn of the gay world, and sat studying character while looking at the "hop." The Simingtons felt outraged at Matilda's behavior. How could she sit there and talk with a man who was stopping at the Brodwell House! He would never be anything. He had actually appeared in bare hands, and they were big. How could she throw herself

away, and forget her father's name, and her mother's entreaty, and her sister's prospects! "But," said Matilda, "he was intelligent, and the tones of his voice indicated a kind disposition, and the ideas he expressed were elevated, and positively Christian." "Dear me!" said her mother; "Matilda! I expect you will pass your whole life in saying your prayers and talking religion. I despair of ever making you anything worthy of the Simingtons!" "More than that," said Matilda, "his conversation was very improving, and we have engaged to walk to-day to Cedar Grove, and examine the peculiar flora which he says abound in that region. We are both very fond of botany."

While Matilda and the law student were out on the floral excursion, and talking of all the subjects kindred to flowers, Dallas Clifford and Blanche were arm-in-arm promenading the piazza, or at the piano; while Miss Simington was making up for her lack of musical skill by great exuberance of racket, Clifford was turning for her the leaves, and, between his favorite selections, uttering various sentimentalities, and interlarding his conversation with all the French phrases he knew—such as *tout ensemble*, *valet de chambre*, *hors du combat*, *à la belle étoile*, *chateau en Espagne*, till several persons standing near felt so sick they had

to leave the room and take a little soda to settle their stomachs.

Meanwhile, from day to day, and from week to week, Mr. and Mrs. Simington wandered about, not knowing what to do with themselves. They had no taste for reading, although on Rittenhouse Square they had a costly library; indeed they owned ten thousand dollars' worth of books. Through a literary friend empowered to make selection, J. Simington had secured all the standard works of history, poetry, romance, art, and ethics. Although acquainted with none of the dead languages, he owned Æschylus, Lucian, Sophocles, Strabo, Pindar, and Plautus. He rejoiced in possessing so many square feet of brains, and realized that Aristophanes ought to feel honored to stand on the shelf of the Simingtons. Several times he had looked at the pictures in *Don Quixote*, and took the engraving of the traveler in *Pilgrim's Progress* to be the sketch of some unfortunate traveler in the oil regions, and supposed that Macaulay's *History* was merely a continuance of the wonderful escapes of Robinson Crusoe, and that "Young's Night Thoughts" was the story of some dream which that worthy had experienced after a late supper of boiled crabs. Nevertheless, there were whole shelves of books in richest foreign bindings, printed

on vellum, tipped with gold, set off with exquisite vignettes. Among these a copy of the Scriptures, upon which all the wealth of typology, etching, and book-bindery had displayed itself—a Bible so grandly gotten up, that if the inspired fishermen had come in, and, with their hands yet hard from the fishing-tackle, had attempted to touch it, they would have been kicked out.

Mr. and Mrs. Simington had not brought with them any of these standard works, but for purposes of light reading had bought from the news-boy on the cars five volumes, entitled, "The Revenge," "The Bloody Tinge," "Castles on Fire," "The Frightful Leap," and "The Murderess on Trial." But they had no taste even for such fascinating literature. Mrs. Simington, with "The Frightful Leap" under her arm, walked from bedroom to parlor, and from parlor to hall, and from hall to piazza, wondering when dinner would be ready. She tried to sleep in the daytime, but the bed was hard, and she felt restless. She met on the stairs a lady who like herself was afflicted with restlessness, and said that the day was hot, or dusty, or asked the other lady how many glasses of water she could take before breakfast, and then passed on. She sat down and groaned without any apparent cause. She walked in front of the long mirror to see how her shawl looked, and then walked

back again, then stepped up face to face with the looking-glass, gave a twist to one of her curls, drew her face into a pucker, surveyed the room to see if any one was observing, and then sat down again. She jogged her foot uneasily, and thumped her fingers on the table, and looked for the twentieth time at the pictures in "The Frightful Leap," and, without any especial feeling of hunger, longed for the doors of the dining-hall to open, that she might have something to do. She found no relief from this feeling in looking at others, for nine-tenths of all the ladies were wandering about in the same perplexity. They differed in many other things. Some had fans, and some were without fans. Some wore white, and some black. Some had curls, and some no curls. Some roomed in the third story, and some in the fourth. Some took soup, and some did not. But whatever might be their differences, they nearly all agreed in a feeling of unrest, longed for something to do, studied where they had better go next, agonized for something to see, and wondered when dinner would be ready.

Mr. Simington exhibited in a different way the same feeling. At home he was a man of business. Though owning a large estate, he had the peculiarity of wanting more. The change from the active com-

mercial circles in which he was accustomed to mingle, to his present entire cessation from business was unbearable. He walked about with the solemnity, but without the resignation of a martyr. He bothered the clerk of the hotel by incessantly asking, "Is the mail in?" He wondered whether stocks were up or down. Wondered whether his firm had heard from that man out West. Wondered if they were working off that old stock of goods. He walked over to the billiard saloon; went down to the bowling-alley; felt thankful as he met a little Indian boy with arrows wanting a penny put up to be shot at; walked round the block, came back and asked, "Is the mail in?"

But there was another form of amusement in which J. Simington frequently found relief, and that was in the examination of the hotel register. It was such a pleasant thing to go up and read the arrivals for the last month, and study the chirography of distinguished individuals. The only hindrance to this was the fact that a dozen other gentlemen with nothing else to do were wanting to examine the record at the same time, those standing in front somewhat vexed at having so many people looking over their shoulder.

Although possessing large means, he whiled away much of the time by denouncing the extortion of hotel-keepers, and the

extortion of boot-blacks, and the extortion of porters, and the extortion of livery-men. As to the waiters, he said you were sure to get macaroni soup when you ordered mock-turtle, or blue-fish when you ordered sheep's-head. What was worse for a nervous man, there were so many sick people who had gone there for their health. But this imposition, which J. Simington bore in silence, his wife openly condemned. "How can I stand it?" she cried, "this everlasting wheezing of asthmatics, and hobbling of cripples, and dropsical swellings, and jaundiced complexions, and display of sores!" She did not know why such people were allowed to come there. It was perfectly outrageous. The place for sick people was at home. Once she lay all night with two pillows and a shawl on her ear, so as not to hear the coughing in an adjoining apartment.

At last the day for the long-expected horse-race arrived, and although J. Simington and his wife did not much approve of horse-racing, they hired a carriage at ten dollars an hour (vehicles were that day so much in demand) and went out to the course. The dust flew till Mrs. Simington's eyes and mouth and nose were full, and two fast gentlemen, with their horses at full run, dashed into the carriage of our friends, and almost upset them. But Mr.

Simington soothed his wife's consternation, and calmed her feelings, by bidding her remember that they were having a good time. The platforms were crowded, sporting hats were numerous, all the adjoining stables crowded with fine horses, which were being rubbed down and blanketed. And to put themselves under the treatment of the elevating influences of the race-course, there came in gamblers, pickpockets, thieves, horse-jockeys, bloats, and libertines. It was high carnival for rum, onions, tobacco-spit, long hair thick with bear's-grease and ox-marrow, strong cigars, poor cologne, banter, and blasphemy. You could no more doubt the high morality of the races if you looked at the horses, for they were well-dressed, drank nothing but water, and used no bad language. When the two favorite race-horses sped round the track, nostril to nostril, flank to flank, Mrs. Simington wanted to bet, and Mr. Simington threw up his hat, and she said, "Did you ever?" and he answered, "No! I never did!"

That night, as they were about to retire, a loud rap was heard at their door. Frank, in a state of beastly intoxication, was ushered in by Dallas Clifford, himself only a few degrees less damaged. They had both been at the horse-race, and since their return had tarried at the bar. As Frank's

hat fell off, there was seen across his forehead a long gash made by the glass of an enraged comrade, because Frank, having lost a bet, had refused to pay up. Some one had relieved him of his gold watch, and, splashed with mud and vomit, he fell over at the feet of his father and mother, the only son of the Simingtons. The truth was, that during all the weeks of their stay, Frank, in order to throw off *ennui* and keep up his spirits, had made frequent visits to the bar-room, drinking with all his new acquaintances. Dallas Clifford drank even more, but had a constitution not so easily capsized. Indeed, after his fifth glass of old Otard, he won a bet by successfully walking a crack in the floor.

We have noticed around many of our watering-places a class of fast young men with faces flushed, and eyes bloodshot, and hair excessively oiled, and whiskers extremely curled, and handkerchief furiously perfumed, and breath that dashes the air with odors of mint-julep and a destroyed stomach. They watch about the door for new-comers, make up their mind whether a young man has money, invite him to drink, coax him to throw dice, smite his ear with uncleanness, poison his imagination, undermine his health, and plunge their vulturous beak into the vitals of his soul. Frank, through expectation of heiring large prop-

erty, had for some time been going down, and the six weeks passed at the fashionable watering-place fastened on him a chain which he was never to break. He was going with lightning speed on a down grade, spent the most of the next six months at saloons, and died of delirium tremens on Rittenhouse Square, his last moments haunted by such terrors, that to drown his shrieks, the neighbors for a block around held their ears, and prayed God that their own sons might be saved from the dissipations of fashionable watering-places.

But I must not go so fast. You want to know whether the law-student and Matilda ever got back from their floral excursion? No, never; they are hunting flowers yet, and always finding them in pairs; plucking them in all the walks of life, by streams of gladness, on hills of joy, in shady nooks. They could find nettles, and wasps, and colopendra, if so they desired. They are not hunting for these. They are looking for flowers; and so there is the breath of the evening primrose in their conversation, and the distillation of sweet-alyssum in their demeanor, and the aroma of phlox in their disposition. They are hunting flowers to-day in the door-yard of a plain house on the outskirts of the village.

Last night, he, who was a year ago a law-student, plead in the court-room for a

man's life, and plead in such tones of surpassing tenderness and power, that this morning his table was covered with congratulatory notes from old members of the bar, saying that the like of it they had never heard, and prophesying topmost eminence in his profession; and people who have wrongs to right, and estates to settle, and causes to plead, have been coming in all day to give him retainers. The young man is as modest now as on the evening when he wandered up with his big hands from the Brodwell House to witness the "hop." And Matilda talks so much of the kindness of God that her mother still calls her a Methodist. Indeed, when this young husband and wife go out to hunt flowers, they do not look for anything large or pretentious, but, strolling along on the grass, are apt to come upon a nest of violets.

Do you want to know the sequel of Dallas Clifford's demeanor? At the Springs he never appeared before Blanche until his breath had been properly disguised, and the last mark of rowdyism was brushed off. At the close of the six weeks, and a few days before the Simingtons took their departure, affairs between Dallas and Blanche came to a settlement. Much of the talk about blushes, awful silences, and faintings at such a crisis is an invention of story-writers. The last time a sham lady would

faint is at such a juncture, especially if it were a good offer.

But one thing was certain: about two months afterward, the mansion on Rittenhouse Square was lighted for a wedding. The carriages reached a block each way. Everybody said that Blanche looked beautiful. Dallas Clifford took her hand, and vowed before Almighty God, and a great cloud of witnesses, that he would love, cherish, and protect.

The wine poured from the bottles, and foamed in the beakers, and glowed under the chandeliers. Dallas Clifford drank with all, drank again and again. Drank with old and young. Drank with brothers and sisters. Drank until Blanche besought him to take no more. Drank till his tongue was thick, and his knees weakened, and the banquet swam away from his vision, and he was carried up stairs, struggling, hooping, and cursing. Oh! there was an unseen Hand writing on that gilded wall terrible meanings. There was a serpent that put its tongue from that basket of grapes on the table. On the smoke of the costly viands an evil spirit floated. Instead of the ring in the bride's cake, there was an iron chain. Those red drops on the table were not so much spilled wine as blood. Louder than the guffaw of laughter arose the hiccough of despair.

SWALLOWING A FLY.

A country meeting-house. A mid-summer Sabbath. The air lazy and warm. The grave-yard around about oppressively still, the white slabs here and there shining in the light like the drifted snows of death, and not a grass-blade rustling as though a sleeper had stirred in his dream.

Clap-boards of the church weather-beaten, and very much bored, either by bumble-bees, or long sermons, probably the former, as the puncture was on the outside, instead of the in. Farmers, worn out with harvesting, excessively soothed by the services into dreaming of the good time coming, when wheat shall be worth twice as much to the bushel, and a basket of fresh-laid eggs will buy a Sunday jacket for a boy.

We had come to the middle of our sermon, when a large fly, taking advantage of the opened mouth of the speaker, darted into our throat. The crisis was upon us. Shall we cough and eject this impertinent intruder, or let him silently have his way? We had no precedent to guide us. We knew not what the fathers of the church did in like circumstances, or the mothers either. We are not informed that Chrysostom ever turned himself into a fly-trap. We knew not what the Synod of Dort would have

said to a minister's eating flies during religious services.

We saw the unfairness of taking advantage of a fly in such straightened circumstances. It may have been a blind fly, and not have known where it was going. It may have been a scientific fly, and only experimenting with air currents. It may have been a reckless fly, doing what he soon would be sorry for, or a young fly, and gone a-sailing on Sunday without his mother's consent.

Besides this, we are not fond of flies prepared in that way. We have, no doubt, often taken them preserved in blackberry jam, or, in the poorly lighted eating-house, taken them done up in New Orleans syrup. But fly in the raw was a diet from which we recoiled. We would have preferred it roasted, or fried, or panned, or baked, and then to have chosen our favorite part, the upper joint, and a little of the breast, if you please, sir. But, no; it was wings, proboscis, feet, poisers, and alimentary canal. There was no choice; it was all, or none.

We foresaw the excitement and disturbance we would make, and the probability of losing our thread of discourse, if we undertook a series of coughs, chokings, and expectorations, and that, after all our efforts, we might be unsuccessful, and end the affray with a fly's wing on our lip, and a

leg in the windpipe, and the most unsavory part of it all under the tongue.

We concluded to take down the nuisance. We rallied all our energies. It was the most animated passage in all our discourse. We were not at all hungry for anything, much less for such hastily prepared viands. We found it no easy job. The fly evidently wanted to back out. "No!" we said within ourselves; "too late to retreat. You are in for it now!" We addressed it in the words of Noah to the orang-outang, as it was about entering the Ark, and lingered too long at the door, "Go in, sir—go in!"

And so we conquered, giving a warning to flies and men that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out again. We have never mentioned the above circumstance before; we felt it a delicate subject. But all the fly's friends are dead, and we can slander it as much as we please, and there is no danger now. We have had the thing on our mind ever since we had it on our stomach, and so we come to this confessional.

You acknowledge that we did the wisest thing that could be done; and yet how many people spend their time in elaborate, and long-continued, and convulsive ejection of flies which they ought to swallow and have done with.

Your husband's thoughtlessness is an ex-

ceeding annoyance. He is a good man, no better husband since Adam gave up a spare rib as a nucleus around which to gather a woman. But he is careless about where he throws his slippers. For fifteen years you have lectured him about leaving the newspaper on the floor. Do not let such little things interfere with your domestic peace. Better swallow the fly, and have done with it.

Here is a critic, to you a perpetual annoyance. He has no great capacity himself, but he keeps up a constant buzzing. You write a book, he caricatures it. You make a speech, he sneers at it. You never open your mouth but he flies into it. You have used up a magazine of powder in trying to curtail the sphere of that insect. You chased him around the corner of a *Quarterly Review*. You hounded him out from the cellar of a newspaper. You stop the urgent work of life to catch one poor fly—the Cincinnati Express train stopping at midnight to send a brakeman ahead with flag and lantern to scare the mosquitoes off the track; a “Swamp-Angel” out a gunning for rats!

It never pays to hunt a fly. You clutch at him. You sweep your hand convulsively through the air. You wait till he alights on your face, and then give a fierce slap on the place where he was. You slyly wait

till he crawls up your sleeve, and then give a violent crush to the folds of your coat, to find out that it was a different fly from the one you were searching for. That one sits laughing at your vexation from the tip of your nose.

Apothecaries advertise insect-exterminators; but if in summer-time we set a glass to catch flies, for every one we kill there are twelve coroners called to sit as jury of inquest; and no sooner does one disappear under our fell pursuit, than all its brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, and second cousins come out to see what in the world is the matter. So with the unclean critics that crawl over an author's head. You cannot destroy them with bludgeons. There is a time in a schoolboy's history when a fine-tooth comb will give him more relief than a whole park of artillery. O, man, go on with your life-work! If, opening your mouth to say the thing that ought to be said, a fly dart in, swallow it!

The current of your happiness is often choked up by trifles. Your chimney smokes. Through the thick vapor you see no blessing left. You feel that with the right kind of a chimney you could be happy. It would be worse if you had no chimney at all, and still worse if you had no fire. Household annoyances multiply the martyrs of the kitchen. They want of

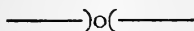
more pantry room, the need of an additional closet, the smallness of the bread-tray, the defectiveness of the range, the lack of draught in a furnace, a crack in the saucepan, are flies in the throat. Open your mouth, shut your eyes, and gulp down the annoyances.

The aforesaid fly, of whose demise I spoke, was digested, and turned into muscle and bone, and went to preaching himself. Vexations conquered become additional strength. We would all be rich in disposition, if we learned to tax for our benefit the things that stick and scratch. We ought to collect a tariff on needles and pins. The flower struck of the tempest, catches the drop that made it tremble, and turns the water into wine. The battle in, and the victory dependent on your next sabre-stroke, throw not your armor down to shake a gravel from your shoe. The blue fly of despondency has choked to death many a giant.

Had we stopped on the aforesaid day to kill the insect, at the same time we would have killed our sermon. We could not waste our time on such a combat. Truth ought not to be wrecked on an insect's proboscis. You are all ordained to some mission by the laying on of the hard hands of work, the white hands of joy, and the black hands of trouble. Whether your pulpit be

blacksmith's anvil, or carpenter's bench, or merchant's counter, do not stop for a fly.

Our every life is a sermon. Our birth is the text from which we start. Youth is the introduction to the discourse. During our manhood we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of the passages are dull, and some sprightly. Then come inferences and applications. At seventy years we say, "Fifthly and Lastly." The Doxology is sung. The Benediction is pronounced. The Book closed. It is getting cold. Frost on the window-pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church. Sexton goes home with the key on his shoulder.



SPOILED CHILDREN.

The old adage that a girl is worth a thousand dollars, and a boy worth fifteen hundred, is a depreciation of values. I warrant that the man who invented the theory was a bachelor, or he would not have set down the youngsters so far below cost. When the poorest child is born, a star of joy points down to the manger.

We are tired of hearing of the duty that children owe to their parents. Let some one write a disquisition on what parents

owe to their children. What though they do upset things, and chase the cats, and eat themselves into colic with green apples, and empty the caster of sweet-oil into the gravy, and bedaub their hands with tar? Grown people have the privilege of larger difficulties, and will you not let the children have a few smaller predicaments? How can we ever pay them for the prattle that drives our cares away, and the shower of soft flaxen curls on our hot cheek, and the flowers with which they have strewn our way, plucking them from the margin of their cradles, and the opening with little hands of doors into new dispensations of love?

A well-regulated home is a millennium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued—and “a little child shall lead them.” Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached! Blessed the day whose morning is wakened by the patter of little feet! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out by the soft hand of a babe!

But there are children which have been so thoroughly spoiled they are a terror to the community. As you are about to enter your neighbor's door, his turbulent boy will come at you with the plunge of a buffalo, pitching his head into your di-

aphragm. He will in the night stretch a rope from tree to tree to dislocate your hat, or give some passing citizen a sudden halt as the rope catches at the throat, and he is hung before his time. They can, in a day, break more toys, slit more kites, lose more marbles than all the fathers and mothers of the neighborhood could restore in a week. They talk roughly, make old people stop to let them pass, upset the little girl's school-basket, and make themselves universally disagreeable. You feel as if you would like to get hold of them just for once, or in their behalf call on the firm of Birch & Spank.

It is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will proceed to open.

If that does not spoil him, buy him a

horse. It is exhilarating and enlarging for a man to own such an animal. A good horseback ride shakes up the liver and helps the man to be virtuous, for it is almost impossible to be good, with too much bile, and enlarged spleen, or a stomach off duty. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruction. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. The bit will not be strong enough to rein in at the right place. There are men who all their lives have been going down hill, and the reason is that in boyhood they sprang astride a horse, and got going so fast that they have never been able to stop.

But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. There are excellent people, who, through fear of producing childish vanity, are unresponsive to the very best endeavor. When a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on

the play-ground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in color, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps you would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it. The fare is cheap on the road between here and Smashupton. I have known boys with five dollars to pay their way clear through, and make all the connections on the "Grand Trunk" route to perdition. We know not why loose cash in a boy's pocket is called pin money, unless because it often sticks a hole into his habits. First he will buy raisins, then almonds, then a whisk cane, then a breast-pin, then cigars, then a keg of "lager," then a ticket for a drunken excursion, and there may possibly be money

enough left for the father to buy for his boy a coffin.

Let children know something of the worth of money, by earning it. Over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents. If they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted. Daniel Webster knew everything except how to use money. From boyhood he had things mixed up. His mother gave him and Ezekiel money for Fourth of July. As the boys came back from the village, the mother said, "Daniel, what did you buy with your money?" and he answered, "I bought a cake and a candy, and some beer, and some fire-crackers." Then turning to Ezekiel she said, "What did you buy with your money?" "Oh," said Ezekiel, "Daniel borrowed mine."

On the other hand, it is a ruinous policy to be parsimonious with children. If a boy find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a Paradise of licorice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need enough money,

but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more cornfields than they culture.

Boys and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so, she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlor is a Parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is geometry, a little sweetened with chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend "Young's Night Thoughts" and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs."

At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the catechisms. He will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red Sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow all the meadows.

A sure way of spoiling children is by surfeiting them with food. Many of them have been stuffed to death. The mother spoke of it as a grand achievement that her boy ate ten eggs at Easter. He waddles across the room under burdens of porter-

house steak and plum-pudding enough to swamp a day-laborer. He runs his arm up to the elbow in the jar of blackberry jam, and pulls it out amid the roar of the whole household thrown into hysterics with the witticism. After a while he has a pain, then he gets "the dumps," soon he will be troubled with indigestion, occasionally he will have a fit, and last of all he gets a fever, and dies. The parents have no idea that they are to blame. Beautiful verses are cut on the tombstone, when, if the truth had been told, the epitaph would have read—

KILLED BY APPLE DUMPLINGS!

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